Outdoor America

OCTOBER, 1925

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Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Zane Grey, Archibald Rutledge, El Comancho, J. R. Jones
Charles Alexander, Donald Hough

WINCHESTER
TRADE MARK

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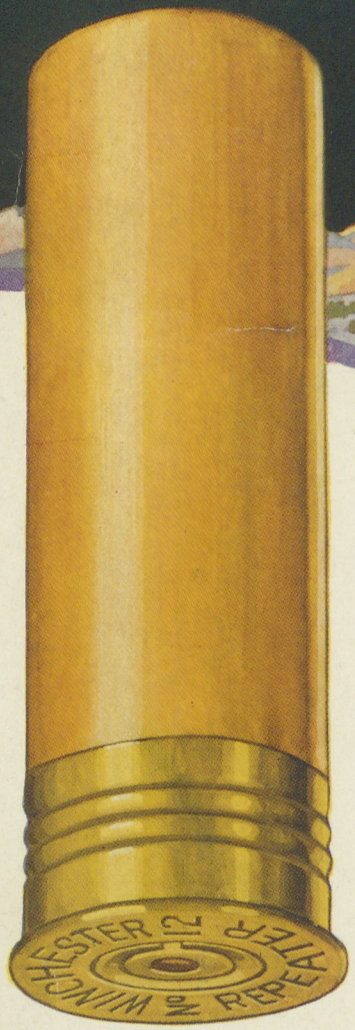

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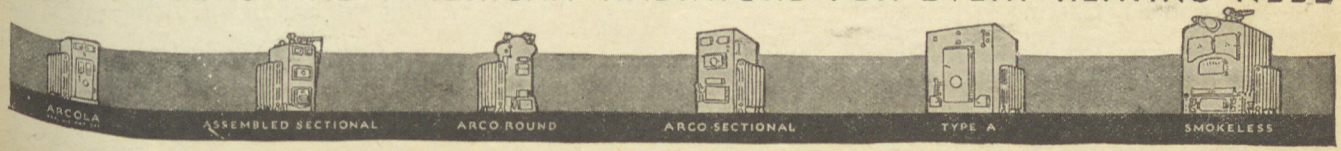

Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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30 days' notice must be given for change of address.

The name of Izaak Walton was given this League in memory of the famous English writer, who in 1653 wrote The Compleat Angler which has been proclaimed a classic and has delighted the hearts of lovers of nature for nearly three hundred years. His philosophy of the outdoors proved him to be a true conservationist.

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a National Organization of fishermen and hunters and outdoor lovers dedicated to the restoration of sports afield and astream in the United States and Canada and the restoration as far as can be of the outdoor America of our ancestors. It is a National Organization having no commercial or personal gain or aggrandizement under it; neither has it political or religious interests.

It is undoubtedly the most comprehensive conservation program ever undertaken in America. Though less than four years old, it has local chapters from one end of the country to the other, and it has awakened thousands and thousands of principled sportsmen and outdoor lovers to the realization of the perils that are threatening our precious woods and streams and wild life.

The movement represents a patriotic and unselfish endeavor to save for our children their great American outdoor heritage that they may have the priceless memories of days spent on windswept, clear and gleaming waters and nights in fragrant, healing forests and that they may gain the health and happiness that only the out doors can give them. Many of the names back of this Save-Outdoor-America crusade are nationally known and insure the integrity and high standing of the League. No officers or directors receive a salary.

For the purpose of spreading far its message, the League publishes this monthly magazine to which the greatest outdoor writers in America contribute without pay, out of sheer love and appreciation of the righteousness of the cause. The ideals and purposes of the League are embodied in its Platform which follows:

1. The practice of true sportsmanship in hunting and fishing, and strenuous and unremitting opposition to illegal, destructive and unfair methods.

2. An aggressive program calling for National and State legislation to eradicate pollution from coastal and inland waters.

3. The broadest and most comprehensive system of Federal control feasible over our forests, to embrace the best features of the forestry policies of Europe so far as applicable to our conditions.

4. Constructive opposition to artificial drainage which will be injurious to any natural resources, and the restoration of desecrated areas.

5. That adequate public shooting and fishing grounds and game refuges be established by the State and National Governments.

6. Sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for the increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

7. Prohibition of the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes excepting for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. The strictest enforcement of the migratory bird law.

10. The establishment of biological experiment stations to train scientific workers so that all game and fish propagation and distribution may be safeguarded by expert supervision and counsel.

11. The united support of those public officials, regardless of their party affiliations, who show themselves to be in sympathy with the principles of true conservation.

12. The fullest measure of co-operation between all organizations devoted to the interests of the outdoorsmen of America.

13. An unceasing, aggressive, educational campaign to the end that the objects of the Izaak Walton League of America may be attained.

14. That outdoor recreation as a major part of the life, education and spiritual development of the American youth be nurtured.

We Pledge Ourselves to do our best to Restore
for Posterity the Outdoor America of our Ancestors

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October

Vol. 4 No. 3

October Outdoor America 1925

Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America

Duck Fever Rampant

by Bruce Hetherington

DUCK fever and buck fever are direct opposites. The latter is a form of paralysis caused by sight of the deer and the former is a similar form of paralysis caused by thinking about the game.

October is a hard month on the tired business man. He tries—tries hard—to concentrate on his business, but that terrible fall malady "Duck Fever" crowds his will power to the limit. You'll have to admit it's a tough problem, with your desk piled high with unanswered correspondence and your mind conjuring up pictures of cool, fragrant marshlands. Pictures of mallards, canvasback and teal in flight.

In fact, it's practically impossible.

For instance: not long ago I had a letter from Ken Wright. Now, Ken lives up in Minnesota—up where they have some great duck hunting within twenty miles of his front door.

The letter went something like this, "For the love of Mike, kick the old desk in the shins and come up here and get some ducks. The season is open and they are flying around the old grounds thicker than mosquitoes."

Now that's the kind of a letter that breaks down all a fellow's resolves. He forgets his promises to his friends, firm, and family. I struggled hard against it, but that night when I got home, there was that overwhelming desire to see the old gun. Just to look it over—not with any intention of going away but just to see if the barrels were in good shape. Of course, it was reasonable to believe that it was in fair condition (I had cleaned it six times in the past summer), but I wanted to make sure.

I shouldn't have done it. It was a mistake because when I picked up that gun case, took out the gun, clicked the barrel to the stock and passed my hand over the old polished walnut, it got me. I tell you now, I could no more have refrained from a duck hunt then than I could have flown.

Photo by Bert Brown.

Bringing home the bacon.

The hunting coat came next. As I pulled it out of the trunk I suddenly remembered the hole in that right hand pocket which I had burned with my pipe last fall. It would be fixed in the morning. The boots, old corduroy trousers, flannel shirt, and battered hat followed. A suit of chamois underwear, some wool socks, and other odds and ends came next.

Into the old duffle bag they went and with the gun in one hand and the bag in the other, I staggered up the stairs to my apartment and certain disapproval.

"Well, I suppose the hay fever is again bothering you," was the salutation that greeted me as I planked the bag down in the kitchen. Now all married men know that a semi-sarcastic question like that is the calm before the storm. It should be ignored and possibly the storm will pass.

I smiled benevolently and proceeded to unpack the bag. The baby entered the spirit of the party and playfully tossed one of the boots at his mother. This was a bad sign, but I started to whistle. The superintendent grinned.

"Well, old top," she relented, "I guess you can't help it. Give me that filthy coat and I'll try to fix the hole in the pocket."

It seemed 'most too good to be true.

I called my secretary and explained that I had been called out of town for a week, wired the keeper of our old shack that I was coming and next morning took the train.

Oh, boy—as Clare Briggs has said—it was a grand and glorious feeling! Watching the fields slip away to the south as the wheels clicked over the rails—every click closer to the land of my dreams.

I wondered if Danny had repaired the boat and whether he had found that pipe of mine that we had lost the morning I left for home last fall.

I did not keep in close touch with Danny (except in the duck

© Kenneth Wright

When the sun started to get warm we came in.

season). He was the ideal correspondent. Each fall I wired him, "Be there tomorrow stop Stock up stop" His seasonal wire consisted of "Great come on." At Christmas I always sent him something. His reply would be pinned to a side of venison "Many thanks."

He was a character. A philosopher of no mean ability, a reader of exceptionally good literature and a wonderful guide. If there were any ducks to be found, Danny could find them.

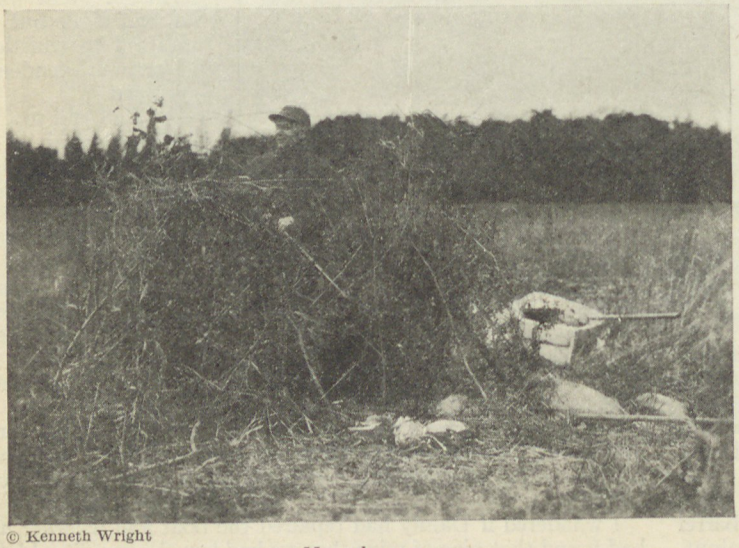
The train pulled into the little station. My heart bounded. There he was!

"Hello, young feller," he greeted me, "did you bring that snake ointment?"

"Yes, you weazened-up pirate—I brought it. It's in this bag."

"Well, come on, let's go," he said, carefully taking the bag I had indicated, and my gun. "I borrowed Newt Martin's new flivver. Let's get out of this great city noise."

We rattled out of the little village and crossed the bridge.



© Kenneth Wright

Here they come.

It was a glorious ride. The sun setting in a weird, red and purple sky. The cool breeze and the smells of fresh moist earth. Down through little rough bypaths—through marvelous pine woods. A rabbit scurried across our path. Birds trilled their evening song.

This was living. Nothing in the cosmopolitan gaiety of a great city could even remotely compare with it. What man-made architecture could stand against the rough hewn gullies, strewn with old logs and rocks; the little brooks and stately trees?

We arrived at the cabin.

My bags were taken out and Mr. Martin, owner of the flivver, proved that few were his equal as a cook. After we had satisfied ourselves as to the quality of the poison preventative, we attacked a dinner fit for royalty.

Ham and eggs—a great platter of them, hash browned potatoes, butter direct from the farm, home made bread, thick rich Jersey cream and steaming coffee (not to mention one of the largest and juiciest apple pies I had ever tried).

I don't know when I have tasted a meal that touched the spot as that one did. It was perfect. Never in their histories have the famous chefs of Churchills, Rectors', the Ritz, or other noted food emporiums ever offered anything that could touch it.

I thought I would never stop eating. I wished that the doctor who had prescribed a long list of "necessities" for my appetite could have watched me perform on that culinary classic.

After we had finished, Danny and I washed the dishes while Mr. Martin started a fire in the old stone fireplace. When we had finished that task we returned to the living room of the cabin. That man Martin is a positive genius.

Three chairs were arranged before the fire and on the table stood three tall glasses, filled, as I recall it, with ginger ale.

Danny started his pipe and Martin and I compromised on a cigarette.

"Well, Dan, how are they flying?" I asked as I stretched my feet toward the leaping flames. "Do you think we'll get a few this time? I've got to get back before Saturday, so let's start tomorrow morning?"

"Are they—say! The biggest flock of mallards I've seen in ten years are paddlin' around in that rice right now." Danny replied. "We'll get an early start. By the way I just had the boat fixed and I've got some new decoys. Did you get 'em out, Newt?"

The marvelous Mr. Martin replied that the decoys were now riding at anchor and that when he had left there were hundreds of ducks in the marsh.

We talked on for a while, then clambered into bed. It seemed as though my head had hardly touched the pillow before I heard Danny calling and the smell of frying bacon penetrated the room.

After breakfast we climbed into the flivver and with two spaniels started through the gloom for the edge of the marsh. It was crisp and the air laden with moisture.

At the edge of the big rice swamp we disembarked and following closely on Danny's heels we stumbled along to the blind.

Martin took up another stand a little farther to the east and the spaniel curled up in the bottom of the boat which lay only a few feet away.

Dan and I sat down on a well-placed log, lighted our pipes and waited for dawn to streak the darkened sky. Cautiously we discussed the past season. I congratulated Danny on the erection of the blinds on the big point instead of up the straight shoreline where they had been located before. He told me that the duck club which had leased the land in previous years had disbanded and he and several of his friends had taken over the property.

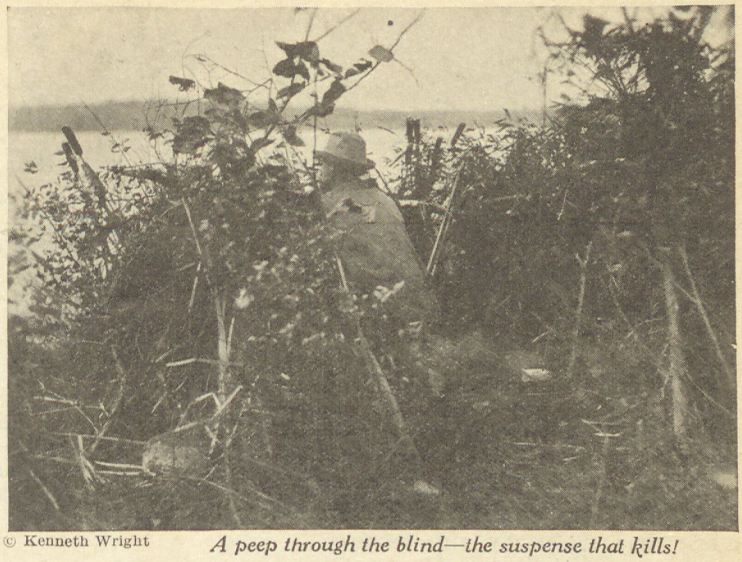
"Did you get any shells?" queried Danny suddenly.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "Mr. Martin gave me a box just as we left his car."

"That's fine," Danny grunted and resumed his position peering through the blind.

Dawn crept on us. Through the gray haze we were able to discern the rice reeds directly in front of us, and the sound of many ducks feeding reached us.

The haze lifted and, perhaps five hundred yards to our right, hundreds of ducks were paddling around almost directly in front of Mr. Martin's blind. Oh, baby! You know that sight!



© Kenneth Wright

A peep through the blind—the suspense that kills!

"Get down!" Danny commanded gruffly.

Suddenly Mr. Martin arose within full sight of the ducks and threw a chunk of wood in their general direction. Zoom! Up they went, scrambling and splashing, but instead of heading straight out they veered and headed direct for our blind.

The leaders passed and I swung into action.

Picking the easiest wing shot I have ever seen, I let go the left barrel. The flock jumped but nothing fell. Bewildered, I crashed away with the other barrel. No results.

Danny cracked down with his old pump and three came down. Before I could re-load, the flock had passed out of range. Danny looked at me with a mixed expression of sympathy and unbelief. I sat down on a log and cussed. Never before had I missed such utter pot shots. I could not even display any interest when the spaniels brought the ducks in and laid them at Danny's feet.

"Here come some more," Danny cautioned. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 53]

© Kenneth Wright

We talked it over and agreed it was great stuff.

The Eagle's Claw

by Earl H. Reed

Illustrated by the Author

ONE Autumn evening the flap of a bark wigwam was cautiously pushed aside from within and the coppery visage of an old medicine man appeared in the opening. He regarded with critical eyes a young Indian who sat stolidly before a bundle of choice pelts that he had laid before the entrance, for Eagle Claw had come to sue for the hand of Little Willow, who sat silent and expectant in the inner gloom.

The aged Indian's inscrutable gaze rested upon the suitor for a long time and, finally, after an appraising study of the bundle on the ground, he was invited in.

Little Willow's long eye-lashes drooped modestly as the visitor entered. Few words were spoken. In the eloquent but silent language of savage eyes the wooing of Little Willow progressed until, when the full moon was high in the heavens, the father, with a simple gesture, arose and told them to depart.

They went over the pine-clad hills and sat near the shore of the big lake. They listened to the rhythm of the never-ending waves, and the world-old story was repeated into willing ears. Eagle Claw had left a bark canoe near the foot of the bluff. He carried it to the water, and they paddled it along the shore for about twenty miles to a new abode near the mouth of a little river. He had spent several months in preparing for the home-coming. A new wigwam had been constructed with painstaking care. A spring had been hollowed out and protected with flat stones, the underbrush had been cleared away, and every possible comfort provided.

Early the next forenoon they arrived and a week was spent in primitive enjoyment of the new home.

After about a year of wedded bliss Eagle Claw tired of his loved one. His world of illusion had turned gray. He and his canoe were but a dot near the misty horizon when his apostasy was realized. Little Willow looked upon the far-away speck with the stoicism of her race. She resumed her domestic affairs, and lived alone for several months, in sad contemplation of the foibles and frailties of human kind and the uncertainties that beset its dreams—reflections that have occupied the hours of countless greater minds. She thought that possibly he might repent and return. Finally the indignation that smoulders in the breast of a woman scorned burst into action. She tore down the little wigwam that had been her heart's temple, filled the spring with sand, and departed through the aisles of the leaves to her former home.

The old Indian heard her story with complacent philosophy and indifference, but secretly he was glad of her return, for his daughter was the tender strand that held him to the world. Divorce proceedings were as unnecessary as formal wedding ceremonies. Her fickle lord was gone and the romance was ended.

Eagle Claw paddled far away to the country of the Chippewas, on the other side of the big lake. There he found another mate, a witch-eyed daughter of the tribe, who worshipped him with the unreasoning love that womankind lavishes upon the unworthy.

During the years of his affiliation with the Chippewas he was in numerous war parties. The scalps of many enemies of the tribe dangled from his lodge pole and he was looked upon as a hero. After one signal victory over their crafty foes, the head medicine men presented him a small copper amulet in the crude form of an eagle's claw with closing talons. Much rejoicing and many incantations accompanied the ceremony. It was a high honor and he was told that further distinction awaited him after he had worn the charm for a year. Its potency would insure victory in battle and success in all his undertakings. His prowess was undisputed. Eagle Claw had signalized himself in the destruction of his kind, and was therefore great. Thus is man, in the image of his God, the real brute in the creative scheme. The war cry of mankind is the hunger cry of the beast, except that one is for blood and the other for food.

Eagle Claw wore his amulet, suspended from a thin rawhide thong around his neck, with the pride of one born to the purple. The tinsel of ornament captivates the barbarian and the esthete alike.

Eventually he wearied of his Chippewa beauty. Her charms had palled with the passing days, and the image of Little Willow again haunted his dreams. Remorse had no place in his emotional economies. His atavism to his first love was prompted by consideration of nobody but himself.

Late one night he deftly strangled his devoted squaw, deposited her inert form in his canoe, and paddled far out on the lake, where she was dropped into the depths, weighted with a stone.

The canoe glided on over the waters, bearing one whose heart was without fealty and whose conscience was without law. He skirted the shores until he came to the little river. He contemplated the scene of his former abode for some time, and proceeded to the mouth of French Creek. He hid his canoe and stole quietly up the sinuous windings of the ravine, until he came in sight of the home of Little Willow. He peered through the foliage and saw her sitting on the bank of the stream. Near her was a beady-eyed little boy playing with a bow and arrow.

Little Willow's wild heart had found another shrine. Her father had died and the wigwam on the creek was shared by a young Indian, who, before the old man's death, had come with more pelts and a personality that had driven thoughts of Eagle Claw into the background of the years. In Gray Otter the deserted girl had found an ideal mate, and their life was one of serenity and happiness. He provided bountifully for their simple necessities, and stood high in the councils of the tribe. No enemies had disturbed the tranquillity of the people for many years and he had no opportunity to display valor in savage warfare, but his craft and success as a hunter, trapper and fisherman had won him much esteem.

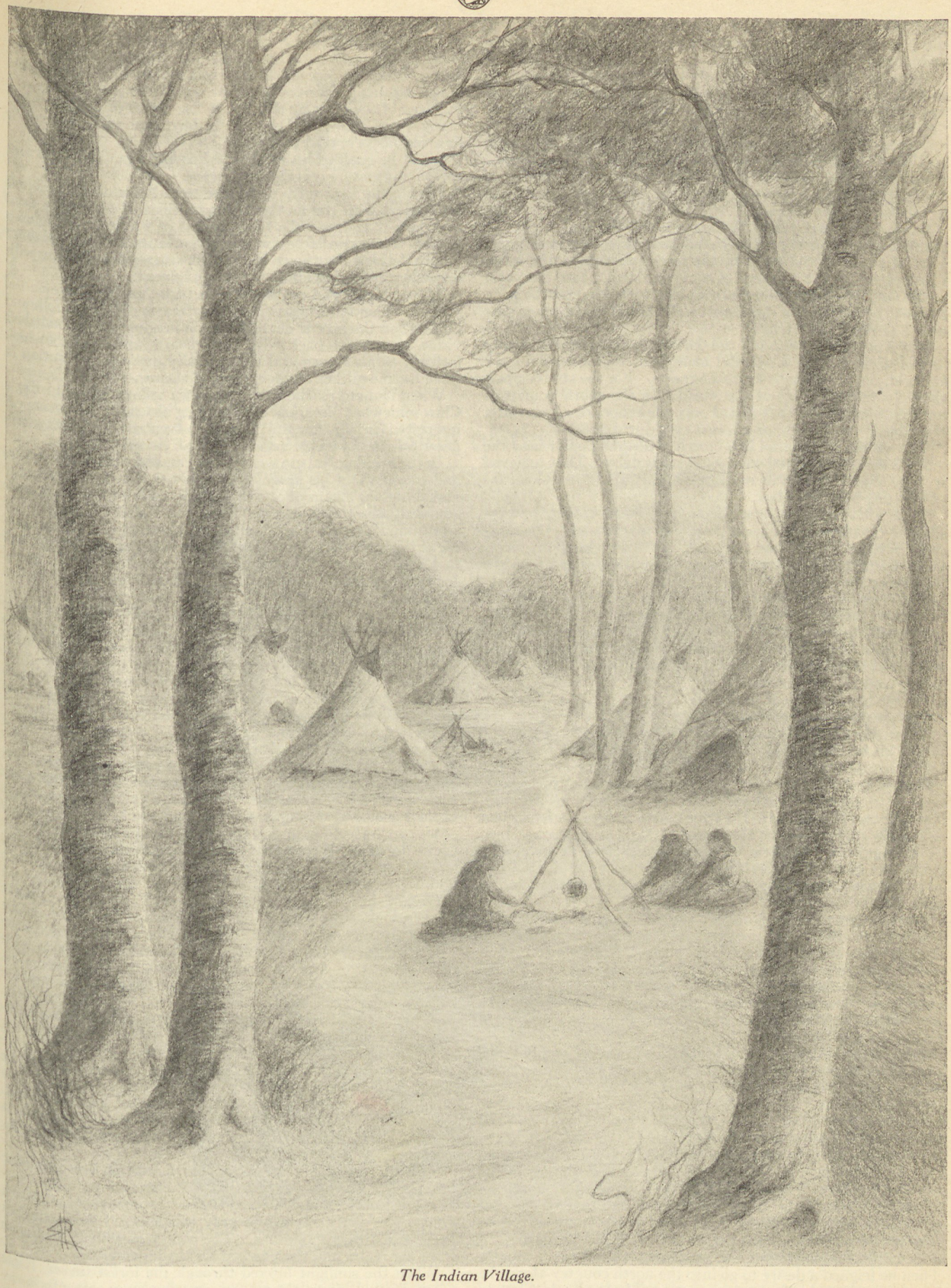
Oblivious of the dark evil that hovered in the forest, the little family pursued its daily round of congenial occupations. The hunting and trapping season had not yet begun, and Gray Otter was busy making arrow-shafts and points and devising snares for small game, to be used in the fall. Little Willow was sewing industriously on the tanned leather garments for the winter cold and little Nabeto, their active offspring, was romping with a tame bear cub near the edge of the creek.

Through the underbrush beyond the other bank Eagle Claw gazed upon the scene with rage and jealousy. Before him he saw nothing but deep injustice. His distorted reasoning readily adapted his sense of right and wrong to his interests and it did not permit of Little Willow loving anybody or anything, or being happy after he had left her. In his barbaric mind it would have been much more flattering if she had re-

The Eagle's Claw is one of the delightful stories to appear in Mr. Reed's new book "The Silver Arrow," which will be off the press this month.

This book is profusely illustrated by the author, whose sketches and etchings appear regularly in Outdoor America.

Another story by Mr. Reed will appear in this magazine in the near future.



The Indian Village.

mained in solitude and pined for his return, and he resolved to break up the cheerful household under the trees.

One afternoon Little Willow and Gray Otter were in the woods gathering berries. Little Nabeto was fishing for minnows from a log that crossed the creek. The despoiler came up the path and told him that he was his uncle who travelled a long distance to visit them. He said he had brought a wonderful canoe, that he would show him on the beach while his father and mother were away, and come back with him when they had returned. The boy, delighted with the diversion, followed

Eagle Claw. When they arrived at the shore he was placed in the bow of the craft for a promised ride and the journey to the Chippewa country commenced.

When far down the lake the boy became alarmed and began to whimper, but no effort was made to quiet his fears after he was safely away. To his great consternation Eagle Claw found that his amulet was missing. He was in doubt as to whether or not he should land, tie the boy securely in some hidden nook, and retrace his trails in the hope of recovering the precious relic. He finally decided there would be small possibility of finding it and that a return would be too hazardous. Keenly as he felt his loss, he went on.

Gray Otter and Little Willow spent days and nights in lamentation when they discovered that their boy was gone. Careful study of the trails in the forest and about the creek revealed the recent presence of some one with a torn moccasin on his left foot, and the copper amulet was found on the path toward the lake. The signs left on the beach told a story that ended at the water's edge.

Few human crimes sound the dark wells of misery as deeply as the abduction of a beloved child and, to those who have suffered, no punishment seems adequate. For the stricken pair the light had gone out of the world. In the gentle sounds of nature around them they heard only the echoes of a lost voice. Happiness—as fleeting as a forest song—was gone.

The amulet was placed in a crotch of a small poplar near the lodge where the afflicted ones could see it daily. They believed it to be a great medicine and some day, it would be the means of bringing back their boy.

Time alleviated the heart wounds to some extent, but the shadow that had fallen upon them was motionless. The mute reminder of their loss had remained in the tree for many bitter years when, one spring morning, a young hunter came up the path from the lake.

The usual Indian salutations were exchanged and he was invited to join in the simple meal. The little boy had become a man—tall, powerful, and keen eyed. He looked curiously about upon the scenes of his childhood and told them who he was. Great jubilation followed and days were spent in the telling and retelling of his story.

He related as many of the details of the trip to the Chippewa country as he could remember.

When they arrived Eagle Claw told a specious story of the loss of his beloved squaw during a storm on the lake, and of his own miraculous escape, that was readily accepted by her relatives and friends. He said he had brought his young nephew to solace the loneliness and bereavement of his wigwam. The boy was received into the tribe and soon became reconciled to his new surroundings. He missed his father and mother, but, at his age, his affections were not sufficiently developed to cause him more than passing regret. He believed Eagle Claw to be his uncle, and his youthful mind was quickly absorbed in the new activities.

As the years went on, Nabeto practically forgot his childhood associations and his life energies and interests were completely merged with those of his adopted people. He reflected much credit upon his pretended relative, who enjoyed the double satisfaction of pride in the boy and the success of his cruel vengeance. He took Nabeto on long trips, taught him the lore and craft of the forest and trained him carefully in the rude arts of savage life.

Once, in an evil hour, some white trappers came and brought with them liquids that set minds on fire and leave their ashes on the brain. Eagle Claw yielded easily to the seductions of the nepenthic waters. He indulged in long periods of abstraction from the affairs of his world. Distorted visions of its realities led his clouded mind into weird paths. In one of his flights of alcoholic boasting he told Nabeto the true story of his abduction, revealing all the details of his villainy and the loss of the precious amulet. The tactless tale was immediately forgotten by its addled narrator, but a black arrow had entered the soul of Nabeto. He dissembled his loss of respect and affection, resolved to find his people and to achieve a dire revenge. To disarm possible suspicion, he prudently waited for a month. Then he feigned a desire to go into the north country along the lake shore, knowing it would be impossible for Eagle Claw to accompany him.

He stocked his canoe with necessities and, after brief farewells, pushed it into the water. When he was out of sight he changed his course to the direction of the dune country, the location and distance of which he was told by Eagle Claw in his maudlin tale. He landed where he saw evidence of Indians and inquired of the wigwam dwellers if they knew of anybody who, many years ago, had lost a little boy, and was not long in locating his bereaved parents.

When he reached his childhood home the familiar faces and surroundings were quickly convincing.

During the long talks under the trees Nabeto's tale excited his hearers with the inevitable promptings of vengeance deep and dark that ever wells from a sense of wrong in the human breast. Long consideration was given to its method. Nabeto finally decided that he would return, stupefy Eagle Claw with firewater, and bring him home for judgment.

The admiring and contented ones bade him good-bye on the shore. Their fond hopes for his safety and success followed him out on the bosom of the lake. When he was beyond their vision they went back with light hearts and began to look forward to his return and the carefully devised retribution in store for the author of their years of sorrow.

When Nabeto reached the Chippewa village he found Eagle Claw somewhat disturbed over his long absence. He was much interested in his fanciful tale of adventure and imaginary descriptions of strange regions he had visited.

In the evening Nabeto went to the camp of the white trappers and frankly told his story. He received abundant sympathy and abundant means of carrying out his ends—means that were copiously absorbed by Eagle Claw upon Nabeto's return. The white man's liquor was an effectual anesthetic, and late that night the much benumbed Eagle Claw was gagged, bound, and laid in the canoe. Rawhide thongs across his body, fastened to the inner sides of the craft, insured his recumbency during the journey.

On arriving at the beach he had left some days before, Nabeto dragged his captive out on the sand. After exulting over the fallen enemy of his house for some time, he went to announce the happy ending of the expedition.

Nabeto and Gray Otter each grasped one of Eagle Claw's legs and hauled him none too gently along the rough path to the poplar tree in which the amulet had been kept. He was securely tied to the trunk and given just enough nourishment to keep him alive for further consideration.

Eagle Claw realized that the gates of wrath had opened and his hour had come. He relapsed into the stern immobility with which, for ages, savage victims have endured the tortures of their enemies. Malignant eyes were upon him and the pride of his race forbade an appeal for mercy that he knew would only excite derision. With patient resignation he awaited his doom.

That night there was high revel in the little wigwam. Nabeto had brought a quantity of the firewater that had not been necessary in the final subjugation of Eagle Claw. Light applications of the potent fluid were delicately rubbed over the face of the miserable culprit, that its odor might stimulate the wild craving they knew he suffered. The amulet was suspended from the end of a small branch, where it dangled before his eyes—a ghastly satire on the decorative trinkets bestowed for achievement in this world.

Refinements of devilish ingenuity were practiced on the helpless evil-doer, the ethics of which might be debatable, but which were without doubt richly deserved.

The joy making inside the wigwam continued far into the night, for its occupants anticipated a glorious tomorrow. The essence of the golden grain finally triumphed and they slept.

In the hush of dawn Little Willow softly arose and packed a buckskin bag with provisions and all the unconsumed firewater. She then cut Eagle Claw's bonds.

The embers of her first love had flamed in her primitive heart. The years had subdued her affection for her offspring—now but feebly rekindled—and the early romance and life with Gray Otter had melted into gray existence. Life's song had become a dreary monotone. The charm of novelty had gone from her realm and she yearned for the indefinable.

When the sunlight filtered through the forest leaves, Eagle Claw, Little Willow, the amulet, and the canoe, were far away on mystic waters.

I've cut a paw-paw fishing pole, I've dug a can of bait; I have hook and line and the day is fine, I won't be home till late. They may not bite, but 'twill be all right, I might not pull if they did. For I may lie lank on the grassy bank, my face from the sun rays hid. Some anglers may scorn this way of mine, but they can do as they wish. I'd rather lie about the bank than lie about the fish!

—J. Alfred Taylor, M. C.

Peace

by Bud Ross

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

THE dove of peace, that mythical fowl whose presence, according to our best traditions dispels all clouds of war and "makes the whole world kin," fluttered, flapped and finally alighted with both feet, at the Nineteenth Annual Convention of the International Association of Game, Fish, and Conservation Commissioners, held in Denver, Colorado, August 20th and 21st.

The hatchet of war which has crashed around rather wildly in various publications for the past four months, has been buried and with it lies the ghost of the old Game Refuge Bill which, according to a resolution passed, will be succeeded by a measure to be jointly sponsored and supported by the Izaak Walton League of America, The American Game Protection Association, the National Association of Audubon Societies, The Western Game Commissioners Association and the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners.

The new bill is based upon the measure drawn and introduced at the conference by David H. Madsen, Game Commissioner of the State of Utah, a general plan of which was printed in the September issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA.

This new measure precludes the establishment of a new federal hunting tax and will be financed by the transfer of the existing excise tax on fire arms and ammunition; it eliminates federal policing of the proposed areas and provides conclusively for concurrent jurisdiction in the administration of the refuges. All land to be purchased by the Department of Agriculture, under terms of the new bill, must be agreed upon by each of the state game commissioners before the transaction is complete.

In short, this is a good measure, with all the old objections withdrawn. It is a bill that can and will pass Congress with the united support of all the sportsmen of the nation. Personalities and petty bickerings of all conservation organizations will cease permanently, if this splendid plan is adhered to.

East and West have met, shaken hands, and decided that the other fellow's horns are not nearly as sharp and formidable as he had come to believe—and all agreed that a policy of unity, based on a sane workable plan that will save the marshlands of America before it is too late, is paramount.

The conference, attended by approximately one hundred delegates from the United States and two Canadian representatives, was called to order August 20th by J. B. Harkin of Ottawa, Canada, President of the International Association, with a short address stressing the need of cooperation in conservation.

R. P. Holland, editor of Field and Stream and secretary-treasurer of the association, read the financial report for the preceding year.

Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, made a plea for the song birds of this country and told of the atrocities permitted in some foreign countries where the killing of song birds is still a legitimate enterprise. He reiterated the necessity of educating the public of these countries to the horror of searing the eyes of little songsters to be used as decoys for the market hunters.

Roger W. Tull, Superintendent of Rock Mountain National Park, gave an interesting talk on the school of guiding, telling of the methods now in use in his district to toughen the pedal extremities of the "tender-foot" and teach him the value of the things with which nature has provided us so generously.

John P. Woods, delegate at large from St. Louis, Missouri, read a paper on "Wild Water and Woods" which contained some good conservation ideas.

John Hatton, Assistant District Forester, United States Department of Agriculture, told of the necessity of conserving the country's timber supply and quoted statistics showing the increasing need for reforestation.

Hoyes Lloyd, Supervisor of Wild Life Protection of the Dominion of Canada, told of the educational efforts being made to bring about a greater appreciation of conservation work in his country.

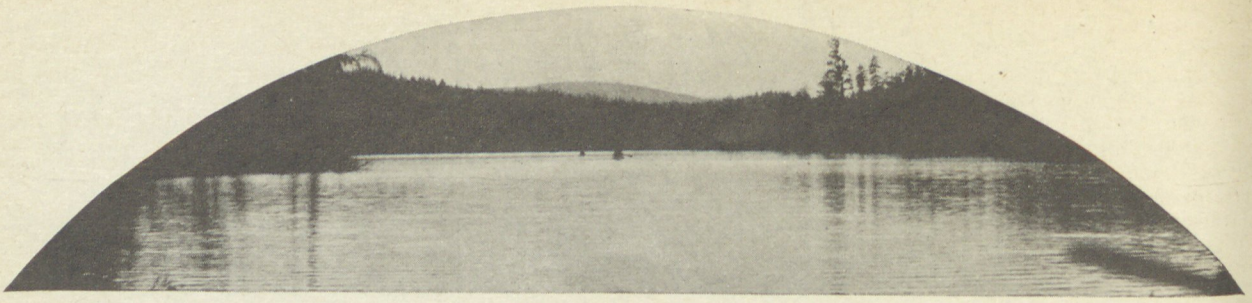
He told of their highly organized publicity bureau which carries out scientific campaigns of public education through every medium of publicity, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 58]

The *Red* Side of the Ledger

While Uncle Sam is congratulating himself on the huge income receipts—

I WISH THAT BOY WOULD SELL HIS PAPERS ON ANOTHER STREET
INCOME TAX REPORT 1925
EXTRA!
DAILY PAPER NATION'S LOSS THROUGH FOREST FIRES RUNS INTO HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS

It seems proper to call his attention to certain irreparable losses, such as forest fires, stream pollution, and the ruthless destruction of our national resources that make this wealth possible.



Personally Conducting IRVIN COBB

by El Comancho

WE had fished our way across country from Seattle to Glacier Park wherever we found water enough to float a fish.

"We," in this case means Bill Dilg, Yours Truly, and the son, who shipped as cook for the cruise.

The Cascade Mountains gave us little but scenery and some hills to climb.

The Cabinet range and the Bitterroots were a little better but real fishing did not come our way until we camped down beside Rogers Lake, three or four hours run west of Kalispel in Montana.

Rogers Lake will be known clear across the country pretty soon because it has been stocked and is alive with Grayling, about eighteen inches long, each one wearing a big gaudy fin on his back which might well be adopted as the fly fisherman's flag. It is a beautiful thing,—that fin, nearly as big as one's hand when you find it on an eighteen inch Grayling and its iridescent coloring flashes all the hues of the rainbow as the fish comes into net.

Rogers Lake is not more than a mile long and possibly three quarters of a mile wide—just a good big pond set down between a lot of nice little mountains sprinkled all over with great big pine trees which make you feel small and very young just to look at them.

It's a nice quiet place, out of sight and hearing of the road and you have to follow a winding trail around three sides of a mountain to get to it—you find out all about this road at "Happy's Inn" roadhouse 22 miles west of the lake if you are coming in from Libby and the west; or you ask at the Chamber of Commerce in Kalispel if you are going west and they will tell you just how to get there. When you *do* get there, why you simply go and catch all the Grayling you can eat and don't have to worry about it, either.

And—if you like trout better—you can get as many one-and-a-half or two pound cutthroats, with spoon or fly, as you need, without enough trouble to make you worry.

Gentleman wearing Panama is Mr. Cobb.

We got ours—Bill first, then me, then Bill, and back again for three or four loafing days up there among the big pines a mile above sea level.

When we got tired we stepped on the gas and rolled down the mountain a few thousand feet into the Flathead Valley and Kalispel where everybody seemed glad to see us and treated us nice.

From there we went to Whitefish town up on Whitefish Lake where we ran into Doc Johnson, R. F. Haines, A. L. Dunegan and Secy. C. C. Baldwin of the Whitefish Chamber of Commerce.

That settled it! There are lots of fish around Whitefish town and that bunch of fish hounds wouldn't rest until they took us out and showed us.

Miss Grace Baldwin, daughter of the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce took charge of me and Doc Johnson kept track of Bill; the rest just went along!

Out west of Whitefish we splattered a fly around on top of a few lakes and got as many fish as anybody ought to have by noon—then back to Whitefish and on to Glacier Park.

I wish I could tell you a lot more about that fishing bunch at Whitefish town for they are white as they make 'em and darn good hombres, every man-jack of 'em.

Little Miss Baldwin is her Dad's girl and a real sure enough woodsman even if she is only as big as—well, I was going to say a pint of cider—but that's a little too small; let's compromise at about a hundred pounds of sunburned, healthy western Montana girl who can hold her own on any trail and knows her outdoors better than most men—and there you are!

I promised myself when I left that I'd go back to Whitefish again some of these days just to go fishin' with Miss Grace!

But this story is to be about Irvin Cobb and I've wasted too much space already just telling you about everything else but friend Cobb.

Well, anyhow, we rolled over

into the Park from Whitefish and Bill took a notion we'd better fish the south fork of Flathead River even though it was high and milky yet with the runout of spring snow off ot the high peaks.

We skimmed the south fork and went on into Belton to find Charlie Howes and get the fishing dope on the park.

Charlie Howes, of Belton, Montana, knows more about the fish and fishing in the Flathead River system and the lakes on the west side of Glacier Park than any man alive; he's lived here for years and knows every whim of the fish and of the Flathead River and when he talks you'd better listen!

I've known Charlie for the last—well, the last two or three centuries, I guess.

And I've never known him to steal a horse, or rob a bank, or take money away from a widow or an orphan and I've gone fishing with him a lot of times and like him anyhow.

You'll admit that is saying a lot for Charlie Howes but when you know him, as I do, you say a lot of nice things about him yourself—and don't miss running down the Flathead with Charlie in a boat if you want some real fishing—you'll get it.

Let Charlie say what to do—and then do it and never regret that you know him!

When Charlie found us down at Belton he insisted that we come up to Lake McDonald, where he has his home, and camp on a piece of land he has across the road—so that's where we set up Bill's "Jiffy" tent and called it home. (I never did find out how that tent got its name, though.)

Charlie told us Irvin Cobb and his family were staying at the upper end of the lake near Lewis' Hotel—so up we went to hold a powwow with Cobb and get him to come along with us.

Charlie Howes of Belton, Montana.

He was busy of course—he always is—but you know that old saying: "If fishin' interferes with business why—quit the business!"

Well—we made it work part of the time anyhow! We arranged for a trip to Arrow Lake and some more places which we were to go to "pretty soon."

Then something came up and busted that layout—so Bill and I thought the North fork might be good and we "pulled our freight" up there over the next to the worst road in the world—but it was worth it, next day.

Our outfit put in two or three days at Bowman Lake and sure did get some real fishin' at that!

I reckon you could load ship with big cutthroat trout out of that lake if you wasn't in too big a rush! Some fish too! Yessir!

When we got tired of it up there we rolled back to camp at Charlie Howes and watched the river, as it was doing stunts, and we wanted falling water to run McDonald Creek and the main Flathead.

Charlie Russell, the Cowboy artist, dropped into camp for a visit when he found we were there. I was glad he came for I had not seen him for several years and we've been friends for a long time, dating back to "cow days" in the short grass country.

The right stage of water came pretty soon and we hit it hard.

Bill got his quota with a dry fly—he's a crank on that stuff so it's all right! And I fed 'em wet flies, dry flies, and number two Wilson Spoons with fat juicy worms on the hook and I got mine, too!

Yes sir—we both got 'em—plenty!

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 61]

El Comancho hooks one.

The Square Owl

by Charles Alexander

Illustration by Ray Russell

BEN HARP walked along a straight path going amid low, well-worn goose grass and fennel. He was far out afield. White houses, sheds, storage rooms, presided over by an idle flag on a pole planted in a lawn, were in the distance where the road passed the farm. But Ben Harp was not in a lonesome or a lifeless field. Life, quick, rustling and full of mysterious moods, was all about him in hundreds of little feathered bodies.

It was just dawn. Not a fog, but a slight greyness, which is the wraith-like garb of a late fall morning, clung in the dead mesquite and ryegrass stems within the pens. Ben Harp carried three pails, one of which he set down to open a gate. Stepping inside the pen, he lifted the bucket in. But he did not set it down again. For with a roar and *whish* of wings the air about him was filled with plump bodies, and the bravest of these stormed his feed-buckets.

From one pail he threw out handfuls of moist warm Spratts. From another he doled little yellow pellets, made of ground beef-liver rolled in cornmeal. From the third he poured out No. 2 chickgrain.

The birds in this pen were five-months-old Chinese pheasants. They were late July hatches, passing the adolescent molt, the young cocks sprouting mahogany-colored feathers on their dun breasts, maroon hair-like decorations on their rumps, and celestial yellow splotches on their flanks. Ear-tufts were showing on their heads. From the large pen, with its tall dead ryegrass and over-turned coops from which the brooder-hens were long since removed, a hundred of the lanky young chinabirds ran and flew to Harp for breakfast.

Charles Alexander

Only two alighted on the rim of his Spratts bucket. Harp, looking over the flock, puckered his brows. The birds were shy. They skulked in the grass, behind the coops, and in the slope-roofed water-box. "What's matter, chinabirds?" he asked. He looked himself over. He wore dingy khaki-colored jumper and pants, and floppy old hat. "Haven't nothing new on," he said. "Nothing to scare you."

He stepped outside into the path, latched the gate and went on forty feet to the next gate. And in this pen, too, the young birds were shy. So, as the weak cool sun arose, he went down the line. There were ten pens of July birds, and ninety pens of earlier hatched birds—the entire crop of the state pheasant farm, being held until February before being liberated in farmers' fields all over the state.

Other keepers were feeding in other parts of the farm. And in all the pens the chinabirds were nervous, furtive, wild. A mood was on them, had trickled from bird to bird, pen to pen. And perhaps it had to do with the unseen, unfelt coming of winter, or with other and terrible events of the night. He caught this feeling from his birds, and he could not define it. But he could very well define the fact that he could not afford to have anything amiss.

He foregathered with his helpers in the chuck-house, listening almost fearfully to the bits of news they always had after their morning rounds. It was always the morning gossip that was portentous. Always at night it was that frightful things happened in the pheasant pens. His men had clear faces and jolly voices this morning—all save Dexter, who always grouched, and agitated against Ben's authority. And so, for the game-keepers, it was to be a pleasant day, free from worry.

But Ben, sitting on a sack of crissel near the cook-stove, watched his men heating a tub of sour milk so that it would curd, for the noon meal for the pheasants, and brooded. Outside in the show pens where the "ornamentals" were kept for the public to stare and marvel at, a silver pheasant whistled, chuckled diabolically and hissed like a cobra.

"Birds act like winter's comin'," said Dexter, warming himself at the stove.

"How'd they act?" asked Ben sharply.

"Oh . . ." Dexter grinned, seeing that Ben was worried, teasing Ben. "Oh, ius' growin' up—growin' pains, I guess."

Grunting, Ben walked out and down the row of white-washed pens, seeded to rape and kale, where the ornamentals lived. His eyes found every bird in every pen, searching them out in the kale, squatting in the dead-furrows, or skulking in corners. Ben knew these creatures, knew them each and, in a way, personally; and he knew their moods. Old Ben never had married. Pheasants were wife, family—life to him; with them he lived, watching and loving them.

The ornamentals were pampered and vain, and they did not react in a mass, as the wilder china-birds did. Among them were many distinct personalities. A temperamental Amherst cock, his brilliant feathers drooping, sulked in a corner, the picture of dejection. He was addicted to melancholy, as if he knew his glorious plumes were shallow vanities. The reeves and the goldens had not touched their breakfasts.

Ben, likewise dejected, flung the gate of the silver pen open and entered. "You damned pirate," he stormed at the great gleaming cock who stalked to meet him, "what'd you do *that* for?"

In the water-box lay a young dun-colored silver hen. She was badly mauled. Every feather had been ripped from her neck. Her eyes were gone, her brain laid open. "Drat you," growled the gamekeeper, kicking away the silver. With red eyes, erect topknot and half-open wings the cock attacked Ben again and again, slashing with his white spear of a beak, jabbing with his heavy spurs, striking with his strong shoulders. "I ought to kill you," Ben told the hissing maniac, boosting him high on his boot. The silver whistled shrilly and chuckled in his throat like a fiend.

Yet Ben knew it was not the short-tempered silver's fault. All silvers had bad tempers. Something had aroused the old cock's fear, and he had taken his rage out on the innocent hen. Something. . . . Ben went on, searching, into every pen, prying with his eyes.

Ben completed the forenoon by walking around what was called the pinion range. All the wire-covered, wire-walled pens surrounding this twenty-acre field held his five thousand young pheasants; and all the pens he peered into sharply, trying to isolate the omen and foreboding that gripped every creature of the thousands on the farm.

Old in the ways of wild creatures, Ben was sensitive to their delicate, sensitive moods. And he knew they became moody only for cause. Today he could not find the cause.

He came, at noon, to the letter box on the road, and, sorting the mail, crossed the yard and stopped under the flag on his

Charles Alexander hails from Albany, Oregon. He has written scores of short stories which are published regularly in leading magazines. The review section of the Boston Transcript definitely states that his dog novel "Fang, of The Forest" is "one of the best dog stories ever printed and deserves a place with 'Beautiful Jo', 'Black Beauty' and 'The Dog of Flanders' ".

Mr. Alexander is an ardent sportsman. He is now planning a deer hunting trip. When he returns he will relate his adventures in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

lawn. He took the old hat off his smooth whitening hair. His tanned Irish face was gloomy. He selected a certain letter.

Dexter approached across the pinion range. Dexter grinned unpleasantly and took the letter. It bore the blue imprint of the State Game Commission. Abruptly Ben turned toward his house, his eyes narrowed to slits.

Ben was superintendent. He had given his life to pheasants. He had been first to produce pheasants on a large scale. His State, recognizing him, had hired him, and he had built up the greatest pheasantry in the world. But the State Game Commission was a political body, reappointed by each incoming governor. Men who did not know a Mongolian from a blackneck, a Chinese from an English ringneck, were appointed to the Commission and held the destiny of Ben Harp in their hands. And sometimes, Ben knew, they longed to appoint a political henchman to his job. Dexter receiving mail from the Commission . . .

Before Ben reached his bungalow Dexter called.

"I forgot," he shouted. "Just found it. In the pinion range. A bunch killed. Looks like cat."

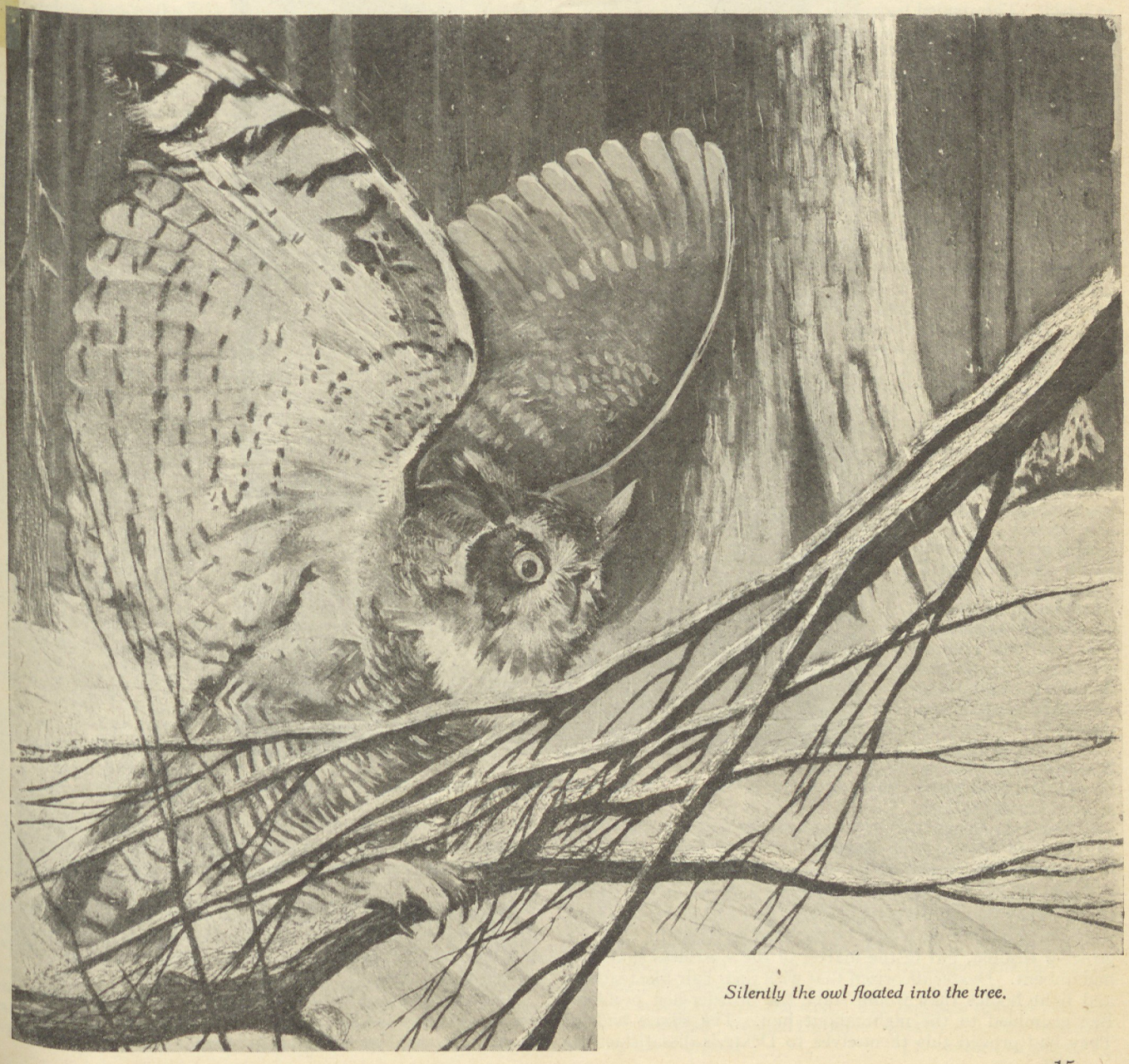
Ben grunted. "Put out the jump traps," he ordered. And he went through the gates and straight into the pinion range, forgetting his lunch.

In that field he spent an hour. Out in the midst of it, where were some patches of corn, kale and pumpkins for the pinioned birds to worry at, he moved about and about, his eyes on the tangled grass. The field held his entire breeding stock, four hundred hens and a hundred cocks, the vital key to the entire farm. And, because they were reared for breeding stock and not for liberation, they were pinioned, their wings scissored at the elbow joints just after hatching. They could not fly. The field, unlike the rearing pens, was without a wire-netting roof. Ben found the first bird in the corn patch.

It was a fat hen. She lay limply, her throat torn open. That was all. But there were others. . . . In an hour, while his lunch spoiled, he found thirty. They all lay limply, neatly, their throats torn open. They all were hens, the breeding hens, on which the entire farm, the men and birds and investment and expense, was built. And Ben knew, then, why the five thousand young birds in all the distant rearing pens were tense with fear they could not hide. Out in this field, in the night, silent murder had been done; and every bird on the farm strangely felt it, knew it in a terrible way. Ben remembered the silver cock far away who had killed his own mate, and attacked him fiercely when he entered . . . *fear.*

Dexter came, with a sack full of oneida jump traps. These he set, one by one, on top of every post in the pen walls all around the pinion range. A prowling house cat, climbing a pole to get into the field, would necessarily put his paw in the trap on top. An owl, swooping and alighting on a pole, would dangle in the trap which was chained and stapled to the pole. For a foot under the baseboards of every pen, one-inch mesh wire netting was buried. No marauder might climb over or burrow under. Yet the marauder might still be hidden in the field, awaiting nightfall.

"Cats, don't you think?" bawled Dexter from a distance.



Silently the owl floated into the tree.

Ben did not bother to answer. He thought fiercely that Dexter didn't care. And it wasn't cats. A cat would kill a hen or two and gorge on the flesh. Rats? They killed young birds, eating the white brains, and were themselves hunted down and killed next day. Weasels—only weasels murdered wantonly, redly, leaping from bird to bird, ripping throats and drenching themselves in warm blood. But this was a big and unbelievable job, even for a weasel.

Ben walked hotly to the chuck-house and brought out a grizzled airedale on a leash. He wove over and over the pinion range with the dog, not daring to loose him, for in his romping he would frighten half the young birds to panic and death. And the dog found trails, jerking from the scene of one killing to that of another. Also, he discovered six killings that Ben had overlooked.

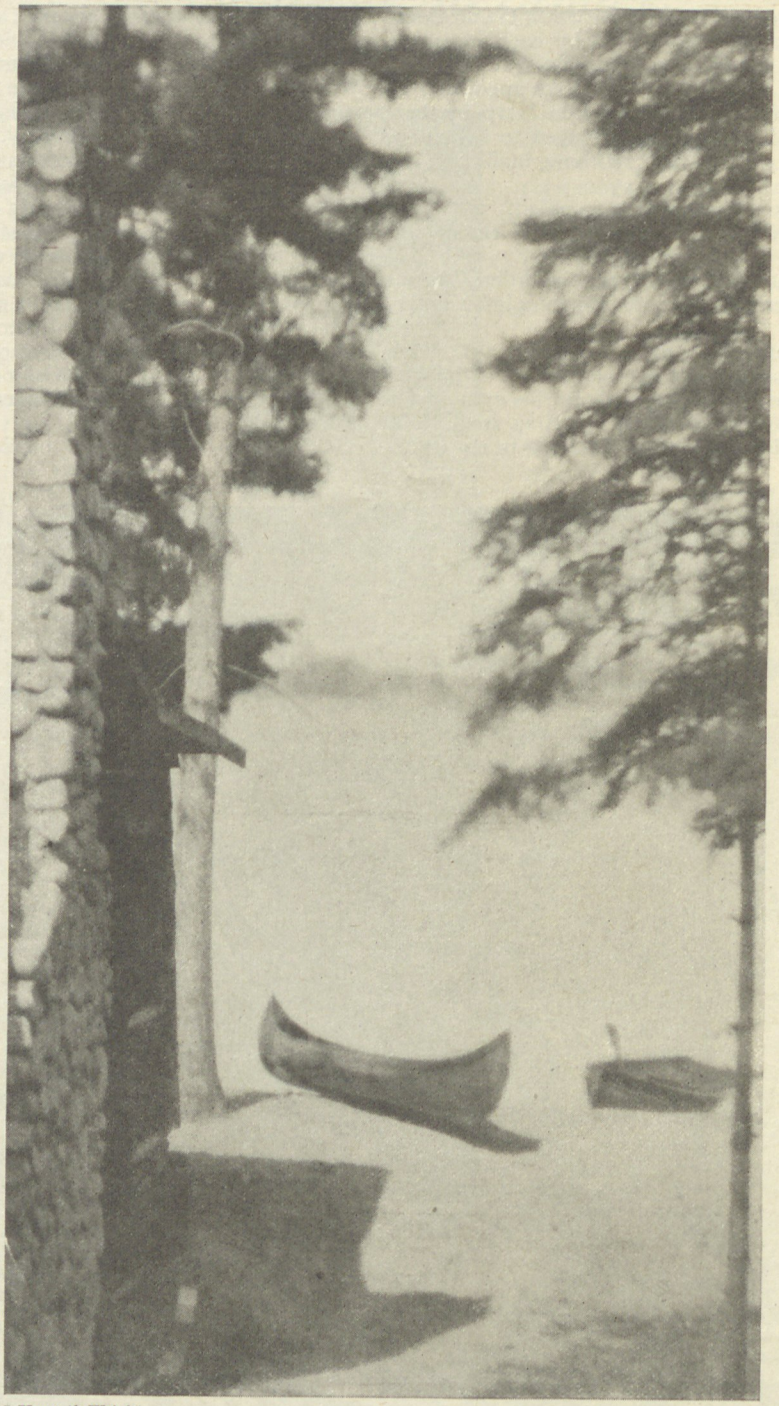
But the trails all vanished. They did not lead out of the field or into it. They ended as though the killer had taken wings. And Ben, failing all afternoon to find trace of the killer, knew that it would return that night, hungry for blood.

In his own mail that day he had been told that the full State Commission, including the Governor, would visit him on a tour of inspection two days later.

Ben Harp sat on his back porch and glowered into the dusk. He could see the surface of the many acres of covered rearing pens, and their wire netting surface was like a blue sea. The yellow splotch in the center of this sea was the pinion range, where the old birds wintered until March, when they were mated in harems of six and located in the mile-long aisle of twenty-four-foot breeding pens. Ben smoothed his hair and glowered.

A Japanese silkie, a blue-legged black-beaked little hen, strayed across the lawn and flew into an apricot tree to roost. Ben pulled down the flag, stowed it in a bunker and returned to his seat on the back stoop.

These silkies, too, were star-boarders and general abominations. They had been Dexter's idea. Ben had yielded. There were many points on which he declined to yield to Dexter's growing wisdom, but in the matter of the worthless silkies he had unbent. Dexter theorized that with their hair-like feathers and light bodies they would solve the brooder-hen problem. Ben grumbled to the night about him. The silkies hadn't. They had proved this themselves to Dexter's dissatisfaction.



© Kenneth Wright

A glimpse of the shoreline.

Dexter, with increasing importance, had made more and more suggestions to Ben in this, his second season under the old gamekeeper. Endlessly he had argued for more of the rich brown crissel in the baby pheasant ration, for less oatmeal. To all of which Ben had turned his blind side, for his rations were his own, and they worked. . . . And it was clear, now, that Dexter wanted his job as superintendent, was pulling wires to get it. . . .

Silently, without a noise of wings, a great shadow floated over the lawn. Ben watched, tense. These things, the indefinable movements of creatures at night, struck deep into him. The shadow recrossed the lawn, lower, close to Ben. It floated into the apricot tree. Then, where there had been one dim bulk before, two now perched. Side by side with the Japanese silkie sat a huge figure, a great eared owl from the hill forests.

Ben's eyes clung on the two black outlines against the night sky. These things were, to him, more terrific than a drama on any human stage might be. The owl sat beside his victim, the silkie. The silkie's head was under her wing. She squatted low. The owl's body reared high. The silkie scolded sleepily — a little songy noise in her throat. She moved sidewise. The owl moved sidewise and again crowded against the silkie.

Ben understood the strategy. Immobile he sat, watching, his blood stirring in sympathy with a game and royal killer. Ben had seen many timber owls. He remembered that he never had seen a timber owl strike unfairly. Because of this, he understood now the game the owl in the apricot tree played.

He waited for the end.

Perched beside the sleeping silkie, the owl crowded against it again and again, and the silkie, conscious only that it was being crowded, unaware that the crowder was an owl, not another silkie, reached the end of the limb and, squalling, fell off.

Headlong, the owl struck the silkie ere she reached the lawn; struck with his talons, churned the air with his great pinions, and bore swiftly away. The air he threshed with his wings fanned Ben's cheek.

Ben was grinning . . . it was only one of those damned silkies and that owl had certain admirable standards. It was against his creed to strike his prey while it slept, unknowing.

He gave it a chance against his skill. Ben smiled approvingly. That was more than most people would do. . . . A figure was running to him. It was Dexter.

"What's wrong?" he asked. "Heard a squawking."

"Hooter owl," Ben said amiably. "Took a silkie. Been watching 'em quite awhile. Set in the tree, they did, and the owl pushed the silkie overboard and nailed it."

Dexter snorted. "For God's sake, why didn't you sneak for the shotgun an' blow 'im up? He'll be back. I'll lay for the blankety-blank blank-blank. Killin' silkies!" His voice lingered fondly over *silkies*.

"No," said Ben. "No more silkies out. This one had no business roostin' outside. No sense, silkies."

"Well, they ain't the only ones that way on this ranch," Dexter flared. "Prob'bly that owl's what killed all those pheasants last night. Kill a bunch more tonight. You're a pretty boss—"

"That'll do." Ben's voice had a sheer edge. "Pheasants roost flat on the ground. This owl isn't killin' anything like that. This owl is something you don't savvy, Dexter. He's *square*."

"He won't be, not if I get a shot at him."

"Shoot him and you hit the pike."

Ben got up. He found his way toward the pinion range. A shadow floated swiftly overhead. The owl was back. In the pinion range Ben walked carefully. A bird got up underfoot, beat its pinioned useless wings and ran blindly in the grass. Ben watched. He trusted the owl. He heard, or felt, or sensed the owl's passage many times, up and down the field. But it was night, and his precious breeding birds squatted here, there and everywhere among the tussocks of ryegrass; and a murderous-hearted slayer might now be spilling their blood on the yellow grass. Brooding, Ben turned back.

He met Dexter. Dexter stood at the edge of the field, a shotgun slung on his arm. Ben said:

"That'll do. Leave him be. He won't touch a bird unless it's moving. These birds don't move at night—you know that. That'll do, I say, or you hit the pike right now."

Growling under his breath, Dexter turned slowly back.

"Funny," Ben thought, "him so keen on potting that owl. He'll see that the Governor hears about me not letting him kill it."

With the first grey light, Ben was up. This morning he left all the feeding to his aides. He started for the pinion range. Then he turned back, ran up the flag on his lawn, and set out again for the dewy field.

Just inside the big gate he saw what he feared to see. And he knew that all over the twenty acres the thing was repeated. A pheasant hen lay on her side. Ben dropped on his old knees beside her. She lay, her tawny neck outstretched, her brown eyes half veiled by their yellow lids. Only her throat was touched . . . it was ripped.

And the killer was free. And at this rate, in two weeks his breeding stock would be shot away to nothing; the stock that had produced five thousand young this year—a huge, an unprecedented pheasant crop.

Kneeling beside the bird, Ben did not feel the loss because it meant his ruin. He felt it because this bird, his bird, which he had raised by hand from the hour it hatched, was murdered. Picking her up, he stared at her. And she was mystery and beauty, in an aching way the old man could not name; a pad of tiny fern-like feathers muffed her ear, a fawn-like slenderness was in her blue legs against his wrist; he was quite helpless, and shaken, as her legs fell and hung beside her flat, dull yellow belly. Her blue, clean beak traced an aimless line in the dirt.

Turning, he walked back along the path in the goosegrass. His birds were his life, his greatest emotion. He was a gentle Irishman. But once he had called at a neighbor's house, asked to see the house-cat, and had blown it wrong side out with a great Colt .45. Then he had walked away, saying no word, his breast seething; for the cat had killed a pheasant on his farm. Now he came back to the chuck-house and told his men to bring in and burn the dead pheasants.

"I told you," Dexter said. "If you'd a-let me blow up that owl—" He stopped, because of the tiger look that Ben Harp turned on him.

Hard-eyed, the old man walked the farm all day. The airedale was tried out, but as before found nothing save a dozen trails that started nowhere and ended where they began. Again and again Ben examined every foot of all the pens facing on and fencing in the pinion range. In the jump traps on the posts a collection of screech owl, meadowlark and grackle legs hung, their owners having twisted them off and indignantly departed. Reluctantly at nightfall Ben re-set the traps. He would get to them earlier next morning, before the larks were up.

That night Ben patrolled the pinion range. Not a sound did he hear, save when his own foot disturbed a squatting, sleeping pheasant, or when a timber owl drifted overhead. Toward morning, once, he thought he heard the big gate creak, and later a noise in Dexter's little house. And, before daylight, he found the first slaughtered hen. She was still warm.

Under his eyes, as he had walked the field all night, the killer had been at work bloodthirstily, slaying and slaying for very love of blood. By turns ill and in a towering and terrible rage, Ben walked into the house and ran up the flag.

That morning at ten the Game Commission arrived, five politicians headed by the rotund little Governor of the State. They pressed cigars on the old keeper. To all their greetings he only grunted. He left them with Dexter and walked straight back to the pinion range. Always before he had shown them around, explained, and entertained them. This day he did not even join them at lunch in his bungalow. He left them to Dexter. Dexter was flushed and voluble to the great men.

And Dexter, Ben knew, explained to them about the slaughter; how in three more days the breeding stock would be wiped out; how Ben Harp was baffled and had failed; about the owl Dexter suspected of killing the pheasants, and the foolish amnesty Ben extended it. And Ben knew, too, the Governor of the State and the Game Commission thereof would deem it ridiculous of Ben to let the owl live and wipe out the pheasant farm. For what did politicians know of wild things, of moods and feelings in a nide of pheasants, of certain matters about owls; of squareness in wild creatures—when they only dealt with men?

As night fell Ben sat on an empty coop in the pinion range. His Chinaman beat the dinner gong. The politicians would be dining in state at the bungalow. Ben wearily visited the lawn and took in the dejected flag. He returned to the range. He was treating his guests outrageously. Without doubt he would lose his job. They could not afford to let mismanagement at the pheasant farm creep into the newspapers. Ben was thinking violently of the baffling creature who slashed the throats of his beautiful chinabirds. . . .

Night rolled in from the east. The big gate opened and the whole Commission stepped through. Dexter was with the men, bearing his shotgun.

(Continued on page 72)

The Autumn Trail

We climb up the mountains, a crisp frost in the air,
With hosts of golden aspens aquiver everywhere;
The foothills, red and yellow and purple, mauve and brown,
Like priceless Persian carpets spread out and sloping down;

The sky a sea of azure above tall peaks of white
That glow with opal colors and shimmer in the light.
The winding trail we travel is hidden here and there,
Mysterious, alluring, with hazards everywhere;

The pine trees tall, majestic, as farther up we go,
Like shadows in the aspens as side by side they grow.
A smell of spruce and balsam and pine cones fills the air
Like aromatic spices combined in perfume rare.

The rocks are tall cathedrals, with spires that pierce the sky,
Or ancient feudal castles with turrets broad and high.
All purple, gray and yellow, like sentinels they stand
Above the trees in silence—tall soldiers in command.

Blue lakes we glimpse in valleys, and streams that wind between,
Just gleaming strands of silver with iridescent sheen.
Against the slope beside us a glint of snowflakes, new,
And groups of crimson berries where once the roses grew.

The tiny chipmunks scamper across the trail apace,
Seeking in wild confusion a hasty hiding place.
The bluejays in the tree tops utter a warning cry
And wild and timid creatures lie low as we pass by.

And when the trail has ended and on the top we stand,
Amid a sea of mountains around on every hand,
We lose ourselves in wonder; just atoms, you and I,
Lost in a maze of glory between the earth and sky.

MARTHA COLEMAN SHERMAN

Drifting in the Rockies

by J. R. Jones

PART I

J. R. Jones knows the western country. In this story he tells of an interesting trip with STRUTHERS BURT, noted novelist.

Photographs by Donald Hough

STRUTHERS BURT had come down from the Bar B C Ranch to discuss our long planned trip, for there had been many delays, and now the annual frontier celebration in Jackson was at hand.

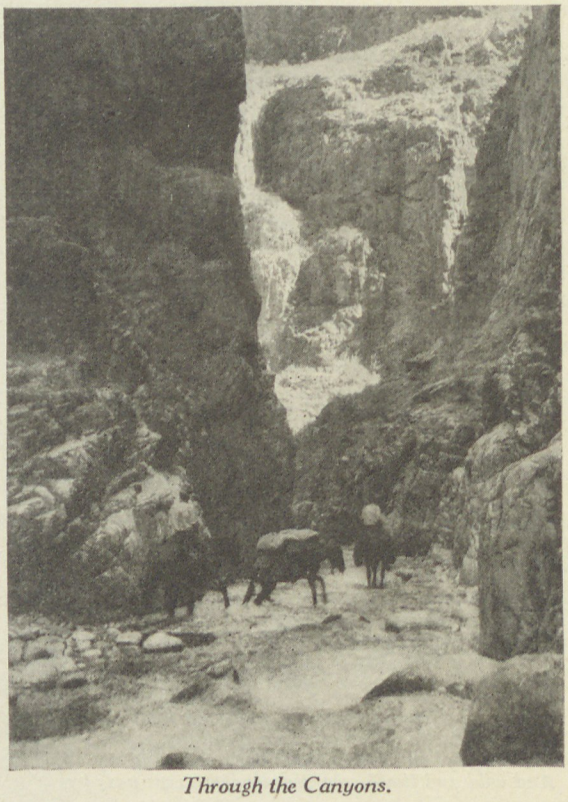
"Shall we stay for the doings, or pull for the hills?"

It seemed to me that Struthers said "hills" rather wistfully, and I promptly replied that I was fed up on Frontier shows.

"Bully! Glad to hear you say it, for I am, too. Come on, let's hit the trail."

We packed our provisions, bedding, and tepee tent on one horse, a light load at that, for we were seasoned campers and knew what to take. We settled the pack cover in place and drew the diamond hitch. Swinging into our saddles, I gave the pack horse's lead rope a couple of turns around the horn and we headed straight for a mountain pass.

Our trail led up a stream that alternately sneaked through willow levels and dashed in flashing leaps down rocky stretches. A heavy stand of fir, pine, and spruce clothed the steep canyon walls that faced the north. It is true that breaks occurred where rocky cliffs peeked out from groves of trees, and there were lanes of fallen timber where snow slides had swept the mountain. The slopes that faced the south were much more thinly clad. Groves of quaking aspen flickered at their base, and evergreens crowned their summits. In between grew rich grass that sustained many elk during severe winters. That these animals' struggle for existence was keen, and that all did not survive the past winter, was evidenced by several carcasses that we passed. We came on flocks of ruffed grouse that seemed little concerned at our presence. Perhaps they realized that we were not the killing kind. Tree squirrels chattered at us and chipmunks raced along fallen trees. Magpies balanced on teetering limbs, and noisy bluejays kept ahead by short flights and hops that they might herald our coming to the wild folks.



Through the Canyons.

We left the stream after following it for nine miles and began climbing a slope among scattering groves of quaking aspen and grass and weeds that swished against our stirrups. Twisting and turning, yet steadily upward, then came straining muscles as the horses scrambled the last steep pitch. We sprang to the ground and tossed our bridle reins into the tall grass, and our horses shook and braced themselves to stand contentedly in the warm September sun.

Cache Creek Pass, some seven thousand feet, is not high in altitude as mountain passes go. It is just a grassy spur, in form like a saddle seat, that dips down from a rugged mountain range. Yet to east and west and south it grants an inspiring view of lofty peaks, of timbered slopes, blue glint of lakes, grassy buttes, and valleys through which twine streams that look like silver threads. Your gaze swings in a half circle, and clearly defined are the Tetons to the west, the crest of the Hoback Range on the south, and the Green River Divide to the east. A land of loveliness, clothed in the rich garments of a matchless primeval verdure.

Silently we gazed on this wealth of beauty, for speech mars feelings in the presence of nature's magnificence. The spell was broken and we speculated on who was the first white man that had gazed from the spot on which we stood. We visioned a trapper clad in buckskin, leaning on long rifle and with keen eyes noting the distant landmarks. We wondered if he too was filled with awe in the presence of such grandeur. Whoever that man was, his name is lost to history. We could only guess whether he was some well known trapper or explorer, or just a squaw man wandering with the Indians. Again our minds drifted back through the ages to that first red man, as he stood shading eyes with hand, seeking to fathom the mysteries of a land so strangely guarded by grim mountain walls.

Cache Creek Pass is seldom crossed today, and to it leads a dim and little known trail. Yet it was used to some extent by trappers at an early period in the history of Jackson's Hole, for, while more rugged, it is a shorter route to the Green River divide.

Reluctantly we gathered the trailing reins of our horses and descended to the head of a draw where we drank deeply from a spring that bubbled at the base of some willows. Then on we went through sprinkled patches of pine and fir and aspen trees among which we saw fresh tracks of elk. We climbed a timbered ridge and descended abruptly to a boulder-strewn stream that came tumbling down from springs that rose in grassy parks on the mountain slope. The way was steep to the old game trail that angled the mountain side above us, but the vanished herds had builded well and our horses traveled easily along the path. We turned a knoll and many blue grouse rose around us. A fox leaped to the surface of a rock, perhaps indignant at us for disturbing his stalk, for he stood a space of time watching us intently.

We came to a huge gash in the mountain range encircled on three sides by towering walls of rock. Throughout the basin trees spread their branches above great boulders, and grass had rooted wherever a bit of soil appeared. A stream, clear and cold, came rushing down to the level stretch where the trail crossed. Then for a couple of hundred yards it quietly slipped around huge rocks or gently caressed the roots of bushes that cast their shadows on its pools. Suddenly its mood would change, and it dashed in flying leaps down the mountain slope to join the waters of Horse Creek far below.

We left the trail and followed down the stream to a grove of trees that stood just above where the canyon fell away in steep declivity. The horses grazed in deep contentment on the tall grass, the tepee tent stood rainguard above our bed, and bacon gave its aroma to the play of a gentle breeze. Doctors may curse a frying pan, but what would camp life be without it and its boon companion, smoked hog? The sun still lingered on the mountain peaks when supper was finished.

Struthers' fancy led him to the stream, perhaps to paddle in the water. I know not, for I wandered among the tall grass and weeds. Suddenly I came onto a pile of stones, shaped by

human hands into form like a grave. Undoubtedly white man's labor, yet no history records a burial high up on that lonely mountain slope. Doubtless some trapper killed in Indian fight and placed beneath that pile of rocks by comrades. Perhaps that mountain gash, so isolated and so silent, had echoed Indian war whoops, shouts of men, swish of arrows, crack of rifles and groans of dying! Softly the evening shadows crept around us, and we hoped that death had come just so gently to the man placed in that rough grave!

We picketed our horses securely and then built a good camp fire. The breeze died down and the night seemed strangely quiet. The sky was deeply blue, and the stars seemed very near. We sat until just a bed of coals glowed before us. Then faintly from far down in the timber came the hooting of an owl, and a coyote yapped with startling sharpness close at hand.

"Bed time signals," said Struthers, and we crawled quickly beneath the blankets.

Morning light flushed the peaks as we drank our coffee. Far below us the valley lay twined in misty garments coyly waiting to reveal its loveliness at the bidding of the sun. The high-up trail that winds along that rugged mountain slope is dreamily enchanting. You float above the world and all its petty trials. Under the soothing spell of its magic beauty you wonder why life, at times, had ever seemed severe. Above the trail scattered pinon pines and firs fight their way up the rocky slope until they crawl along the crest a line of knotted roots and low flung branches. Ridges covered thick with grass and draws with scattered timber dip down to disappear in heavy growth of evergreens. The trail winds on past gushing springs, trampled round by the feet of elk and deer. We flushed many grouse, and ever, when we scanned the sky, slow moving specks denoted the eagles' presence. We passed through clumps of firs and quaking aspens and crossed some tiny meadows.

We loafed along and I showed Struthers the spot where I once had sneaked a Dude to within fifty feet of a magnificent bull elk, standing broad side, and he had missed him slick and clean! The next day I had seen the fellow shoot the heads off of seven grouse in eight shots at equal distance that he had missed the elk!

Two miles away was a grassy ridge that broke abruptly above a deep gorge. On the point where it made its steep descent I had led my son close to his first elk.

"Aim carefully behind his shoulder," I had instructed him. The animal was standing broadside, with his head turned toward us. At the crack of the rifle he dropped without a struggle.

"I never saw game die like that when shot through the heart or lungs," I remarked.

"Well, you see, Dad, I didn't follow your advice, but aimed at his neck."

"You did well," I replied, "but it was a risky shot for a young hunter."

Inspection revealed that the bullet had struck the elk in the forehead, above the eyes and penetrating the brain; and fully two feet from the spot aimed at!

Presently our trail led smoothly beneath straight walls of rock and past a little lake that nestled at their base. Below us the slopes now dipped gently to a wide basin and then rose in series of rugged ridges to a flanking mountain wall. Beyond there was little timber to obscure the view and we keenly enjoyed watching the breeze sweep through the tall weeds and grass. In ever bending waves they climbed the mountain and broke noiselessly around us.

Gradually ascending, we came to the rim of a deep ravine and here we paused to study out a possible route across the mountains that we were following. On top of that high rocky ridge rose a lonely sentinel peak. Apparently unscalable, yet for years a wise old mountain ram had used it for a lookout station. That it was well located was evidenced by the fact that no hunter ever succeeded in getting within rifle shot of that wily fellow. I had scaled to that point on foot, but taking horses there was different. Yet we were determined to try it, so crossing the ravine we commenced climbing at the most favorable looking place. Twisting, turning, we steadily advanced up that grim slope. Far up we came to an old sheep trail that angled beneath rock ledges, along the edge of cliffs, and finally brought us safely to the top. It was indeed a singular basin, or perhaps more properly should be called a valley, that lay beneath us. Few men have ever gazed upon this place, and fewer yet have entered there. From where we stood there seemed no possible route of safety down. For everywhere the eye could reach dropped straight walls of rock, ranging from twenty to several hundred feet in height. Little wonder that hunters all turned back when they reached the place where we were standing. In shape like a mule shoe, yet it was proportionately much more elongated. The heel of the valley curved round the base of a towering cliff and spread quickly to a mile in width. Seeping springs below the slide rock kept green carpets on the gentle slopes until they slipped from sight among the timber. A mile and a half below, the valley converged to a narrow space, then quickly widened for a couple of miles on the northern slope to a greater width. On

Drifting down the trail

the opposite side from where we stood the mountain wall showed two eroded breaks. Yet between them and the known places nature had erected such intricate barriers that only two or three had ever threaded horses through them.

We lingered long to gaze at the glorious feast of scenery spread before us. Much higher than Cache Creek Pass, yet lying so that our view was limited to closer objects; deep gorges, steep slopes close knit with evergreens, and above, grim peaks, brazenly defiant of nature's soft clothing.

Leading our horses we anxiously began the descent. Gradual at first it soon pitched steeply down in such manner that progress seemed impossible. But on a previous trip I had studied it carefully from below, and felt sure that a certain narrow stretch could be safely passed. So we pressed on into the teeth of tough looking places, and our sure footed animals groaned as we urged them along. Burt's horse seemed much frightened and gave him considerable trouble. Indeed, I believe it proper to state that ever after this eventful day he always referred to the animal as his wife's horse! 'Tis true she was in the east and had never ridden the animal, but somehow it suddenly became one of her possessions!

After a time the bad spots were crossed and we saw sure footing down the slope. Still leading our horses we entered the timber and walked on clean fir needles and passed numerous tiny meadows fed by cold springs. The trees were well spaced and there was absence of down timber. There were so many lovely camping places that one seemed hard to choose. Finally a circling grove of trees, bubbling water near their base, and thick rich grass enticed us, and we knew there could be no lovelier spot.

J. R. Jones, at his home in Jackson, Wyoming.

It was still early afternoon, so eating a lunch we arranged our camp neatly and left to explore the valley. We found it much the same as the portions we had covered, and yet somehow each turning seemed to fill us with a keener joy. And then, well in harmony with the wildness of the scene, a wolf trotted into view and paused an instant close at hand. As the rifle was raised he faded, softly as a shadow, among the trees. We felt that his presence solved the absence of game, for while there were many tracks none were fresh. Yet, as we were to learn later, there was also another and stranger reason.

After a couple of hours we drifted back to camp. My two horses stood quietly near the tent, but Mrs. Burt's animal was gone. We circled and found his tracks heading on the back trail! We laughed, for the joke was on the horse. No animal could climb that mountain with hobbles on!

"You cook supper, while I fetch the darn fool back," said Struthers.

So I built a fire and tossed onions, potatoes, rice and chunks of bacon—perhaps there were other things too—into a kettle of water. The stew boiled and boiled, and when the last ray of sunlight glinted on the highest peak I added flour thickening and set it on the fire. Still Struthers had not returned, and I was getting uneasy at his absence. So I went far into the evening dusk and shouted from the top of a knoll. The only answer was my echo flung back by the mountain wall. After a time I circled through the timber and back to camp in the hope that he had returned. I now feared that he had tried to ride his horse bareback and had been thrown on the rocks. So I went shouting back beneath the dark trees, for there was no moon. I passed beyond the timber to the foot of the slide rock. High above, the mountain wall seemed like a darkly hovering thunder cloud and I felt that to find a way up that blackness was very uncertain. Again I shouted and got no answer. I laid my ear to the ground and after a time I heard a faintly clicking sound like boot on rocks, and this time an answering hello came. It is good indeed to find a companion whom you fear has met misfortune, even if he does come to you vehemently articulate. Katharine Newlin Burt's horse had actually climbed that mountain with unbroken hobbles, as was evidenced by his tracks! Struthers had followed the trail far down the other slope and never once had seen him. Then on a peak, outlined in faint glow of light, keenly watchful, stood a great wolf. What a picture! Night on the mountain; somewhere a horse, a lonely man making a dangerous descent in the darkness! Just a year later another man tried the stunt near the same place, and two days later they found his mangled body at the foot of a cliff! Struthers Burt is a seasoned mountain climber, and the man who died was a tenderfoot.

Our late supper was punctuated by static remarks from Struthers; just a tuning up, for when we stood in the warm glow of what we believed to be the first camp fire that ever blazed within that valley, there came a flood of words that covered well that horse's ancient ancestry; smoothly flowing sentences, freighted with dark wishes, that would follow that animal to the grave and on beyond. It was the outpouring of an artistic soul, stirred deeply. I see it yet, so clearly; the blazing fire, the starlit sky, tall trees, whose branches sucked the curling smoke from sight, a gentle breeze caressing grim peaks, and precious gems of speech broadcasted to the wilds and lost in space forever.

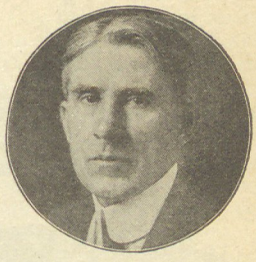
Next morning we decided not to go after Mrs. Burt's horse. It would probably have lost us two days to get him back, and we preferred riding in turn on our one saddle animal. We planned to cache Struthers' saddle at a point three miles to the north, so saddling both animals we rode across the lower erosion in the mountain wall.

We found it a puzzling route, for the slope was covered with timber and often we saw the tops of trees peeking above walls of rock. But always we found breaks that we could get the horses down, and when we looked back after reaching the bottom of the canyon it seemed impossible of passage. After that the traveling was better and at noon we built a fire on the shore of a lovely lake and ate our lunch. The paper covering the food was carefully smoothed out and finally written on, for it was the only material at hand or in camp for penciling our thoughts.

(To be continued)

The Fisherman

by Zane Grey



Zane Grey.

Illustration by Frank Stick

IT was a fascinating place to fish. The deep water ran abruptly to the notched and channeled ledge of rocks. Some of these channels were wide and had shelving sides, and led out into shoal swift water where the minnows sported. The current was just swift enough to carry a bait without letting it sink to the bottom. Lorry fished breathlessly, and watched the old fisherman. The sun sank; the hot air cooled; the rosy and gold lights changed and darkened; the bird songs gave place to chirp of insects; twilight and dusk fell, softly and magically; shadows gathered up the stream.

Neither Lorry nor Mr. Miser had a strike that evening. It appeared the bass were not feeding. But Lorry was full of content. Soon he lay down on the bed of hay in the loft of the pot-shop, beside the old fisherman. Lorry was tired with the long day and so sleepy he could scarcely keep awake for a little while. How satisfying his state! The low, dreamy sound of running water permeated the air. Mice scampered over the floor of the loft. A whippoorwill sang his lonely, sweet song. The smell of new mown hay, thick and sweet in Lorry's nostrils, was the last sensation he knew before slumber claimed him.

Lorry was awakened by the singing of meadow-larks. Through the open door he saw the rays of the sun gleaming like silver fire on the mist. He smelled the wood smoke, and then heard Mr. Miser below, chopping wood. Lorry rolled out of his bed of hay; and the fun of it was he did not have the bother of dressing, for he had slept in shirt and trousers. With towel and soap, he made for the river, shouting a merry good morning to Mr. Miser.

"Up with the lark, Lorry!" was the reply. "The early bird catches the worm."

That day passed like a swift dream, full of happy tasks, always accompanied by the low roar of the falls. At sunset, when Lorry was standing on the little hill above the pot-shop, facing the west, the old fisherman called him: "Hey, Lorry, where are you? Come a-running!"

Lorry dashed down to join the old fisherman who stood just outside of the spread of the sycamore.

"Look up there, Lorry," he said, pointing toward the head of the falls.

Lorry heard a cracking thump of a powerful fish in the water. Then he saw a white splash close to the ledge of rock, where the deep stream ran into the channel. An angry swirl of water followed, then the frantic leaping of minnows, and again the cracking thump. Lorry caught a glimpse of a flashing black shape.

"There he is, Lorry. Ranting round after bait. We're going to hook him tonight. Fetch my pole. And hurry."

When Lorry ran down to the low place where they always waded in, Mr. Miser was taking the rocks off the minnow-box. Several large, lively chubs were put into the bucket. Then they hurried out toward the head of the falls. As they neared it the old fisherman halted Lorry, and put the largest chub on the hook.

"Wade slow and easy now," admonished Mr. Miser.

Cautiously they waded out to a point above where the bass had been feeding.

"I saw him make a swirl just by that notch in the rock," whispered the old fisherman. "Now watch. This is business, sure."

Lorry was all eyes and tingling nerves. How intensely he felt the quiet beauty of the place, the gleaming water mirroring the sunset clouds! He stood just back of Mr. Miser, who cast his bait upstream and let it float down along the ledge. It passed where they stood and floated on toward the notch. But it never reached there. Lorry's quick eye caught a bulge of the water. The limp line halted, grew stiff, and then cut the water.

"Business!" whispered Mr. Miser.

The line swept steadily and slowly for a few yards and stopped just at a point opposite the apex of the notch. Mr. Miser was bending forward with long pole outstretched, reaching as far as possible. Lorry saw the slight twitching of the line, and he knew the bass had not let go of the chub. How tensely and patiently the old fisherman waited! Lorry felt that he could never have done so. Then the line began to glide back up stream, and as it did so Mr. Miser elevated his pole and slowly followed the movement, until he had to bend and reach as before, only now in the opposite direction. The bass was making for deep water. The fisherman jerked hard with forward and upward motion. The heavy bamboo pole bent double. Then the line hissed. Out of a sounding splash an enormous black bass leaped, mouth wide, fins bristling, body curved with fury. Down he went to swish to one side and then the other.

"Give him line!" yelled Lorry irresistibly. "You'll break him off!"

But the old fisherman never gave an inch as far as Lorry could see. He held hard on the pole and shut down on the reel with his thumb. How that pole bent and wagged! The bass came out on a stiff line, high into the air, wrestling, with a loud noise. Down he thumped to break out viciously again. Then here and there he rushed on the surface, beating the water white, making waves and swirls. He made one more leap, slower, showing his gaping gills, then he sounded, and plunged to and fro as far as the line would permit. The old fisherman began to wade back along the ledge, leading the bass toward the place where the water shoaled upon the rock. Still the pole was bent almost double. Not without one final desperate surge did the bass come up. Then the old fisherman drew him out of the channel into quiet water on the ledge, and farther on until the depth was no longer enough for him to swim upright. Soon he was on his side, a great, golden-black, shield-shaped fish, gasping and floundering.

"Catch him through the gills," called Mr. Miser. "Get a good hold before you lift!"

Lorry, in his earnest efforts, overturned the bucket and lost the bait, but he made a good job of securing the bass.

"Six pounds! One of the biggest kind!" declared the old fisherman.

"What—a—fish!" gasped Lorry. "But you never gave him an inch!"

"Lad, when you've hooked and lost as many big bass as I have, you'll be businesslike," replied Mr. Miser. "And even so—most of them get away."

Lorry procured a stout cord, which he ran through the mouth and gills of the bass, and then tied it securely to a willow in water deep enough for the fish to swim. Lorry watched it until dusk fell so thickly that he could no longer see. And next morning, the first thing, Lorry went down to look at the bass. It made a surge and roar in the water, splashing all over Lorry, and roused such a commotion that he gave up trying to see it until after breakfast. Then he adopted other tactics and slipped through the willows until he could peep down upon the fish. Lorry did not believe his eyes. Not only was the bass

"Hey, Lorry, where are you?" he called.

bigger than he remembered it, but it had changed color. From glossy bronze black with gleams of gold it had turned to greenish yellow with curved dark bars and streaks. Its eyes were black with tints of red. The wide pectoral fins moved like fans; slowly the gills opened and closed. Lorry watched it with rapt adoring eyes until Mr. Miser approached, knife in hand, to kill and dress it. Lorry could not remain to see the necessary task. He wanted both to keep the bass alive, and to let it go.

At night, Mr. Miser set what he called trot-lines, baited with live chubs, for catfish. He found a ready sale among the farmers, for these fish. These lines were laid across the river in deep places with rock bottoms some distance above the falls. Usually Mr. Miser baited them before sunset and raised them next morning. But owing to the fact that he believed catfish hooked themselves early and tore out before morning he decided to raise the lines about midnight. And that night, as he was getting up, he awakened Lorry.

"Say, can I go with you?" asked Lorry.

"Indeed you may, lad. But put on your coat. It'll be chilly."

Soon Lorry found himself paddling barefoot over the clay trail along the river bank, between the drooping, rustling cornstalks and the moon-blanched sycamore trees, white barked and broad leaved. How weird the night! Gradually the low roar of the falls died away. Only a faint hum of insects broke the lonely solitude. Presently Mr. Miser led the way under the dark trees, down the steep bank to a little flat-boat moored to some roots.

"Get in the back and sit trim," said the old fisherman. "This vessel was not built for two."

Lorry observed that when Mr. Miser seated himself in the front end the boat settled alarmingly in the water, until only a few inches of gunwale stood above the surface. The old man extended his arm down and grasped the trot-line, which had been made fast to a root. He lifted it out of the water across his knees, and by pulling on it caused the little flat-boat to glide out into the stream.

"Business!" exclaimed the old fisherman. "We've got one. He's heavy, too."

Lorry saw the jerking of the trot-line and heard it cut the water. What fun this was! Everybody in the world was asleep while he and the old fisherman were out at midnight, in the lonely solitude, hauling on a big catfish. Lorry gazed about him, up and down the pale, duskily gleaming river, full of shadows from the lofty trees. The moon was in its last quarter, low and misshapen, dull orange in hue, strange and weird. A water-fowl croaked from the reedy bank, tiny waves lapped against the boat.

Gradually Mr. Miser drew the boat toward the middle of the stream, until he was close to the fish. More slowly he moved, and finally came right above the struggling quarry. Then it appeared to be give-and-take for a little. But at last the fish seemed to be coming up.

Suddenly there was a tremendous splashing and flopping. Water splashed in Lorry's face. He felt cold water on his feet. Gazing down he found the little boat half full of water.

"Mr. Miser, we've sprung a leak," announced Lorry, calmly. "We're sinking."

The old fisherman looked back over his shoulder, and still held to the trot-line.

"Well, so we are," he replied, and dropped the trot-line, which twanged on the water. "Paddle fast, lad, or we'll have to swim."

Lorry picked up the paddle and began desperately to gain the closer shore. But he could not make much headway. Slowly the water came up, filled the boat. Gradually it settled, letting them down, legs and hips, and waists, until at last they were up to their necks.

"Swim for it, Lorry," said the old fisherman, as he struck out.

He lost his hat, which Lorry secured and put on his own head. Lorry saw the old man's shaggy locks bobbing in front of him. Thus they swam into the deep shadow cast by the trees and on into the gloom to where they could touch bottom and wade out.

"Lad, we lost a big mudcat, and we have a job of building another boat," said Mr. Miser. "See here, your eyes are sharp. Lead the way up this bank. . . . That water was cold."

"Gee, it was," declared Lorry, with a shiver. He led the way up the brushy bank, through the belt of timber, and down along the fields to the head of the falls.

"Lorry, it's bad crossing here at night," said Mr. Miser. "But it's a long walk down to the bridge and then up."

"I can find the safe places," vouchsafed Lorry. "Get a good stout stick to lean on and follow me."

Lorry knew every rock and ledge and channel and rift on the falls. He had confidence that he could cross here, at the most dangerous place, in pitch darkness. So he waded in, getting his bearings from the black clump of sycamores on the other side of the river, from the white places and dark channels, from the feel of water and rock; and so, by devious turns and careful wading, he led the old man across without mishap.

"Well done, Lorry," declared Mr. Miser. "Now get out of those wet clothes, and into dry ones."

Homer's day arrived and Lorry started early to meet him, crossing the covered bridge, and getting almost to the stone culvert before he espied his brother swinging along with a basket in each hand.

Homer was perspiring freely, and the freckles stood out markedly in his pale face.

"I was lookin' for you," he said, as Lorry took the baskets, and his next words were a query as to the fishing. Lorry found him immensely curious to hear about Old Muddy Miser. By the time they reached the pot-shop Homer had been regaled with so much history of the past few days' fishing and the possibilities of today, that he was bewildered.

"Well, glad to see you, boy," was the old fisherman's hearty greeting. "You don't favor Lorry in looks. But anyone would know you were brothers. . . . Now, boys, amuse yourselves. I've this boat to work on so I can't wade around with you. . . . And, Lorry, here's news I've been keeping from you. There's the biggest kind of a bass in Sycamore Hole, under that log."

"No! When'd you see him?" returned Lorry, eagerly.

"Yesterday. I dropped a big shiner in that dark hole under the log. He came swooping up for it, a big yellow bass over five pounds, and after he took the bait he flapped his tail out of the water. I missed him clean. Then I decided to leave him alone. Now you can get a bite out of him. But wait till at least four o'clock this afternoon. Keep back out of sight and make a long cast. Remember your weakness. Don't hit him too soon."

Homer was thirteen years old now, and had long grown out of his plumpness to a slender stripling, lithe and strong.

"Homer, I've got a program for today," announced Lorry. "First I'll have fun seeing you slip around and bust yourself wading on the falls, trying to catch minnows. Then we'll go up to Bartlett's Run. Just wait till you see some of the holes up there! Then we'll come back and fish some places where I

know you'll get bites. There's a pretty good sized mudcat I'd like to hook you on to. I know where there's a bunch of goggle eyes. They'll bite on little minnows and it's great to catch them. After that we'll have supper. Mr. Miser can cook corn and bass. Oh, my! Then we'll go down to Sycamore Hole after that big bass."

"Great!" ejaculated Homer. "But, Lorry, I promised Mother I'd be back by dark. I've got to keep my word, so's I can come up again."

"Don't worry. Mr. Burgess, the farmer, always drives to town late on Fridays. He stays all night in town so he can be at market early Saturday. He said you could ride home with him."

"By golly!" vociferated Homer, in ecstasy.

The day of sport began and it seemed the gods of nature were propitious. Great white clouds sailed the azure sky; the golden sunlight streamed down at intervals; then shadows rode across the waters and hills. Never had Lorry seen the falls so alive with hungry chubs. Homer did everything Lorry expected and more besides. He slipped all over and sat down often. He flung chubs far across the water, and missed ten for every one he hooked. He broke the thin silk line, and at last the slender reed pole. The fascination of this fishing for game little chubs took hold of him; the difficulties he determined to master. But it took time and study, and Homer was over-anxious. Still he caught a few chubs. The climax of fun for Lorry came when he manoeuvered to have Homer step carelessly on a particularly innocent looking incline of rock. This clean slanting rock was a delusion, as Lorry had found to his cost. As luck would have it, just as Homer hooked a huge chub, he stepped on the treacherous incline. His feet flew up and he alighted squarely on his back to slide like a streak down into deep water. His red head bobbed up, his hat went floating on the current. Yet even in such straits he thought of Lorry's pole and was careful not to break it. Lorry pulled him out and rescued his hat. Then he had his great laugh.

"Gee! That rock came up and hit me!" exclaimed Homer, ruefully, not in the least suspicious.

At Bartlett's Run, Homer acquitted himself nobly, walking fearlessly across the slender log that spanned the stream, leaping from bank to bank in Lorry's footsteps, and catching more fine minnows in a short space of time than he ever had before. Homer did not talk very much, but it was plain to Lorry that he was charmed with Bartlett's Run. Indeed, for Lorry, something new was added to this wild creek in guiding his brother there. Meadowlarks and swamp blackbirds sang continuously. It was a glorious summer day, with hot sunshine, cool shade, a fragrant breeze off the fields, and utter solitude. Lorry was loth to break away from it all. Back they strode down the shady trail under sycamores and beside the rustling corn, across the murmuring river to the pot-shop.

Not without misgivings and reluctance did Lorry lend his fishing pole to Homer. But he calculated it would be much better for his brother to break his pole than Mr. Miser's. Lorry took the old man's pole, and gave Homer his without a word of caution. He knew Homer would be too worried about the pole to enjoy the fishing. Therefore, Lorry swallowed his dread and trusted to luck.

Assuredly fisherman's luck fell to Homer Dunn that day. Not a hole or a channel but held a biting bass! Homer hooked so many that his losses were dwarfed in excitement. He had no time to dwell on one which leaped to throw the hook, or another that tore loose in its first fierce rush. Several heavy bass took Homer's bait and never showed themselves, so that when they broke away he was no wiser.

In the deep black eddy where foam globules floated round and round, Homer caught ten big goggle eyes. These voracious fish were easy to hook. Homer could not miss them. And every time he jerked one out he squealed with delight.

They did not get half way down the falls. And lastly Lorry introduced Homer to the friendly catfish that he had hooked himself. This was in a still dark pocket of water under the west bank of rock, and when a bait was dropped into it, no doubt it fell right on the nose of this mudcat. At any rate, Homer hooked it, and great was the fall thereof. The fish came out with a plunge into the shallow water. Lorry saw it plainly, a speckled dark colored mudcat fully five pounds in weight. Homer had never felt so heavy a fish nor seen such capers. He got the line tangled round the reel handle, so that it would no longer pay out.

"Run after him!" yelled Lorry.

Now Homer was the fleetest runner of all the boys in Hainesville. It did not matter to him here what the bottom was like. He ran. He ploughed up the water. He tried to catch up with the wriggling, darting catfish, and was working valiantly when he lost his balance and began to fall forward. At last he went down, face foremost, pole extended with both hands, and he went clear under. When he floundered up the mudcat had broken the line. Wringing wet, covered with slime, bewildered and chagrined, he presented a most ludicrous figure.

"Lorry—did—you—see him?" he panted, wildly.

"You bet—I did," replied Lorry, trying to smother his laughter. "Nice mudcat. You let him overrun your reel, and the line tangled. Too bad."

"He was—long—as my leg," replied Homer, mournfully. "And he broke—your line. Will he die, with that hook stickin' in him?"

(To be continued)

Lorry dashed down to join the old fisherman who stood just outside the spread of the sycamore.

The cabin in the woods.

Letters of a Little Lady Vagabond

by Hal Kane Clements

Photographs by the Author

The little lady chops wood.

DEAR-STAY-AT-HOMES:

Peace River, from the first moment I discovered it (on a time-table map) made an instant appeal as being a hard-to-get-to place . . . . somehow it seems so detached from all the world . . . . . and it is, too, nearly 400 miles north of Edmonton. Then the name sounds so restful . . . . . I was quite sure whoever named it had had an eventfully hectic time to find it.

There are only two trains up and down from Edmonton each week—and I had just missed one, so I waited for *three days* for the next one, and while I waited, again and again I was told of what a hard trip it was, and I got all the thrill and scarey feeling one might have starting out upon an uncharted sea for some point four thousand miles away instead of a few hundred miles of new country. It seems that once upon a time the railway up there was nicknamed "Ever dangerous and badly constructed" (Edmonton, Dunbegan and British Columbia) and until about four years ago, or less, five days were sometimes necessary to make the trip on account of so many derailments! All very reassuring new items, especially as the trip has some pretty stiff gradings for a large part of the way. However, all this had been before the road was taken over by the Canadian Pacific, and I felt reasonably sure in assuming that things certainly had been patched up a bit, anyway. In the meantime, I sightsee Edmonton, a thoroughly modern city set high on the bluffs overlooking the Saskatchewan River, once full of placer gold. The MacDonald Hotel, built beautifully of shining white marble, with every last word of up-to-date service, offers all the comforts of home to the weary wayfarer . . . . . automatic phones have been used in Edmonton for ten years.

When I go to see the Parliament Building, I ask a direction of two gentlemen who turn out to be Mr. D. W. Warner, born and brought up in Keokuk County, Iowa, and Mr. L. F. Jelliff, born near Galesburg, Ill., and whose brother edits a newspaper there now. Both are now members of Federal Parliament, and both successful farmers in Alberta. We chatter of Illinois and Chicago and I am invited out to see Mr. Warner's farm. Whee—what a lovely place it is. Beautifully landscaped around the house, with all the native shrubs and trees and every kind and color of garden flower. His farm provides even coal and wood for his home. I wish you could see the wonderful wheat fields—much of it averaging fifty bushels to the acre. Mrs. Warner is American born also—a simple, motherly woman who moved into this new country twenty-five years ago, with three little children—a log cabin their home for many years. Now they are independently wealthy—her husband a great statesman—yet she still loves best to be where she can look over the waving wheat fields—and tend her garden.

At last train day finally did arrive, I climbed aboard, short on baggage, ready for a walk, if necessary, but long on determination to find out the reason people like to live so far away.

Now, being a vagabond is really a delightful business. It gets better and better as one learns how to lean on the wind a little and not to arrange things too much. I had sent the porter over to get a reservation to wherever along the trip might be a good place to stop off to visit around a bit. And I didn't look to see where I was supposed to get off.

Now, it happened that the manager of the railway, a delightfully interesting Scotchman, name of MacGregor, was making an inspection trip. When I noticed the private car at the end of the train, I wanted to know the who's, the why, and wherefores of such elegance on the way to Peace River. I was told about Mr. MacGregor and that he knew all about Peace River long before the Lord made it, so I decided to have a bit of a chat with the kind gentleman. Which I did.

It seems on the very day that Mr. MacGregor had taken over the management of the railway, four years ago, there had been *twenty-two* derailments that morning. And, as the train weaved its leisurely way through the very sparsely settled country—the only signs of human life being a log cabin at long, long intervals—he told of how most of the track—or large portions of it—had to be dug out of the mud and swamp and $2,000,000's worth of kinks taken out of it. There were plenty left, he assured me. I was feeling quite sea-sick and couldn't argue with him about it, and, anyway, he was so charming and courteous, a few kinks meant nothing at all to me. He asked me to stay to dinner (there isn't any diner on this twenty-six hour trip and less fortunate travelers had to run like mad to a restaurant, while the train waited twenty minutes for them; and then if one lingered too long—one had to wait three days to continue his travels). Now, none of my folks have private railway cars and it was an important moment as I sat dining with Mr. MacGregor, his assistant, Mr. Latter, and Mr. Beatty, his secretary.

At nine o'clock I went back to my reservation, after a very pleasant and entertaining evening, and listened with a quaking heart to several school teachers tell of their trips in, during the past few years. I never did like the idea of being squashed—they assure me no one ever gets that way in spite of all the exciting scenic effects—so I crawl into my berth with the car pitching like a top heavy boat wallowing through a bad, bad, night at sea. I slept—not so much!

Morning comes. I'm still un-squashed. The world around me is just like the movies of the great West—I begin to like the swaying motion of the train—Mr. Beatty comes to escort me to Mr. MacGregor's car for breakfast—all is well!

All day long the train passes through homesteaders' country. Log cabins are now the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

The Odyssey of Bolio

by Archibald Rutledge

Illustrated by John Thoman

PART II

THAT the fearful impact of Bolio's fall should not have killed him outright was due to his having fallen partly in the water, partly on the puma. The leg that had struck the boulder had been snapped. And now, as his body was swirled swiftly away, that leg drifted at a sick angle. It is putting it rather too strongly to say that Bolio's chance for life was no better than the average woman's chance of winning a silence-contest. But it is out of just such desperate plights as Bolio's that the Odysseys of this world are wrought.

The great hound's compulsory itinerary can best be appreciated if you will stand here by Jeff's cabin and look down the first mile of the gorge. You may wonder why men call that brawl of foam a *river;* yet its volume is considerable. The elevation here from sea-level is nearly four thousand feet; the river drops a full three thousand in the course of ten miles. Such duress of harness put upon rivers is what really makes gorges. Nor is this one finished. Mile after mile the river takes a hop-step-and-jump course. There is a bewildering series of cataracts. That one you see yonder is only sixteen feet high; but below the dead hemlock, far down yonder, the plunge is a sheer ninety feet into a rock-bottomed pool of profound depth. Lower down the gorge there are other waterfalls—many of them—and some of them much higher than this last. And see how perfectly the rhododendron, the mountain birch, the pine, and the hemlock clothe these strange, sheer cliffs, lending a glamour, a soft allurement to the gigantic gulch, hewn through the vitals of these ancient hills. A man, and then a woman, went down that eerie wilderness—only those two. But they were purposeful, in their right mind, wary, forewarned. Bolio's body was being dashed blindly about—now sailing with sick serenity across a smooth stretch of water—now bewilderingly rolled and manhandled by the frantic waters. Lover seeks not lover with more infallible intent than water seeks its level; and in either case obstacles and obstructions and delayers of such a meeting are sure to suffer. The living body of a helpless creature is, of all such delayers, the most certain to suffer. For that reason Bolio got worse treatment than he had ever had from the paw of panther or of bear. Yet had he been more gently used, more soothingly cradled, he might easily have drowned. He was so far gone that a lullaby might easily have finished him. But when his poor head was unmercifully whacked against a jagged rock, he dimly awoke. He was nearly drowning; he was suffocating, smothering. He tried to get his head above the water. Feebly he paddled with his front legs. He was, indeed, what his appearance declared him to resemble—an accident that had already happened.

The mountaineer heard the rain roar sullenly on the roof.

It was but a few moments after Bolio regained something like consciousnesss that he went headlong over the great Linville Falls. There is a story in that country to the effect that a fisherman, by a misstep, took the same plunge, and emerged from the pool below with nothing worse than a broken arm. Bolio, through good chance rather than by design, slithered down over a smooth green cataract, plunged into a smother of foam, arose in a wild maze of effervescence, and was thrust forth into a broad pool dotted with pyramids and obelisks of foam. He drifted against a black rock, ever-shining from the spume of the falls; and here, with his nose above the water, he lay, breathing slowly, faintly conscious. Had he not brought up against this glistening boulder he might have sunk in the pool. Bolio knew that he was alive. All about him was darkness and thunder and a world weeping its ruin. He wondered what had become of the puma. The thought made the hound move his tongue to his lips. He drew himself the least bit higher out of the water. He thought of home and of his master. Of little else a good dog thinks when he is away.

The longing soon got the better of Bolio; Jeff Wise, he knew, could fix his broken leg. He whined uneasily. He felt that he was still in deadly danger. He wanted to get to shore. Using the little strength he had remaining, he pushed himself away from the tiny rock island that had intercepted his drifting with the current. In a moment that current had him again, and against its steady strength Bolio was helpless. The tide took him; to it he yielded. Down the brawling stream he went—over rocks, across pools, slithering along swift, quiet stretches—plunging over low falls, gliding under bridges of fallen trees against which all kinds of debris had been rammed and jammed.

Perhaps it is a full mile from Linville Falls to the glistening white sandbar that rims a deep elbow of the gorge. In this same sand gold has been found; and the woman who went down the gorge here picked up a perfect ruby. Most things that the

river brings thus far find harborage here. It is as if the ramping tide, after all its frantic horseplay, had relented—and would here lay gently, even tenderly, whatever it had been pleased to make heartless sport of for so long. And here the river brought the hound, Bolio, far more dead than alive, some two hours before dawn on that stormy September night.

For a long while the body of the great black hound swayed against the gleaming sands. Little waves lisped against it. Elfin breakers washed into Bolio's face He was cold. The consciousness of this discomfort made him at last drag himself a few inches up on the bar. The rain was now ceasing. Head on paws the black hound lay—a long way from home now, almost helpless now with a broken leg. But he was alive; and in that particular he had an indubitable, if slight, advantage over his late friend, the puma.

The next morning, while Jefferson Wise was discovering the puma in the backwash pool, nearly two miles farther down the gorge Bolio was wondering how in the world he would ever get back home. Despite the fever of his broken leg, he slept from utter weariness; and when he awoke, the sun was steaming off the hemlocks rimming the crests of the gorge. Bolio shivered, blinked sagely, drew himself a little higher on the sand, and then whined pitifully over the pain that was his. His chief danger now would be starving. Already he was very hungry. Sand bearing gold and rubies has no assuaging effect on the appetite. But Bolio was not without resources. Only a dead dog is.

"He's jumpy," the mountaineer complained.

Slowly the sun climbed; the mists left the mighty gorge clean; dazzling blue sky roofed it. Bolio had shifted his position so that he now faced the river. His wounded leg was a little easier. He knew enough not to move it. A strange sound was now filling the gorge. It sounded like another rain. Millions of drops of water, distilled from the contact of the mist with the trees' foliage, were tumbling like myriads of tiny silver bells. The song of the river was now quieter in its tone—suggestive of a serene joy rather than of robust tumult. But these things interested Bolio little. He was desperately hungry.

Many objects were drifted against the white bar; some of these stranded; others merely touched, and were softly drawn away by the tide. At length came a mis-shapen, tawny body. Bolio smelt it before he saw it. The puma that Jeff Wise had kicked into the current floated up to where Bolio lay. It stranded. The black hound thrust out his head, seized a fold of the panther's neck-skin, and drew him a little up—high enough to keep him stranded. Bolio's design was clear enough to himself. He felt that this shaggy brute, that had already saved his life once, was destined, by a fortunate chance, to save it again. The dog gave a growl of content and of ownership. Then he slept again.

Balmy autumn sunshine filtering into the profound gorge awakened Bolio. He lifted his massive head, gazed thoughtfully at all his surroundings, as if to make sure that he was not being watched, was not being stalked. It is really extraordinary how soon a tame creature amid wild surroundings reacquires all the ancient traits of his savage kindred. A dog—especially an intelligent one—can go wild very quickly, and become as expert a killer as any fox or wolf. When Bolio was satisfied that he was alone, he dragged the body of the puma nearer to him. Then upon the carcass of his enemy he feasted. So complete a triumph was even more than the big hound had expected. As yet he dared not move; but he was now warm, and he had water and food. He felt himself coming back to life.

On that glimmering sandbar, deep in that gloomy gorge, for more than a week the great hound lay—patient, sagacious, silently biding his time. Kept alive by the stranded body of the puma and by several rainbow trout that had been killed by the falls, slowly he recovered his strength. The fever began to leave his leg. It was very stiff; but it had begun to lose its pain. By day and by night his heart turned toward home; and had he known it, by day and night Jeff Wise's heart turned toward him. Three times that week the mountaineer had been down the gorge searching for Bolio. Once he had been within a quarter of a mile of the silvery sandbar. He had called. But his voice had been drowned in the steady roaring of the river. It seemed hopeless to Jeff; yet a man who knows a good dog does not give him up until he sees him dead. And as for Bolio—giving up Jeff was the last thing in this world that he was thinking of doing.

Another week passed, and the black hound, savage, lean, bright-eyed, began to limp about the shining sands. He had run out of food. He had to move. But whither should he go, and how?

Sheer rock walls, weirdly hung with hemlock and pine, hemmed him in. Clearly he could not climb them. Nor could he go back the way he had come. Bolio dimly remembered the great falls, the many rocks, the swift waters. He would have to go down; there would be an outlet somewhere, he knew. He could hobble downward in some fashion until the line of beetling cliffs ended. Then he could limp homeward. He knew the direction. It is almost impossible to fool an old dog on the business of direction.

The country into which Bolio now by compulsion ventured has perhaps no rival in its utter lone wildness. Here man has never come to stay; only to peer into the abysmal gorge, perhaps, to shudder, and to turn away. A thousand feet of sheer rock wall, the chasm at the place where the sandbar gleams. From the crests of these majestic cliffs the river can hardly be heard, and its white dashings look ghostly in the far bosom of that gigantic gulch. Wilder ramp the waters through this middle chasm, where the fall is nearly two hundred feet to the mile. Here and there the channel is choked by stayed heaps of debris, by giant boulders, rolled from the cliffs towering above, by dead hemlocks that, for centuries steeped in the rocky wall, at last had paid their final tribute to life and to time. Over the ancient canon there broods a sense of the infinite—a thoughtful vast spirit of wonder and of immortality. It has the solemn aspect of eternity.

The hound Bolio was less concerned with the mystery and beauty of the great Linville Gorge than he was with searching among the piles of debris for food to sustain life. As he was a sad cripple, his task was not an easy one; but certain refuse he did discover which allayed his pangs. All the while he kept on slowly and steadily down the gorge—avoiding the water, of the treachery of which he was now well aware—dragging himself warily over rocks—picking his own trail, since, in that blind and blank wilderness, trail there was none. By night he crawled under a dry trash-heap; and here bedded himself down for all the world like one of his wild ancestors.

For six days Bolio made progress down the gorge. The weather had been mild and sunny. His foraging had prospered. His strength was fast returning. His broken leg, strangely stiff, was healing fast. Because of his exposure and his hardships his coat had grown rough, but it had a sleek look, like that of a wild thing. From his massive intelligent head looked eyes singularly perceptive, bright, sagacious. Things were going well for him. He had come within two miles of the end of the great gorge. In a few days more he would be out of the chasm—then a bee-line would he make for home.

But the elements ruthlessly dispose of many plans, mortal and canine. One night Bolio went to bed in a trash heap as usual; in an hour he was awakened by a patter on the dead leaves and twigs into which he had snuggled. His cold nose sniffed the air. He smelled rain. With a low growl he slipped out of his lair. Instinct told him that peril was at hand. The voice of the river, responsive to even the slightest rain, seemed already to have deepened. Black night filled the vast cañon; and down through the night and the cañon roared the autumn.

It is said that a mountaineer, when praying for rain, thus petitioned: "O Lord, don't send no gentle sizzle-sozzle. Send us a gulley-washer, O Lord!" Such a rain as now thundered into Linville Gorge might well have been an authentic answer to such an appeal.

Under the steady thresh of the downpour Bolio whined. Not that he minded the drenching, but rather that he previsioned menace. He remembered well that wild night when he had been the plaything of the chasm's waters; he knew he could not climb the sheer walls. On three legs he stood, his noble head lifted high in the rain.

Philosophers say that a woman's pride is the most sensitive thing in the world; and having no knowledge either of philosophy or of woman, I confess that such an opinion, for all I know, may be accurate. But certainly among things most sensitive is the Linville River. No moonshiner on its banks loses control of himself half so quickly over a raw pint as does the river, apparently, over a little shower. And a real rain sets it wild.

This was now a real rain that was soaking the gaunt black hound standing beside the trash-heap in the utter maw of the gigantic gulch. When a good dog whines as Bolio was doing, he means to say, "My name may soon be Dennis," or "Wake me when my wings come," or sentiments to some similar effect.

Bolio turned his face southward down the gorge. Painfully he began to pick his way in the savage darkness over the wild debris. He heard, he felt the river rising. In such a cañon the effect of rain is almost instantaneous. Creeping after Bolio the risen water came—calling—shouting—in bursting tumult clamoring, in prisoned frenzy thundering for release. Soaked, limping, haggard with a nameless dread, yet courageous still, the great hound tried to find a way down through the tumbled rocks, over the waste of a thousand destructions and deaths.

But the Linville Gorge belongs to the river. And now the river took its own. Miserably, Bolio, to escape the rising flood, turned to the left and crawled up a slanting rock as high as he could go. To this he clung desperately, while the black roaring gulch filled with the wild thronging voices of the gathered waters. Bolio was assuredly no coward; but his plight made him gulp. He thought of his master. To dogs, men seem supernatural. Jeff, the great hound felt, would have saved him. It is to be doubted if Jeff or any other mortal man could have done aught to lend aid; but Jeff would at least have risked life and limb for Bolio.

Eight miles up the cañon the mountaineer heard the rain roar sullenly on the roof of his cabin. He thought of the night when his matchless dog had vanished. He thought of the bear season, coming in soon with the middle of October. He felt sick at heart.

The storm had come from the north, so that the lower reaches of the gorge received the full benefit of the water that had fallen for miles above; nor had it fallen from the heavens much faster than it now raced down the cañon. The rivulets that meandered purlingly among the rocks had their elfin voices hushed; filmy falls became roaring cataracts; brawling riffles became deep foamy stretches of racing blackness. All the hosts of the rain seemed marshalled in this gorge. The armies of the storm were here mobilized; and now invincible, with many a triumphant shout, with white banners dimly awave, drunk with the wine of might, insolent with power, the hordes swept mightily on. Bolio had no more chance than a humming bird's egg in a concrete mixer. He heard the tumult onrushing. He clung to his rock. But waves began to lip his legs. Then one took him suddenly. A bit of flotsam in that mad orgy-tide of fury and destruction he was borne afar, fearfully. Grimly he tried to swim. Blindly he fought. But a huge timber rammed him, breaking again his half-healed leg. Almost idly now he rode the foaming thunder out of the tremendous Linville Gorge. He seemed drowned, drifting, a mere black speck in the tumultuous wilderness of waters.

There are some wives who, when their husbands go hunting, know instinctively that they must provide, against their nimrods' return, not only consolation, but meat for dinner as well. It was not so with the wife of Jeff Wise. When he went hunting, she began to get ready to take care of the meat. Yet the night before the dawning of that wine-bright October morning, ushering in the bear season, she had misgivings. Jeff's spirits were low. He had managed to trade five raccoon hides for a half-grown hound; but the appearance of this creature was not reassuring even to Jeff's wife—much less to him.

"He's jumpy," the mountaineer complained. "He seems to be a cross between a scare and a jump. A real b'ar would plumb spile his scenery."

Nevertheless on the first day of the bear season, and nearly six weeks after the disappearance of Bolio, at dawn Jeff set forth toward the south, following the direction of the gorge.

Some three miles from the cabin, and just beyond a thicket which swept backward from the dizzy cliffs, Jeff's dog took a bear-trail. It was hot. The young dog yelped eagerly,

(*Concluded on page 59*)

TO MY FATHER

By Phoebe Jewell Nichols

A poet-soul, for whom the wooded hills
And marsh and glen and clover fields
Are full of friends,
Sensitive to the wild sweetness of the moccasin flower,
The smoke of camp-fires, scent of springtime shower,
And Indian Summer haze;
To the honking of the wild geese in the clear high blue,
The western sky all flushed with sunset hue;
To autumn stain on leaves;
The love of God in all these things to see—
(Old river, how he loves the quiet hour and thee,
Old Mississippi, eddying on your way!)
A tune to every melody in day or night,
To doves' soft moans,
And the purling of brook waters over shining stones,
To the rare notes my mother played at evening in the
Twilight-tinted room—
Brave and happy heart, thy kindness blessed
My childhood years, and ever with the rest
Has come a gladness that thy ways have taught.

Will H. Dilg

John Moreland-Fisherman

by Will H. Dilg

Illustrated by William Schmedtgen

Part IV

Here starts the great battle for the prize bass. John Moreland and Walter Strong, his piscatorial enemy, go out after the finny bulldogs in real earnest. If you have been reading this fascinating story you will agree that this is a fine chapter. If you have not been reading it, start in right away. It's one of the best fishing stories you have ever read.

E.H.R.

JOHN MORELAND and Robert Patterson, once his hectored secretary, but now friend, business associate, and fishing companion, were sitting one late May evening by the lighted fireplace in Moreland's city mansion. They had been discussing business conditions generally, but for some minutes the old man and Patterson had been silently gazing into the crackling fire. Patterson could see that Moreland had something on his mind, but he had learned the wisdom of quietly waiting, fully knowing that when Moreland was ready to talk he would open up in his usual direct-to-the-point way. This evening, however, the old man was slower than usual, and from time to time shot quick inquiring glances at his young friend as though he hardly knew just how to begin.

"Load up your pipe, Bob, and then prepare yourself for the jar of your life," he said. Patterson loaded his pipe from a close-by tobacco container, lighted it and turned to Moreland.

"I bet Walter Strong five thousand today that I would take a larger black bass this summer on a fly rod than he would," snapped Moreland, "and I have got to win the bet and I expect you to help me do it."

Patterson looked his amazement for an instant, and then roared out, "I should say that is a jar! How in the name of high heaven did you two crusty old business men make such a bet as that?"

"Well, ever since our return from our three months' Canadian fishing trip last year that old Trojan has been picking on me and trying to kid me about taking up fishing. Of course, the real truth of the whole matter is that he is so jealous of my mounted 29-inch rainbow that he can hardly stand it. You know I gave my big fish to the Club and the boys have kidded him a lot. The fish hangs in the grill, you know, and nearly every day some of the wags around twit Strong about it and have kept it up until it has got on his nerves, and made him as touchy as an old bear."

"But how in the world did all this end up in a $5,000 bet?" laughingly asked Patterson.

Moreland reached for a copy of his Club's quarterly bulletin, and pointed to some lines of poetry which began:

"Strong was a Banker piscatorial—
And Moreland was just a plain dub."

Etc., Etc.

"Now, it happened that today was the monthly luncheon day of the Big Ten Club, and George Scott and Jim Simpson saw to it that every man of us were present.

"To make a long story short, they succeeded in making both Strong and myself hopping mad and it all ended up in a $5,000 bet."

Patterson studied for a while and then asked, "What are the conditions?"

"The fish must be a small mouth, must be taken in a river on a fly rod. Only one hook artificial lures are permitted."

"Sporty conditions, all right," said Patterson.

"Couldn't be sportier, and I simply can't let Walter Strong win that bet, and I expect you to go the limit to help me. I know Strong thinks because he has been a fisherman longer than I have that he has a cinch. Now Bob, you taught Strong to cast a fly, and you know just how adept he is as a fly caster. What I want to know is how much better is he than I am, and don't mince words in telling me the truth."

"He isn't a bit better fly caster than you are, and I don't think he has a thing on you when it comes to actual fishing. Those three months we spent last year up in Canada were not wasted, as you know."

"I never tried half so hard to learn anything as I did to learn to fish and those three months in the wilds of Canada saved my life," answered Moreland.

"Just as you say," said Patterson, "you must win that bet, but it isn't so much a matter of expert fishing as it is to select the proper place to do the fishing. Besides, you must have the proper outfit and that means a houseboat, a launch, and a crew, and above all, an intelligent and expert boatman. We must set at least a five pounder as our ambition, and in these days of polluted and commercialized rivers it is no easy matter to select a stream where five pound small mouth are occasionally to be found.

"You must know that with eighty-five per cent of our American streams so badly polluted that game fish cannot survive in them it follows that we have a terrible mathematical percentage against us. In other words, fully four-fifths of the big and little rivers of our country are barred against us because of pollution. Fifty years ago no such percentage obtained. Five pound black bass have always been rare birds—even in the early days five pounders were scarce, and when one was taken in running water that really weighed five pounds it was largely a matter of luck. Many a veteran bass fisherman has grown old and passed on to his fathers vainly treasuring the high hope of taking a five pound small mouth bass. We must not forget that a five pound bass on a fly rod is no easy matter, and I'm convinced somehow that that $5,000 bet will be won by the fisherman who takes at least a five pound fish."

"I'm relying on your deciding on the river and securing the outfit and don't let expense enter into your calculations the least bit," answered Moreland. "Now, where do you think we ought to go? I'm almost certain Strong plans on doing his fishing on the upper Mississippi, because he is always talking about the bass fishing on that river."

"I know he always makes two or three trips to the Upper River each season," Patterson replied. "The truth is," he continued, "Strong has chosen the best bet so far as I can see. There are over one hundred miles of fly fishing water on the Upper Mississippi, and with the hundreds of running sloughs and small streams pouring into the river, it makes the greatest breeding grounds for warm water game fishes in the nation. The truth is, I had those waters principally in mind from the beginning, and since Strong is almost certain to try the Upper River, it's up to us to beat him to it and secure the best houseboat and the best boatman for a fly fisherman on the river. Now, that I think of it, Fred Peet only recently told me of a houseboat being for sale at Fountain City, which is on the Wisconsin side, and I think I had better plan on going up there and looking it over."

John Moreland looked at his watch, and said, "It's just a little past nine. I wonder if there might be a train leaving for Fountain City tonight, and I wish you would go right up and get me the outfit."

And Bob left that night and proceeded to obtain an outfit which consisted of one houseboat, one [illegible]-powered launch

three row boats, and last, but decidedly not least, Bill Pohlman, one master-boatman. Incidentally the cost of the outfit, not inclusive of said Bill, totaled $6,800.

Moreland was delighted beyond measure, having but one suggestion to make, and that was that their old cook, Pete Lafitte, of the fondly remembered three-month Canadian trip, be sent for at once. "I like old Pete," Moreland said. "He can outcook anything on two feet, and besides, he's lucky."

"I met Strong at the Club today," he told Bob with a grin, "and he's finding it difficult to locate a suitable houseboat, but he expects to land one through Phil Mitchel somewhere about Rock Island. Old Phil will probably find him one, as he knows everybody along the river, and has fished it for more than half a century. He is the oldest bank president in Illinois and says he keeps young because he has been a fisherman all his life. The last time I met him he told me of a fly being named after him and sent me six tied in trout sizes and six tied for bass. I'm going to try 'em soon as the bass season opens and I'm mighty glad June 15th is so close at hand."

June 14th found Moreland and Patterson on board the C. M. & St. P. bound for Minneiska, Minn., where they were to be met by "The Victory," John Moreland's new motor boat. Both Bill Pohlman and old Pete Lafitte were at the station.

"Well, well, ol' fren', so you fish de ol' riv'. I roar when I hear John Morelan' fish de ol' riv' where I trap t'ree whole winta more dan fifty year ago. I give heem up many year ago. I never expec' see dis riv' more. We win dat fi' tousan' dollair bet in de Winnesheik bottom if de bass as beeg now as when I trap dere, but dat long tam—now, maybe no good. We see, —but by gar we mus' win dat fi' tousan' dollair, ol' fren'."

Soon they were seated in the launch with Bill at the wheel and were speeding through the most beautiful river country in all America. The houseboat was moored at Belvidere, eight

"My! but these fish are quick strikers."

miles up river. Here the famous Buffalo slough formed, and ran parallel with the river for some nine miles or more.

Soon they were attracted by a houseboat coming down river and Bill Pohlman held "The Victory" as close as possible so that they might gain a full view of the approaching houseboat.

"I've got a hunch that that's Walter Strong's boat," said Moreland, and so it proved to be.

Strong was standing out in front and the two rivals waved a salutation as they passed in mid river.

"Did you see that Strong has named his boat 'The Winner'?" asked Patterson, with a laugh.

"Yes, I did, and I bet he noticed that my boat is named 'The Victory'," answered Moreland. John Moreland was as pleased with his new houseboat as he had been with his Canadian camp of the last summer, and that is saying all that can be said. He also was impressed with Bill Pohlman who knew every mile of the fly fishing part of the river.

"Now let's get down to business and plan our campaign," said the old man, as soon as he had been shown about the boat.

"I suggest that first Bill and Pete give us their plans," said Patterson.

Bill then outlined at length his plan. "The river is too high to consider either the wing dams or the rip-raps—most of the dams are under water, and so that leaves us only the clay banks, and they are mostly in the sloughs. There is a good current running through Buffalo, and if the water is not too high we may hang on to some good fish there. The old slough doesn't begin to be what it was ten years ago, before they senselessly shut off the water by putting in the big dam at Belvidere, but in high water it's worth a try out, I think! Quite a few big fish are still taken in the old slough each year. To tell the truth, I'm up in the air as to just what to advise at this stage of water. I can't just settle in my own mind whether it's best to fish Buffalo or hike straight down river for the Genoa district about 90 miles away.

"You see," continued Bill, "Old Nate Ward is directing The Winner outfit, and he knows this river in the dark and has fished it all of fifty years. I'm expecting him to tie up at the mouth of Buffalo, and that will mean there is too much water for good fishing in the sloughs about Genoa, right now, as I think there is. Nate was born in the Bax Ax district and take it from me he knows it from A to Z."

"Don't bother about Strong's crew, what do you think The Victory crew should do?" said Moreland sharply, pronouncing THE VICTORY with a decided emphasis. Bill looked straight into Moreland's eyes and then said slowly:

"We will fish Buffalo for a day or two, and if we don't find them there we will then decide on one of two things—the Burley and Crooked slough district or the sloughs about Genoa.

"I would like you to understand," he added, "that in my opinion the $5,000 is going to be won in the next three weeks or it's going to be a three months' fight till late September, before it will be won. I have fished this old river since boyhood, and have found that when the water is at a high stage the best chance for big fish is in the sloughs. After the water gets low it's river fishing and then it's a matter of hunting over more than a hundred miles of river for extra big fish. We'd better understand each other right at the start off." Bill spoke firmly, looking John Moreland straight in the eyes. "I'd rather die than have Nate Ward and The Winner beat The Victory. I like Nate Ward, you understand, but I don't like him well enough to have his boat win that $5,000 bet. That's talking straight, Mr. Moreland, and I hope you get me."

"I do," said John Moreland, "and to prove it, let's shake hands on it."

While the above conversation was taking place, Robert Patterson had put two fly rods together and shouted, "All's ready, let's go fishing!"

Bill then introduced Patterson to Jim Crowe who was to be his boatman and who also knew the old river like a book.

Some Redfeather Lakes Trout, showing "Natives" and Rainbows up to four lbs. Redfeather lakes are some forty five miles northwest of Fort Collins, Col. Trout shown are three feet below the surface and picture was taken by B. F. Princell, June 25th, 1925

John Moreland was much interested in the ice boxes which were in each boat, and on which the fishermen sat, thus being raised a sufficient distance from the water to cast while seated with ease. Clyde Randal, the engineer and pilot of the party, was ready with the launch to take Patterson's boat three miles down the slough to Sand Shoot so that both fishermen would have unfished water. Moreland was to fish the banks near the houseboat. The Victory had a high-powered engine and Clyde started out at a thirty mile an hour clip. Moreland gazed after the speeding boat with pride and satisfaction.

"I'm no expert, Bill," he frankly admitted, "and I'm going to expect you to advise me when you think advice necessary. Now that we understand each other thoroughly, what fly do you want me to try first?"

Bill chose a Brann's Ranger as a starter, saying, as he affixed it to the six-foot leader, "I pulled Mr. Brann for three weeks once, and he's some man and some fisherman. I've been in the Navy and have made three cruises around the world and met all sorts of men and people, but that man Brann suits me better than any one I ever met and the fly he invented is just about the best bass bug on the river. I think we had better hit the head of the slough. I want to try out some high banks there and with this water we are likely to run into some big fish. But I warn you the water is just about 18 inches too high for good fishing."

The floating bass bug was a new lure to Moreland and Bill idled along holding the boat within easy casting distance of the black clay banks. Moreland fished over a half mile of water, without a raise. Bill then said,

"Better lay off fishing until I pull down stream for about a mile and then we'll reach a stretch of water where we ought to pick up a few fish." A few minutes later they reached the new grounds.

"It looks good," said Bill. "If there are any feeding fish in the slough we will find them here, or it's hopeless to expect any fishing until the water falls at least six to eight inches."

He had no more than finished speaking when the pronounced plop of a working fish was heard as it dashed at minnows along the bank. "They're here, and now we must pay strict attention to business," said Bill. "Cast your bug as close as possible to the spot where we saw that fish rise."

Moreland followed directions and the fish struck hard at his lure, the smash of the striking fish sounding like the crack of a pistol. Moreland failed to strike quickly enough. He had never experienced anything like the rush of that bass as it tried to nail his Brann's Ranger. "That must have been a terribly big bass," he exclaimed.

"Yes, it was a pretty good fish, and might go three pounds, but nothing like the kind of a fish you have got to land if you win that five thousand."

Within a space of one hundred yards Moreland failed to hook a single fish, although he had at least a dozen strikes. "My, but these fish are quick strikers. I really believe they are quicker than trout."

"Twice as quick, as you will find, and you must strike twice as hard as you do trout if you want to sink the hook into these river fish."

Finally with the help of Bill who pulled hard on the oars and jumped the boat every time Moreland had a rise, a fish was hooked and the first wild rush it made down the stream nearly snatched the rod from his hand. After a hard ten minutes' fight, Bill netted a good two pound small mouth.

"Say, but these fish are jumpers, and fight like demons!" said Moreland. I must get on to the knack of hooking them."

"You strike entirely too slow, and to get a hook into these fish you must put quickness and muscle into the strike. But you'll learn if you keep at it," said Bill.

"You bet I'll learn. I've got to learn. I simply must get a bigger bass than Walter Strong."

(To be continued.)

The Phantom Herd of the Kaibab

by Donald Hough

Photographs by the author

What To Do?

THE thing that impressed me most about the Kaibab deer situation was the limited knowledge of deer possessed by everybody concerned, and that, in spite of this, tons of good paper were used in naively solving the problem and in stating as facts what really were guesses.

The habits, ranges, feed, and like matters pertaining to the deer were lost in a maze of misunderstandings, disputes, arguments and theories. Neither by reading lengthy reports of experts nor by interviewing everybody available was I able to find out definitely whether or not grass constitutes a part of the feed of deer; and I was unable to find out what deer would do under a number of given circumstances. I found opinions and theories galore, but I could always find equal authority contradicting virtually every statement.

The best authority with whom I talked declared in one breath that deer do not eat grass, and in the next made the startling assertion that the deer were following the newly sprouted grass behind the melting snows, and that the bucks had been poor last year largely because of the failure of the grass crop!

It is not supposed that everyone should have a real knowledge of deer, but it seemed to me necessary that someone have it before taking sweeping and drastic measures to correct troubles the very existence of which are disputed and based largely on theory.

During the principal investigation last summer some deer were shot and their stomachs examined to determine whether or not the deer were eating grass. In view of the fact that the contents of a deer's stomach indicate only what he ate for his last square meal, this seemed to me to be inadequate scientific research. The Forest Service has been intrusted with apportioning range between domestic stock and wild animals, and I should like to know just how much the Forest Service knows about the feed of deer, and what this knowledge is based on.

Few people understand wild animals. Very sentimental persons feel sorry for an animal that stands out in the cold and snow, unconsciously comparing the feelings of the animal with their own under similar circumstances. The average person judges wild animals largely by what he knows of domesticated ones. Most Westerners, such as cowboys, cattle owners, and so on, almost invariably think of wild animals in terms of cattle and sheep.

Wild animals are hardy stock, and not only withstand adverse conditions admirably, but are in a perfectly normal state when, judged by other standards, they might be considered at death's door. Illustrative of what I mean, though somewhat exaggerated, is the case of the game warden from Dakota who went to Jackson's Hole after some moose. It was winter. The box-car in which the moose were shipped was very cold. So the tender hearted warden got a stove and built a fire in the car. The moose all died. He returned, got another load of moose, left the stove home, and the moose lived happily ever after.

If men were to attempt to provide wild animals with comforts which would elevate them to standards of bodily comfort accepted by humans or by domestic pets, the animals would doubtless all die.

All of which is not strictly pertinent to this article, but should be considered when getting sentimental about hungry game. Part of the range used by the Kaibab deer long ago passed the stage wherein it would make good cattle range. So observers declared the range to be destroyed. Two years ago the winter range of the deer on the west side of the Kaibab was pronounced gone. Nothing remained but pinon, juniper, and sage brush. All of these were classified as providing nothing of interest to deer.

But last winter and the winter before, the deer cleaned the juniper from the ground up as high as they could reach. And they came out of winter quarters this year in good shape in spite of having entered it after the driest summer in thirty-nine years. And they did it largely on juniper.

Deer were observed to be eating sage brush last winter. This was another thing "a deer will never eat." But they did, and they lived well.

Now we are shown stomachs of deer that contain the needles of pinon pine. This is supposed to be conclusive proof that the deer are starving. It is said the needles provide no food substance. It is declared to be a sad sign indeed.

There are countless thousands of acres of juniper on the Kaibab winter ranges. Deer waxed strong on juniper last winter. Can they do it in the future? Sage brush around the Kaibab reaches to all horizons. If deer ate this last winter and lived, they can perhaps live next winter and the following winters. If the deer now prove they can live on the needles of pinon pine, they have found a paradise, for the pinon pine of the Kaibab will feed half the deer in Christendom.

I am not trying to advance private theories or engage in scientific argument. These things must be left to scientists and near-scientists. I am only a reporter. I am setting down what I saw and heard, on the assumption that even a reporter can tell a dead deer from a live one, a juniper from a pinon, and can by looking at a sprig of oak tell whether it is still covered with leaves or if the leaves are gone.

Splashing through the Canyon creek.

When I went to the Kaibab for OUTDOOR AMERICA I knew virtually nothing of the situation. I had no preconceived ideas about it; my only instructions were to find out about the Kaibab deer. And at the present writing I hold the world's record for neutrality. I have no estimate as to the number of deer on the Kaibab, neither have I a solution for saving them!

As I related in previous articles, I had a terrible time trying to find the deer, but I do not state there are only a few deer there because I saw only a few. I have made enough investigations to know how erratic such things can be.

The main point is that the deer are supposed to be either starving or in danger of starvation. If you are willing to believe that deer, being accustomed to travelling a certain path, will not change their path when the feed along it gives out, you have cause for alarm.

For if the Kaibab deer starve it will not be because they will refuse to change their diet, nor because they will refuse to leave the Kaibab, but because they will refuse to move a few miles out of the areas of heavy concentration.

And speaking of this, and of scientific investigations also, let me quote a considerable number of words and a startling conclusion from the report of the committee that made the investigation last summer.

"In spite of the large areas apparently suitable for summer range the deer do not distribute themselves evenly throughout them. In some parts where the forage was comparatively good your committee found the deer in very small numbers, as for example in parts of the northern third of the Preserve and on Greenland Plateau, a long peninsularlike extension of the Kaibab at its southeastern corner. In other places where the forage was very heavily utilized deer were found in exceedingly large numbers. Especially was this true along the upper limits of the scrub oak belt and in the neighborhood of the open grassy parks, in spite of the excessive utilization of the forage there. Undesirable over-concentration in certain areas was most evident and easy of observation, but an explanation of this phenomenon is much more difficult.

"Similarly, it is reported on good authority that the distribution of the deer on their winter range is equally uneven. Probably there is no general paramount reason or cause for this uneven distribution. It is more likely the result of a combination of several causes, and perhaps the explanation would differ with each locality under consideration. The conditions of forage, in the absence of other limiting factors, might very probably alone control the distribution of the deer on any range, but other causes undoubtedly contribute to produce the uneven distribution observed.

"Some of these factors doubtless include extent of snowfall, cover, natural barriers, and last but not least, habit."

"During my trip I saw a great deal of winter forage in areas which were not separated from the over-browsed region by natural barriers, difference in elevation or snow covering, or any other consideration save one, which was the one advanced by all those I interviewed: "The deer do not go there."

But wouldn't starving deer go there?

The eastern winter range of the deer was in very good shape. But, I was told, the deer "did not go there." One man advanced the argument that the deer drive had scared them out. But the deer drive was tame in its probable effect on the deer compared to the hunting on the western winter range where the deer concentrated.

I saw on the winter range of the deer hundreds of acres of tender young oak leaves growing on short brush in easy reach of the deer. Water was nearby. The deer weren't there. But would they have been there if they had been starving deer?

Greenland plateau presents an area of 25,000 acres much of which provides good browse. It is said the deer will not go there because Greenland is a little south of the "customary"

drift of the the deer, and because it is connected to the Kaibab by a neck only a mile wide. But do you think starving deer would go out on Greenland?

Under the rim of the Grand Canyon I found browse in great profusion. I was amazed at it. But the deer were not there. Why? Would they have been there if they had been starving, or would they have stood back half a mile and looked at it and died, not touching it because their ancestors had considered the top of the plateau "good enough for them?"

Experts say the deer will not eat grass. Many of these experts are cattle men who add to their opinion this phrase: "So the cattle might just as well have it." Many of these, it is barely possible, would like to see more cattle on the Kaibab. Let me repeat here that it was equally certain that deer would not eat pinon pine, juniper or sagebrush until they started eating it.

Do you think deer would lie down and die surrounded by good grass? If your answer is negative, you can cease worrying about the Kaibab deer for the reason that there is plenty of grass in the forest—and there'll be more when the cattle are gone. There's 25,000 acres of excellent grass on Greenland plateau alone.

So much for the available feed—and I have barely outlined it—on the Kaibab itself. If the deer were starving, wouldn't they leave the Kaibab? For the Kaibab is not a prison for the deer. The national forests of Utah are separated from the Kaibab by a few miles of sage flats. Any deer could cross it in two hours. The deer could cross the Grand Canyon in a day. Deer driven, not by bells and cheesecloth, but by the pangs of famine, might do it.

Perhaps I can recite a few instances which may help you in answering the questions I have asked you. The elk of Jackson's Hole really starve during hard winters. They do not starve because of overcrowding or depleted range, but because their winter range has been artificially cut off from them. So they must try to winter on what is really summer range. These elk are timid in the extreme in the summer—much more timid than the Kaibab deer. But when starving time comes, the elk storm the town of Jackson, enter barns, run the streets, charge haystacks, even chase domestic stock from stalls—do anything to get food.

The elk are supposed to be grazers exclusively; that is, they eat only grasses. Yet when starving they readily adopt the willow browse of the moose and any other browse they can find.

It is amazing how wild animals can change their habits, not only of usual drift, but of range, and even of feed. The idea of an elk in the high mountains was ridiculous, I am told, a few years ago. They were plains animals. But when forced to change, they entered the hills and now almost rival the mountain sheep for range.

The deer of Minnesota once ranged in the central part, the moose farther north, and the caribou near the Canadian boundary. Today the caribou has gone north, the moose has adopted the old caribou range, the deer have moved to the moose range.

The antelope, most sensitive of the plains animals, could not, I understand, be driven into timber some years ago. They braved the guns of the hunters rather than the shadows of the trees. But before long they, too, changed their range, and entered the timbered hills.

So much for the range. I covered this phase in more detail in other articles. Now we come to the question of the size of the deer herd. It is the condition of the deer and of the range that is most important, but the numerical strength of the deer became a paramount question when it was decided to kill half of them; an undertaking which was started last fall. It is impossible to divide accurately into halves a thing the size of which is unknown.

The committee declared that the estimate of the Forest Service of 26,000 deer in 1924 was conservative. It mentioned the fact that local people put the number at not less than 50,000. Then it said half of the deer must be removed, dead or alive. Which was the same as condemning from 13,000 to 25,000 deer to death. The committee assumed a great responsibility. The Forest Service accepted the report of the committee. The hunters might have had a terrible job trying to find the final thousand of their allotment!

This quotation from the report indicates the facts which led up to the decision that there [CONTINUED ON PAGE 63]

Just a cabin—and rest.

Canadian wild geese on the Ernest W. Marland preserve, Ponca City, Oklahoma.

An Oklahoma Game Refuge

by C.M. Sarchet

AN offer to stock bird propagation farms throughout Oklahoma has been made recently by Ernest W. Marland, Ponca City, president of the Marland Oil Company, provided the Oklahoma Game and Fish Commission, of which he is a member, will have sections of land set aside throughout the state for such purposes.

Mr. Marland, who is establishing an extensive bird refuge adjoining Ponca City, maintains that it is just as necessary to have bird propagation farms under state control as it is to have fish hatcheries and game preserves. He offers to stock these state farms from his own reserve.

This bird refuge, as he chooses to call it, is one of the beauty spots given to the community by Mr. Marland. It is another link in the chain of great playgrounds established by Mr. Marland. A seven hundred acre tract that includes attractive floral gardens, an extensive golf course maintained for the public, a country club site, polo field, bridle paths, and a two hundred acre rolling grassland that may be used for all manner of outdoor sports. Mr. Marland's relaxation is landscaping and he personally directs the work.

Only a start has been made thus far in building the refuge, but birds that are making their homes within the eight-foot fence enclosure are fast becoming tame. A big flock of Canadian geese feeds within easy range of visitors and pintail, tree, and other ducks and wildfowl swim within photographing distance at all times. Several members of the duck family have hatched in the preserve. Peafowl are now nesting and the young quail are scampering through the grass everywhere.

There are flocks of white and black swans, ringneck pheasants, silver pheasants, Carasaw chickens, native of South America, and hundreds of white heron from Louisiana. To start with, these birds were housed within a big wire enclosure, so big that it includes a small grove of trees. They were held within until they became thoroughly acclimated and then released with the other feathered folk. They multiply so rapidly Mr. Marland feels that he will always have a plentiful supply.

Thus far there are only red and grey squirrels and "Molly Cotton-tails" in the animal line within the enclosure, excepting an occasional chipmunk, but others are to be added as the proper species are decided upon. The red squirrels are native as are also the rabbits, but the grey squirrels were brought in and released in the woods. These two are supposed to be world-old enemies but they will be given an opportunity to practice brotherly love. Some beaver are to be placed in the lower canyons of the refuge.

Daily trips are made by a rider around the entire game fence, to repair holes underneath the fence made principally by dogs. In addition to Henry Hatashita, the Japanese landscape man who oversees the entire Marland outdoor proposition, there are fifty men employed all the time in looking after the game preserve, getting it in shape and policing it.

Originally a portion of this preserve was a rock quarry and in this way the craters were made for a chain of lakes that are now a big feature. They have been stocked with perch and croppy. In still another lake, far apart from the others, there are fish native to this section of the country.

To feed birds, now within the preserve, corn and wheat are scattered throughout the woods every morning, and there are fields of kafir corn and alfalfa growing. There are groves of mulberry trees that add their crops to the feed list, together with berry bushes, turkey berries and other wild plants.

In arranging the preserve from the standpoint of trees and plants, care has been taken not to disturb those native to this section; groves of "black jack" oak, elm, willow and poplar have been set out, together with pines, cedar, and others that are brought from other localities. There have been more than five thousand shrubs and flowering plants set out thus far, all of the perennial kinds.

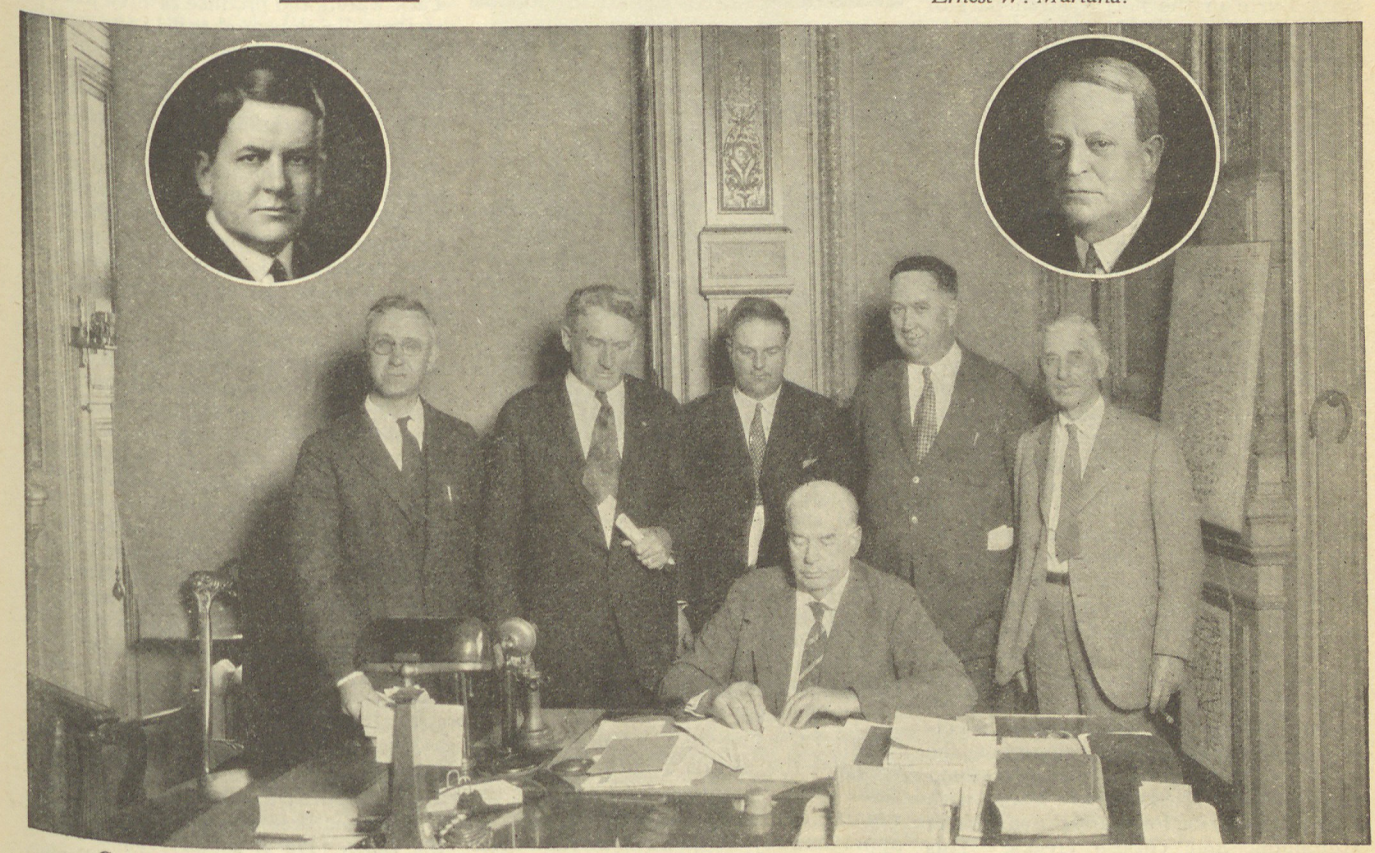
A chain of islands dots the largest of the various lakes, and these have been covered with vegetation until each in itself is a thing of beauty, and farther down the valley where a small stream flows continually, fed by springs, there are waterfalls, canyons, dens, and shady nooks that are providing places of concealment and enjoyment for the birds.

Winding driveways and bough-covered walks have been laid out everywhere, along the lakes, through the woods and by canyon sides, and this bird paradise of Mr. Marland's, which is adjacent to Ponca City on the northeast, bids fair to become one of the show places of the southwest and one of the most remarkable institutions of its kind in America. A natural swimming pool, approximately three hundred yards square, is a feature to be enjoyed by humans. This is within one of the old quarries, and the gradual slope of the land gives the various depths that may be desired by swimmers. Its banks have been beautified with flowers and shrubs and a summer cottage erected nearby. There will be also a castle constructed where the lake bank is the steepest, patterned after such structures that existed "when Knighthood was in flower," and its turrets will provide other places of delight for the birds.

In building his extensive floral gardens here, Mr. Marland has brought together in one place more plant life native to America than exists in any other one portion of the country. It is his intention to do the same thing, so far as possible, in assembling his bird colony, which has already become the largest bird propagating preserve in America. The American Legion of Oklahoma has accepted a recent offer of Mr. Marland of an 80-acre site, overlooking the bird preserve, for a state billet that will include homes for World War veterans, their orphans and other dependents.

Perhaps your state has similar preserves, started by some public spirited citizen. These are important to conservation. They bring out the fact that men of wealth in the community can do much to assist in a worth while cause. Many times such men have been asked to give, give, and give, until they are tired of giving. Most of them, are more than willing to do something for the boys of the future if they are given a chance. Let us know what your state has done.

Ernest W. Marland.



Governor Len Small of Illinois signs the upper Mississippi River enabling act, with the approval of those who worked hard for this measure in Springfield.

It was no easy matter to pass the enabling act in Illinois necessary to the establishment of the Izaak Walton League's Upper Mississippi River Fish and Game Refuge.

Ardent Waltonians who fought for the passage are shown above. Standing (from left to right), Representative Wm. G. Thon, Chicago; House Speaker Robert E. Scholes, Peoria; Wm. J. Stratton, State Fish and Game Commissioner; Representative Reed Cutler, Lewiston, and Representative Frank E. Abbey, Biggsville.

Left insert: Senator Thurlow G. Essington, Streator, and Right insert, Lieutenant Governor Fred Sterling, Rockford.

Fish Culture in Yellowstone Park

By Captain C. F. Culler

The bureau of fisheries has adopted a broad and constructive policy in connection with its work of stocking the waters of the Yellowstone National Park and adjacent streams with the native blackspotted trout, or cut-throat trout, as it is commonly called. The aim of the officials having this work in hand is not merely to develop in this region the best fishing grounds to be found anywhere in the world. In line with this policy the propagation work is being brought to a higher standard of efficiency through certain changes in the forms of equipment employed, among them being the construction of permanent rack platforms in all the larger streams flowing into Yellowstone Lake with the exception of the Yellowstone River and Beaver Dam Creek. On account of the large size of these streams and their distance from the present base of operation the expense involved in extending the work to that territory would be too great, under present financial conditions, to permit of consideration.

At this time field stations are located at Soda Butte in the northeastern part of the Park, where, due to the courtesy of the National Park Service, a small hatchery and cabin were constructed to properly care for this field. Eggs are collected from a small stream flowing into Fish Lake which has been set aside by order of the Superintendent of Yellowstone Park as a fish preserve. Two men are detailed to this point from approximately May 25th till the close of the spawning season, around July 10th, at which time the sub-hatchery is closed and the men return for duty at fish-cultural headquarters near the Lake hotel. The trout inhabiting Fish Lake attain a larger size than those in Yellowstone Lake, and are considered superior for table use to those in any other section of the Park. For this reason all surplus eggs above the number required for the maintenance of the stock in this lake are incubated at the Lake hatchery and the product planted in Yellowstone Lake, to improve the quality of the stock in that body of water.

A second field station on the east side of the lake is located on Clear Creek and is ten miles distant from the Lake hatchery by boat. Egg collections in this territory are obtained from Clear, Cub, and Columbine creeks. Another collecting center has been opened up on the south arm of the lake and permanent quarters established on Peale Island, with the view of caring for the eggs available in Chipmunk and Grouse creeks. This arm of the lake is considered the most beautiful spot in the Park by the numerous visitors to the fisheries camp, and it certainly ranks first from a fish-cultural standpoint. In 1923, forty-four per cent of the eggs taken were secured from streams flowing into the lake, while in

Captain Culler (left), C. R. Hallowell, and R. Canfield at the Iowa State Convention I. W. L. A.

1924 they yielded 41 per cent of the total collections. The creeks known as Pelican, Flat Mountain Arm, Transportation, Long, Arnica, Bridge, the two Thumb creeks, together with several other small streams emptying into the lake in the vicinity of the Lake hotel, are worked from the main hatchery.

Fish-cultural operations in the park begin in the spring as soon as the road between Gardiner and the Lake is open for travel. For the past two years this has been around May 20th, though the opening in former years has occurred as late as June 17th, and even at that late period snowshoes were used in making the trip.

As soon as the station is reached the work of installing traps in streams where the earliest run of fish occurs is undertaken, namely, the small streams between the hatchery and the Thumb, and in Pelican and Clear Creeks. At this time snowdrifts and fallen trees are apt to obstruct the road to the Thumb making essential the use of a launch to install racks in that territory. This means the running of the launch for a distance of approximately fifteen miles through fields of mush ice frequently several miles in width. The occurrence of the run of spawning fish varies with climatic conditions, but the earliest eggs are always secured on the west side, the fish in the South Arm and the streams of the east side appearing later. Eggs were secured in 1924 on May 31st, from fish taken in Bridge Creek, which is believed to be the earliest date on which collections have ever been made in the Park. Spawning fish were observed in this stream on May 23rd, but the rush of work connected with the installation of racks rendered egg collections impossible at that time. The first eggs were secured from east side streams on June 14th, the spawning season being approximately two weeks later than on the west side.

The eggs taken in the several fields on the opposite side of the lake are conveyed to the main hatchery by the station launch, which makes daily trips during the height of the season for that purpose and to carry supplies to the egg-collecting fields. On the west side a truck is employed to transport men and equipment to the streams and bring the eggs to the hatchery. In the hatchery the eggs are installed in troughs and after developing to the eyed stage those intended for shipment are disposed of. The remainder are "put down" for hatching.

It is the policy of the bureau to plant in Park waters the produce of fifty per cent of the collections and utilize the remaining fifty per cent for shipment to other National parks and to other hatcheries in the Rocky Mountain section, this region comprising the habitat of the species.

In 1923 a total of 31,570,000 blackspotted trout eggs were collected and a loss of twenty-four per cent occurred during the period of incubation. Plants to an aggregate of 13,015,000 were made in Park waters and 10,305,000 eyed eggs were shipped. In 1924 32,000,000 eggs were collected of which number 13,456,000 were shipped and plants of eyed eggs and fry to a total of 14,071,000 were deposited in the Park and contiguous waters, the losses during incubation amounting to 12.75 per cent of the original stock. In view of the liberal stocking of these waters the fishing in Yellowstone Park should improve with each succeeding year and eventually offer the finest angling opportunities to be found in the United States. It is believed that some of the visitors to the Park are qualified to give favorable testimony along this line, among them being U. S. Senator T. L. Oddie and wife, John Quinn, formerly Commander of the American Legion, Geo. Hatfield of San Francisco, Fred McCarthy of St. Paul, and Claude Bishop, Secretary to Mr. Quinn. The average tourist has not the opportunity to visit the best fishing grounds around the Lake. He is usually found fishing between the Thumb and Fishing Bridge, where most of the fish taken by the general public are caught. The short stop-over privileges allowed by the transportation companies are usually responsible for this, as the "Dudes" have only from 5 p. m. one day to 10 a. m. the succeeding day to

visit this, the most beautiful part of Yellowstone Park. While the "Sagebrusher", touring in his own car, has unlimited opportunities to fish, he is usually not burdened with the "wherewithall" required to hire a boat and guide. The streams near the "Loop" are fished the hardest and are usually pretty well depleted by the middle of the season, it being a common occurrence to note as many as thirty fishermen on one stream within a distance of one or two miles.

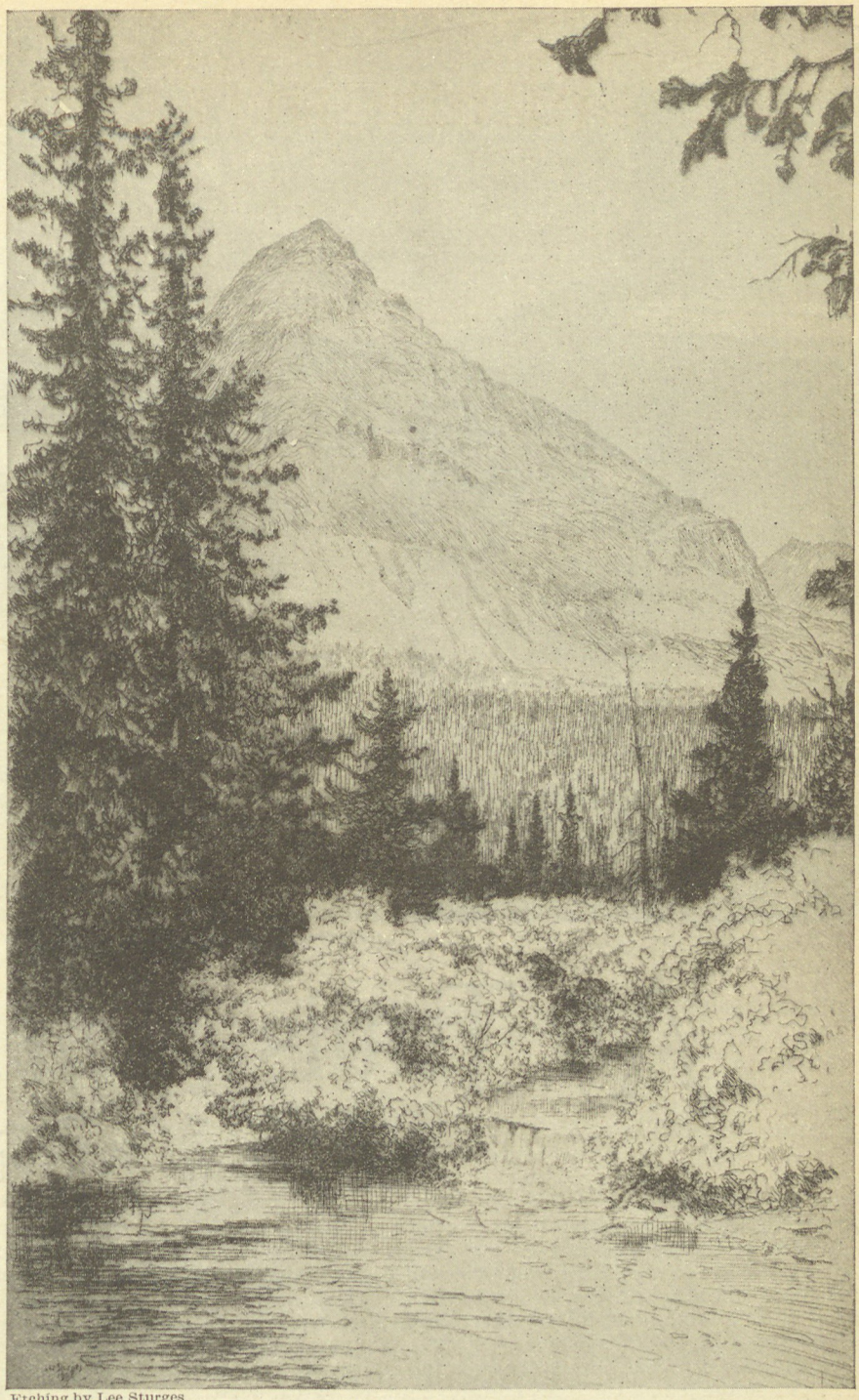
In view of existing conditions it would seem to be only a question of time when the National Park Service and the Bureau of Fisheries will find it expedient to operate a hatchery for the propagation of fall spawning fish at some point in the Park—probably at Mammoth Springs, where there is an adequate water supply and space for rearing ponds.

It may be said, in passing, that nearly all the streams around the "Loop" are stocked with the brook and Loch Leven trouts. Practically all that section of the Park west of the Divide from the southern boundary north to the Madison River and from the Madison north and east of the Gallatin Range to the Yellowstone River and the northern boundary was at one time barren of trout. The present condition of the waters of this region may be attributed to the good work done in past years by the Bureau of Fisheries in stocking them with the rainbow, brook, Loch Leven, and lake trout. The streams in other portions of the Park contain only the native blackspotted trout.

It has been the policy in recent years to plant eyed eggs in the more inaccessible streams and lakes of the Park, which, owing to impassable falls, have heretofore been entirely devoid of fish life. Such plants have been made by means of truck and pack train and, from the reports received from the Park rangers who assisted in the work and later observed the results, all of these streams and lakes have become well stocked. The work already accomplished along this line has shown conclusively that not only is it possible to stock such waters by the planting of eyed eggs, but that it can be done at a considerable saving of time and money as compared with the expense of making plants of fry or fingerling fish.

The men engaged in the fish-cultural work are drawn from several of the permanent stations of the Bureau, but the nucleus of the force consists of members of the Fish Rescue personnel of the Upper Mississippi River. There is wide opportunity for extending the work by locating additional collecting stations in fields not now covered, but owing to the existing shortage of funds and a scarcity of trained help this will have to be deferred for the present. In this connection there is every reason to believe that the heavy stocking of the streams flowing into Yellowstone Lake that is now being done will make it possible within four years time to collect from 60,000,000 to 75,000,000 eggs a season at the stations already occupied. As a matter of fact, the Lake hatchery is heavily taxed in caring for the eggs now available and before any greatly increased numbers can be handled it will be necessary to provide additional hatching equipment and enlarge the water supply.

(*Continued on page 54*)



Etching by Lee Sturges.

Gurgling Pools backed by rugged mountains.

Mrs. Eberman Dies

Mrs. Lillian Guthrie Eberman, of Chicago, died recently in Brainard Hospital. She was an enthusiastic Waltonian, being one of the first women to make application for membership in Chicago Chapter I. W. L. A.

Below is the "Oscawana Creed," which was composed by Mrs. Eberman and her husband and of which Mrs. Eberman was a true disciple.

"I believe that the gifts of Nature—the lakes, the rivers, the woods—belong, not to any man or group of men, but to mankind, and that neither man nor mankind has the right to despoil or defile the beauty of the outdoor places nor to take from those places more than Nature can and will continually replace.

"I believe, that in the pursuit of the denizens of the woods and fields and waters, it is not the bag or catch that matters, but rather it is the privilege and pleasure of being in and enjoying the outdoor places that the quarry is prone to inhabit.

"It is my wish, that I may be given a full measure of ability to understand and appreciate the wonderful works and ways of Nature, which are found at their best in the quiet places where the ravishing hand of man, greedy for monetary gain, has not sullied the forests and watered places.

"It is my wish, that when my final account is reckoned, it may be said, 'A lover of Nature who played the game fairly and who loved the great outdoors and respected it and who respected the rights of others, both living and yet unborn.' "

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All Trails *Lead to* Trout

by Madeline Woods

THE Rocky Mountain Highway country, from Lander, Wyo., to the southern gate of Yellowstone National Park is, like another famous piece of country, divided into three parts—the section where the fishing is good; where it is better, and where it is best. In fact, all trails lead to trout streams, and the streams are so called not because they once harbored droves of the gamey tribe, but because the trout are right on the job all the time, multiplying with a great deal more speed than the angler can compete with; and this despite the fact that fishing is one of the chief pastimes of the thousands of tourists who take to these mountain trails year in and year out.

But, tourists may come and tourists may go and still there are unblazed trails, hidden lakes and streams, filled with fish just waiting to give battle to some eager sportsman.

This southern or Lander route to the Park is comparatively new. In fact, it is only within the last two years that the Rocky Mountain Highway from Lander has been reconstructed so that there is 150 miles of fine, broad roadway which accommodates the motor car and the huge mountain-geared busses that carry travelers from Lander to the Park. The busses connect with the railroad which runs into Lander, "where rails end and trails begin." Then the tourist is borne up through the mountains to the Dude Ranches or the rustic lodges according to his destination; or onward and upward, with only a pause for refreshments, to the gate at the southern end of the Park.

So the traveler who makes the journey, whether he plans to remain at one of the many resorts or make the through trip to the Park, will be sure of one fact, if he be a fisherman, and that is that he will return this way again to make a long stay and fish to his heart's content.

Rivers, lakes and streams beckon and call. All along the route anglers are to be seen, reeling in their catches. What fisherman can stay put in the bus when he notes all this? No, the lodges and the ranches look mighty inviting and there has been many a strain on the family tie when the financial support of the party determines to declare a detour and stop off at one of the many resorts.

The best part of it is that the women in the party have, at best, only slim arguments, for up and down the streams can be seen as many of the fair sex with rod and reel as there are men and boys. The reason for that is the comparative ease with which a fish is landed.

Of course there are crafty old boys that are full grown and pretty clever; but there are no end of stupid trout that seem to have their fishy minds on their rainbow attire rather than on safety first and the duffer angler finds, to her surprise, that a fish is dangling on her hook.

It's an exciting experience, that catching a fish when you never expected to get a nibble. There are instances recorded where the feminine fisher became panicky and dropped fish, rod and all into the stream and ran screeching:

"Oh, oh, I gotta fish!"

Of course she really didn't have it—at least not when she returned, no more than she had her perfectly good rod that cost the price of a new blouse.

So the whole family can, and does, enjoy fishing along the Rocky Mountain Highway. It is the place for the family party, for the men and boys' camp or for the girls' and women's camp—in fact, you can get what you want. You can rough it, or camp de luxe. You may live in a lodge with all the comforts of a metropolitan hotel even though you are 13,000 feet or more

above the sea and 135 miles from a town; or you can roll up in a blanket and sleep under the stars—with a guide close by to ward off prowlers.

From the southern end of the Park travelers have penetrated, many seasons ago, to this section of Wyoming country, but the condition of the highway up to two years ago made touring almost prohibitive beyond the Jackson Hole country, through which the present broad highway runs as it approaches the southern gateway of the Park.

About the Jackson Hole country volumes of truth and fiction and a mixture of both have been written and sung. About the equally rugged and more picturesque, if less historic country in

ply of fishing and the other sports at Duboise will never be exhausted, but the tourist is often a restless fellow. He wants to see everything—to try his luck elsewhere. Of course he wants the trout to be plentiful, but yet it would be something to say he made history by finding a stream that refused to give up fish of any kind! He is likely to set off in search of new adventure and if he does he may go to any number of "Dude" ranches.

Take, for instance, the Diamond G, for that is right along the highway to the Park. It is just off the bus line, at the foot of the Pinnacles. The high portals of the ranch house, carved from pine logs, looks down upon its image in the green-blue depths of Brooks Lake, touched with white here and there where the

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

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Now Let the Birds Rejoice

A NEW and most important Chapter on Conservation was written when the five great American conservation societies got together at Denver in August, composed their differences, cleaned up their misunderstandings, agreed to forget their animosities and joined forces to obtain adequate legislation for the protection of our migratory birds.

The National Association of Audubon Societies, The International Fish and Game Commissioners, the Western Game and Fish Commissioners, the American Game Protective Association and our own Izaak Walton League joined hands and adopted in principle the changes proposed by Commissioner David H. Madsen, of Utah. The principal changes involved are the abandonment of the proposed Federal one dollar license tax for hunting migratory birds, substituting as a means of revenue the funds now received as excise taxes on guns and ammunition for participation by the states in land purchases and for concurrent jurisdiction as to law enforcement. These taxes now bring about three and one-half millions annually.

A committee was authorized to prepare a bill embodying these principles, and directed to submit same to Congress in December; such a committee to be composed of one representative from each of the five associations.

We believe this bill, as finally developed by the joint committee from these five national associations, will be just and equitable, one which can be passed and which the Izaak Walton League can get behind with all its strength. We feel that a long step forward has been taken in the direction of saving our migratory birds, and that all parties concerned are to be congratulated upon the result.

Fall—Two Ways of Seeing It

AUTUMN is here—Indian summer.

Soon frost will paint the landscape in glorious golds, reds and browns. It is the red-letter season of the year for the sportsman—the opening of the hunting season.

It is the season when the dreams of the past year come true—when we can get out the gun, dogs and decoys and get out into the field for the seasonal crack at our favorite game.

But there is another fellow who is *not* so enthusiastic about the opening of the hunting season—the farmer.

To him it is the "red-letter" season in an entirely different sense of the phrase. To him it means annual entries on the red side of the ledger.

It means (or at least has meant in the past) that scores of city men armed with guns will invade his farm, break down his fences, leave his gates open, shoot his stock and conduct themselves as though they were mentally deranged.

No real sportsman blames the farmer for his antagonistic attitude toward the hunter, for they know that in most instances he is right. The real sportsman not only sympathizes with him but does everything he can to protect the farmer's interests.

We will assume, for instance, that you live in the city. Your neighbor, we will further assume for the sake of argument, has a flare for killing rats, of which there are a number in your back yard.

Now the rats do not interest you, even remotely, but to kill them is an obsession with this neighbor. He arises before dawn, grabs a gun, leaps over your fence (or kicks a board out of it) and commences to blaze away at the rodents. Several of his shots penetrate your garage and enter the gasoline tank of your automobile or smash the windshield.

What, in all fairness, would be your reaction to this?

That feeling is exactly the same as that which the farmer experiences when he finds his gate open and his stock wandering in his neighbor's cornfield (or his own).

He does not yearn to congratulate the hunter when he finds his hay stack burning due to the fact that this hunter had inadvertently knocked out his pipe bowl or tossed a cigarette butt near it.

This fall destruction of property must stop if we are to have hunting. Everyone knows that each year finds more posted property, more farmer's protective associations organized primarily for protection against the man with the gun. It can be stopped—but only with your cooperation.

For instance, in Iowa. The state division of the Izaak Walton League has arranged with the farmer's protective associations and with the individual farmers to allow members of the local chapters to hunt on their land.

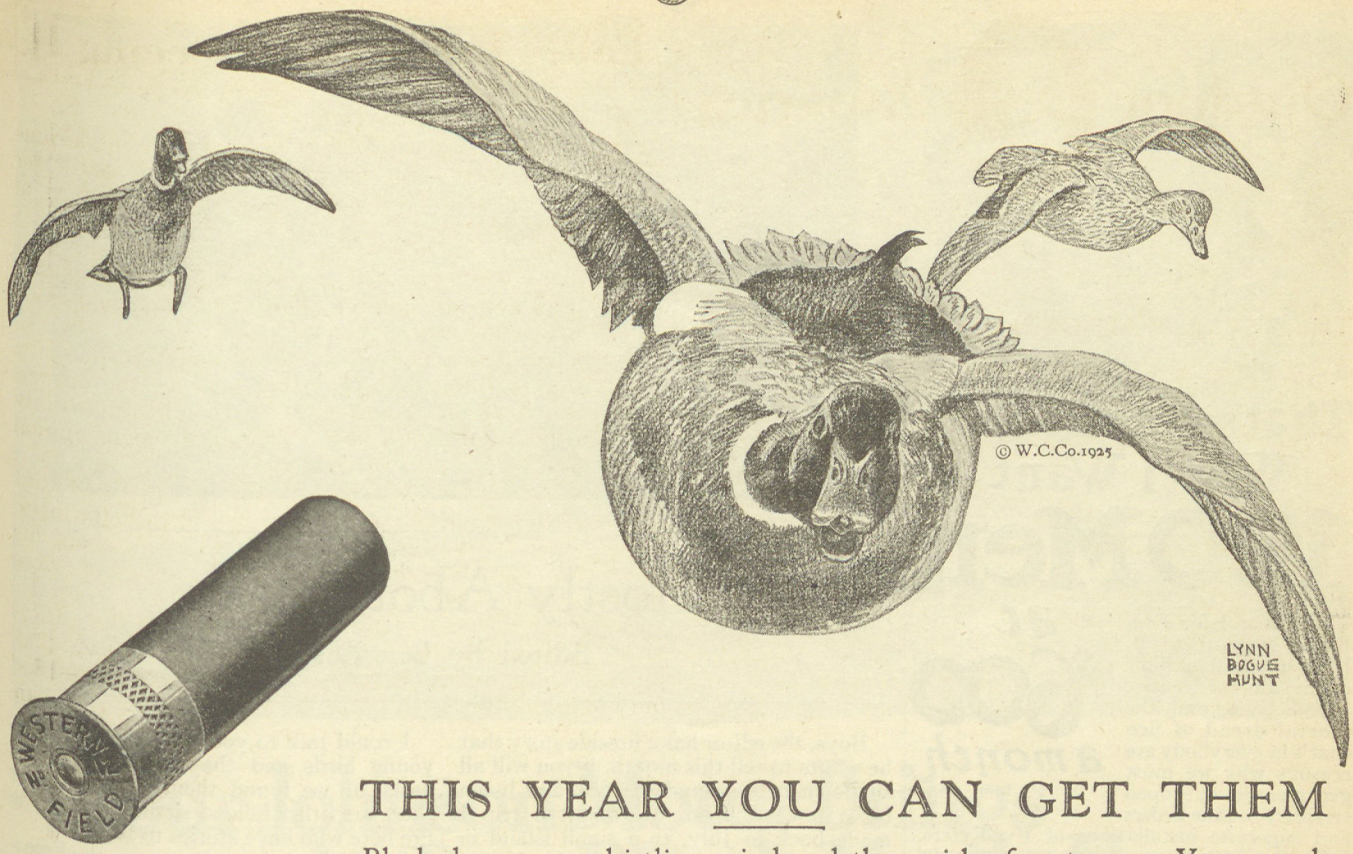
League members go to the farmer and ask his permission to hunt. The farmer takes the member's Waltonian membership card, jots down his name and grants the permission. After hunting, the member leaves the farm via the farmer's yard.

If this member has caused any damage to his property, the farmer reports it to the local chapter, and the chapter reimburses him for his loss.

This is not only common decency but good common sense. The farmers and the hunters are getting together and each is active in the protection of the other fellow's rights and privileges.

Personally, we have found the farmer to be a good sportsman, but he will not stand for having his property destroyed any more than you would.

Let's be sportsmen—not vandals.



THIS YEAR YOU CAN GET THEM

Bleak dawn . . . whistling wind and the swish of water. . . . You crouch in the silence, tense and alert . . . suddenly the decoys grow restless and begin to call . . . then, in they come, right over your head . . . you hear the rustle of beating wings . . . but they're too high—too high at least for ordinary loads. . . .

You've been there yourself. Waited an hour. Perhaps two or more. Watched them come over *just out of range*, refuse to circle, and go on. Not even a trigger pulled. . . . *But it's a different story when you're shooting Super-X.*

This WESTERN long-range load, with its close patterns and concentrated shot string, reaches out and gets them instead of letting them pass by. Kills them cleanly 15 to 20 yards beyond the range of ordinary loads. Thousands of sportsmen are doing it. You can, too.

In shotgun shells as well as rifle and revolver cartridges WESTERN has been responsible for most of the important improvements made in recent years. Xpert, a new smokeless shell at a surprisingly low price, has already won great popular favor for ordinary all-round shooting. The WESTERN Field shell has been the standard among the world's best shots for twenty years and each year adds new records and championships to its string. *Super-X*, *Field*, *Xpert*—you, too, can do better shooting with the ammunition that is the choice of champions.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY, 1046 Broadway, East Alton, Ill.

Free Shooting Information

Captain Askins has just written a new book about *Super-X* that we'll be glad to send you on request. Is there anything you want to know about your guns or ammunition? Let our technical men answer your questions.

Do you know about the many big developments which have made WESTERN the choice of the world's crack shots? *Super-X* for long range; *Xpert* for quality and low price in a smokeless shell; the *Lubaloy* bullet which prevents metal fouling in high-power rifles; the *Open-Point Expanding* bullets, for deadly killing power; the *Marksman L. R. .22* for amazing accuracy in small-bore shooting.

Literature telling all about them is yours for the asking. Always glad to hear from you.

Western AMMUNITION

That's One Reason Why I Want 100 Men at $600 a month

The demand for Fyr-Fyters is growing fast. Five hundred million dollars annual fire loss, 17,000 lives, and the mortal dread of fire that's in everybody are reasons why we must get men in our open territory to take orders and supervise installations of Fyr-Fyters. Selling Fyr-Fyters is comparatively easy, so powerful and convincing is the story of fire losses. Previous selling experience although desirable is unnecessary. Without charge we train our men to become high-powered salesmen in a short time, and they also become real fire-prevention experts. Earnings start immediately, no investment in stock or territorial rights asked.

Big Earnings Possible

Payne averaged $20.77 a day for 217 days; Graham and Mendenhall each averaged $100 a week working only part time; Depries made $500 one week; Hill sold 1400 Fyr-Fyters in one sale. In our records are many other instances of earnings of $50 to $60 a day and incomes of $3600 to $7200 a year by Fyr-Fyter men.

An Amazing Story for You to Tell

Read your daily paper, listen to the fire alarms, ask your local fire chief, notice the inflammable material everywhere and judge for yourself the need of Fyr-Fyters and why we are able to make this offer. Let us tell you the sensational story which sells Fyr-Fyters so rapidly and puts men in the high-earning class so quickly.

Fyr-Fyters have the approval of the (Fire) Underwriters Laboratories, are used by Standard Oil, Ford Motor Co., International Harvester and many other of the largest concerns in the world.

Factories, stores, garages, auto owners, warehouses, schools, hospitals, farmers, private homes and other places use thousands of Fyr-Fyters. Thousands more await their installation. The market is vast, unlimited, and your earnings as a Fyr-Fyter Representative are only limited by your ambition and desire to work.

This Opportunity Is for You

Among Fyr-Fyter men are former clerks, mechanics and others who saw in Fyr-Fyter their real opportunity. Now we are ready to appoint 100 more. It is *your* opportunity, your chance for $5000 or more, easily and quickly from your first year's effort—$100 a week to start. Fill out the coupon below and mail immediately for full details of our offer.

This is the Fyr-Fyter, greatest of fire preventive appliances. Made by the Fyr-Fyter Co., 858 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

THIS COUPON GETS DETAILS

The Fyr-Fyter Co., 858 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

I would like to know more about a position on the Fyr-Fyter Sales Force. Kindly send details.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Mostly About Boys

Edited by Ben East

Boys, the editor has a fireside story that he wants to tell this month, if you will all sit down here around the fire, and listen for a few minutes. It's about a trip I made back in July, to a small island in Saginaw Bay, a part of Lake Huron, to band birds. You have probably heard of bird banding, and of how the birds are tagged with a numbered band, so we may find where they go on the long autumn flights, what air roads they follow, and where they nest year after year.

This island harbors, during the months of early summer, probably the largest colony of tern found nesting anywhere in this country. There were more than 5000 tern, or as they are sometimes called, sea swallows, flying about over the island while we were there. The sandy ground above the beach was dotted with nests, and baby terns were hidden everywhere under grass and weeds. The nests are only a little heap of dead rushes on the sand, and the eggs are dull blue, splotched with brown or black. The young birds are a soft gray, turning white as they become full grown.

We caught and banded 1434 of them, with the aluminum bands of the Biological Survey at Washington. Each band is numbered and a careful record is kept of the numbers. If any of the bands are found and returned we shall know just where the tern from our little island go when snow and ice have covered their northern summer home.

You boys who live in states along our southern ocean beaches, keep watch this winter. If you see flocks of common tern wheeling over you some of the birds we banded that July day may be among them. If you chance to find a dead tern, or any other bird that wears a metal band on his leg, send the band to the United States Biological Survey at Washington, D. C. You will hear more of the history of the bird. Remember, though, you are Waltonians. Don't kill any birds in the hope of finding bands. One live bird is worth more than a thousand bands off dead ones.

I could talk to you all night about the young birds and the mothers and the nests, as we found them that day, but there are other fellows sitting around the fire here who have stories to tell.

So till November—Puccume, the Freezing Moon—comes, so long fellows.

Rerdell, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I see you have made room for a few girls around the camp fire, and I am in hopes that you have room for me—have you? My father takes the OUTDOOR AMERICA, and each month when it comes there is always a squabble to see who gets it first and, I most always win.

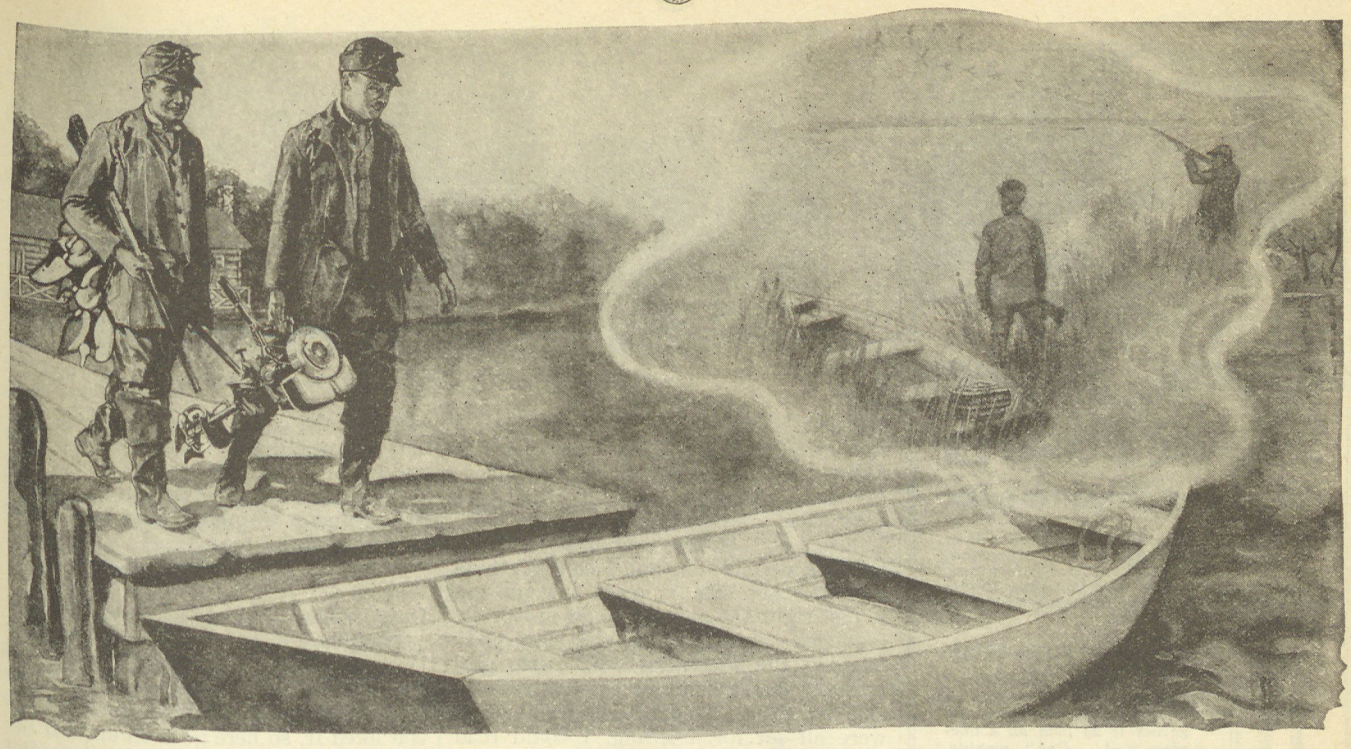
Of course I turn right to "Mostly about Boys," even if I am a girl. Two years ago we moved to Florida from Canada, and it is about Canada that I am going to write.

My father ran a trading post two hundred miles northwest of Fort William, Ont., right in the heart of the Canadian wilderness. There is very little farming done there as the country is all woods, rivers, lakes, and creeks and what land there is consists mostly of rocks, with a little patch here and there of clay, which, if the frost permits, will grow anything planted.

The fall that I was fourteen I persuaded daddy to let me use a few of his traps. I had to use a canoe to set them but on the sixth of November the lake I was trapping on froze over and I could tend them by going on the ice. In the early part of the fall I caught several mink and weasel and one fisher. My trail at one place ran over a little bald hill and one day when daddy was with me he said that it would be a good place to make a lynx set. So with white birch poles he made a trap house, about three feet high and two feet deep, directly over the entrance he fastened, outspread, the wings of a great barred owl. One morning a few days later when I was making my rounds I saw I had a lynx. He was

(Continued on page 44)

Our Advertisers help us—let us help them.



Your Johnson Motor Brings the Best Blinds Nearer Home

THE once far-away "best places to hunt" are right near home for the sportsman who packs his guns and decoys in a Johnson-Motored boat.

He knows that he can *depend* upon his Johnson to start easily and quickly in any weather—get him to his pet place in time for the best hours of the day—and bring him home again—comfortably and without effort.

A day of hunting is one long round of sport—without drudgery—for the man who goes in a Johnson-equipped boat.

* * *

Sportsmen's confidence in the absolute dependability of the Johnson Motor is the reason why more Johnsons were sold during 1924 than any other make.

The weight of the Johnson—complete and ready-to-run—is

Only 35 Pounds

The Johnson drives a rowboat from 7 to 9 miles per hour, a canoe from 9 to 12. It can be instantly attached to all types of boats and canoes without altering any of them.

Easy starting is made certain by the Johnson Super-Quick Action Magneto and Cord Starting Device.

A turn of the steering handle changes the direction of the power-push, giving instant control of the boat—forward or reverse—port or starboard.

These Outstanding Improvements are Making 1925 the Biggest Year in Johnson History

25-30% increase in power. Improved Super-Quick Action Magneto makes starting easier than ever.

Johnson Shock Absorber Drive (Patent applied for)—standard equipment—permits running over submerged obstructions without injury to motor or propeller. Despite these improvements and additions weight remains only 35 pounds.

Get into the boat and see for yourself. The Johnson dealer will be glad to give you a demonstration.

If you don't know the Johnson dealer, mail us the attached coupon and we will send you his name together with your copy of the 1925 Johnson catalog.

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912 Sample Street, South Bend, Ind.
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Canadian Distributor:
Peterborough Canoe Company, Peterborough, Ontario

Use your Johnson while you pay for it

Get details of our Deferred Payment Plan from your dealer—or direct from us.

Johnson
OUTBOARD MOTORS
GET INTO THE BOAT AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

Johnson Motor Co.
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South Bend, Ind.

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Kindly send me name of the nearest Johnson dealer, your free catalog and details of the Deferred Payment Plan.

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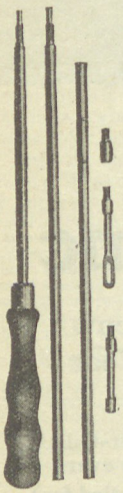
FOR EVERY HOUR IN THE OPEN

MARBLE'S
Cleaning Implements

Every good sportsman knows that a dirty gun will not shoot true; he also knows that seven out of ten guns rust out before they wear out. Marble's Gun Cleaning Implements, therefore, are his best assurance against disappointment.



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Rifle Cleaner

Thoroughly cleans without injuring the finest rifle. Removes all lead, rust, or powder residue. Made of brass gauze washers on a spirally-bent spring-tempered steel wire. Fits any standard rod, 50 cents. State caliber wanted.

Field Cleaner

Same as rifle cleaner, with cords attached to each end so it may be pulled through the bore of the rifle. Designed for field use. 75 cts. State caliber wanted.

Anti-Rust Ropes

When saturated with oil, prevent rusting or pitting—perfect protection for any gun. One oiling lasts a year. For shot guns or rifles, 60 cents; revolvers, 30 cents. State gauge or caliber wanted.

Nitro Solvent Oil

This wonderful oil keeps your outing equipment free from rust. Quickly dissolves residue of all powders. A perfect lubricant. 2-oz. bottle, 30 cents; 6-ounce can, 60 cents; mail 10 cents extra. Sample free.

The full Marble's line includes also Axes, Knives, Waterproof Matchboxes, Compasses, Gun Sights, etc. If your dealer can't supply you, write for catalog and prices.

Marble Arms & Mfg. Co.
5731 Delta Avenue, Gladstone, Michigan

Rifle Cleaner

Anti-Rust Rope

816

George Moreland and his Dad with the winter's catch.

crouched behind the trap house. I was afraid. With tufted ears laid flat and teeth bared in a snarl he crouched, his rump rocking from side to side. I took a little circle, and so did the lynx. I raised my .22 rifle and took, or tried to take, careful aim but I couldn't hold the little gun steady, when I would get it just right the animal would move. It crouched and snarled, its fore-body hugging the snow, its hind parts grotesquely raised, and rocking slightly from side to side. I could see its muscles were all set for a spring, I could read that much in the animal's eyes. And all the time I was trying to get aim. It stopped its movements for an instant, an instant before it sprang. With a snarl almost human it sprang, at the same time I jumped back pulling the trigger of the rifle. The trap chain and the bullet halted the lynx in its leap. My bullet had struck the animal in the shoulder. It only took me a moment to fire a shot into its brain.

Now, if you think this worthy of print and want me to, I will tell you of some of our alligator hunts here in Florida.

I hope this will win me a seat by the camp-fire, for I sure like the smell of smoke, especially if there is birch wood burning or good fat pine.

Thanks.

Very truly yours,
DOROTHY BAILEY.

One of the best letters yet, wasn't it, fellows? How many of us, including the editor, would like to be able to say that we had caught fisher and lynx in our traps? All of us, I guess! Dorothy's place by the camp fire is surely open for her, and we'll try to keep a pile of birch and pine right beside her seat. Of course, we want to hear about the alligator hunts, and more about that vast Canadian wilderness, too!

Carbon, Okla.

Dear Fellows:

Well here I am again, only you see I've moved since I wrote, to you, and it made me feel fine to see my letter in our corner and much finer to hear that you liked it, so here goes on another.

This is a very back-woodsy place; but so much the better. Hunting and fishing are fine here, I will tell you about a fishing trip of mine. You know when you are told not to do some thing and you do it any how it always turns out wrong.

Well last Monday I had instructions to go to school, and it was so nice and warm (too warm to study but just right to fish) and I just knew the fish would bite good, so when no one was looking I got my rod and reel and beat it for a little creek about a mile from home, and was catching the most little perch and small bass when all of a sudden a great big fellow popped right up out of the water about in the middle of the creek, and try as I would I could not cast that far (I'm just learning to fish with a rod) but there is a slide there fixed something like a shoot-the-chute. It went about ten feet out over the water. Well I got out on the very end and began to cast. The second cast I got a strike and the fifth one a bite, and what a bite! I am sure it was a whale, it jerked so hard, I let him have all the line and then reeled in some and finally he gave a great big lunge and off the slide I went, into about four feet of water, and for about five minutes my efforts were spent in trying to get out as the bank is very steep. Well I finally did but my whale was gone and also about fifteen feet of a perfectly good line, and my best fly. I guess it must of rubbed against a rock, and cut the line, but if any of you fellows catch a whale with a little red homemade fly in his mouth please ship him to me for I think I deserve him after getting such a drenching, and that's not the half of it yet. My Civic's teacher came walking along just as I was getting out, and he intends to report me, and say fellows he had a mysterious looking bundle under one arm, about the size of a rod taken down, and between you and me, I wouldn't be afraid to bet my whole outfit that he was going fishing too. Now would you?

Donald Loomer's pals on the trip up Mt. Lowe.

When writing to Advertisers give credit to our Magazine.

Well fellows I guess this is enough for this time, and I hope you like this as well as you did my last story, for they both are true, and that is what we are after some real live outdoor stories. Now, if any of you would write to me I would be only too glad to answer. Send all mail to Box 55, Carbon, Oklahoma.

So long fellows. Just me,

MIKE.

We did not intend to use two letters from one fellow, until every one had had a chance at the prizes, but Mike's letter is so good we couldn't help printing it. We hope you got off without staying after school, Mike, and we hope too, that if that teacher ever goes fishing he'll fall in the creek at least as deep as you did. We'll all be on the watchout for a fish with a homemade fly in his mouth, all right. Maybe he migrated after he got away from you!

New London, Ohio

Dear Fellow Waltonians:

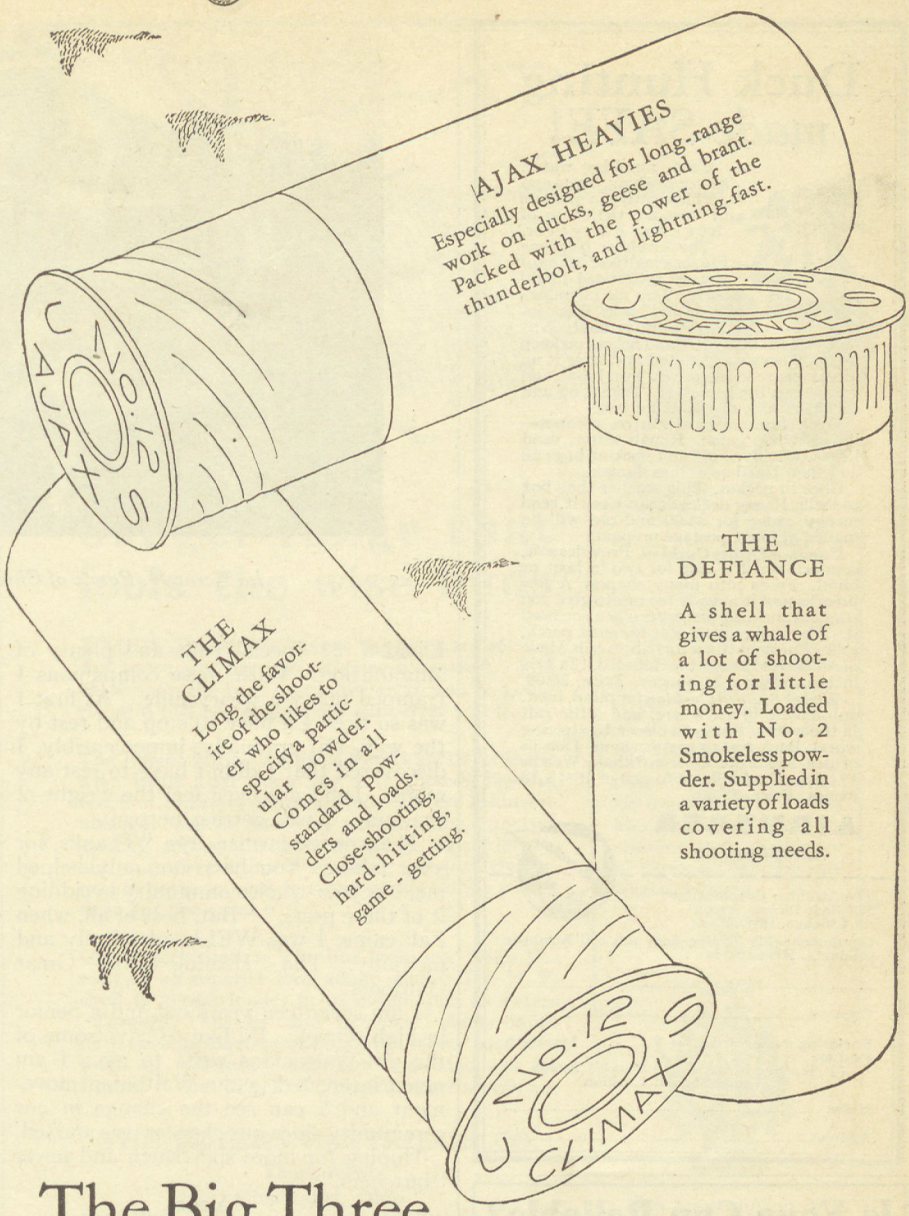
I am going to tell you of my hunting experiences if the Editor will allow me, for I'm only a girl. I haven't had much experience or much practice but I have had some fun.

Well, perhaps I had better begin at the beginning when the doctor sternly ordered "outdoors all the time" as a result of a general run-down condition following the "flu." I said "Outdoors is all right, but WHAT WILL I DO?" I certainly couldn't just sit in the shade of the old apple tree, enjoying the sunshine and moonshine all summer. My father suggested hunting or fishing. I didn't like fishing and I didn't know a thing about hunting. Anyway, girls didn't do such things, I thought. (I hadn't started to read OUTDOOR AMERICA at that time.) But hunting was obviously the only thing to do, so I said, "All right, I'll hunt, but I WILL NOT HUNT anything but pests that bother the farmer."

But what were the pests? Sparrows. All right. With my little 410 Winchester shot gun our farm soon became an unhealthy stopping place for sparrows.

What next could I conquer? One night a harassed farmer answered my question "Woodchucks," he complained. "All over the farm. Every year there are more. My horses step in the holes, my sheep get into the holes, and my tractor too." So I became a woodchuck hunter.

Donald Loomer on the trail up Mt. Lowe.


AJAX HEAVIES
Especially designed for long-range work on ducks, geese and brant. Packed with the power of the thunderbolt, and lightning-fast.
No. 12 U S AJAX
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THE CLIMAX
Long the favorite of the shooter who likes to specify a particular powder. Comes in all standard powders and loads. Close-shooting, hard-hitting, game-getting.
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A shell that gives a whale of a lot of shooting for little money. Loaded with No. 2 Smokeless powder. Supplied in a variety of loads covering all shooting needs.
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The Big Three

of the shot-shell world

In the eyes of shooters these three types of shot-shells stand supreme. The first is a powerful long-range shell for bringing down the high-fliers. The second is a high-grade, all-around shell that gives the shooter a choice of standard powders. The third is a quality shell at a low price. Each is the ultimate shot-shell in its particular class when it carries the US trademark — for more than half a century a guaranty of dependable ammunition. United States Cartridge Company, 111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

US Shot Shells

A LOAD FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND A SHELL FOR EVERY PURSE

Duck Hunting *made* SAFE!

Cold, numbing water, heavy clothing, boots and perhaps shells in pockets or vest are the cause of drownings every year.

The Airubber Neptune Float saves lives. Made of strong rubberized khaki cloth. Two air chambers front and back. Worn inflated under coat. Not bulky, looks like a vest and helps you keep warm. Also wear deflated and blow it up after you are in the water. Two blows and you have a life preserver. Take it off and you have soft, dry seats for two.

Duck hunters have narrow escapes—it's a man's game. Rough water, dead heads, wabbly skiffs and floating bogs all add their thrill as well as danger.

Goes in pocket, folds smaller than box of shells. If your dealer does not sell it, send money order for $4.00 and one will be mailed at once, postage prepaid.

Canoe or Utility Cushion. Provides soft, comfortable dry seat for two in boat or blind. Folds into many shapes. A few breaths and it's ready for use to give you comfort and a life preserver when you need it. Also makes good seat for auto, porch, toboggan or mattress for baby's crib. Made of rubberized khaki. Size inflated, 12 x 34½ inches. Weighs 34 ounces. Price, $5.00.

Wedge Shaped Cushion for blind, boat, automobile or anywhere, and a life raft in the water. Puts you closer to steering wheel. Back rest or seat cushion. Dozens of uses. Made of rubberized khaki. Weighs 18 ounces and inflates to size of 16½ x 18 inches. Price, $3.50.

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HOUND'S TOOTH GUN FLOSS

is free from grit and other injurious substances. It removes the fouling from the corners of the rifling where trouble usually starts.

Price 25 cents the package
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Krag Rifles.....$12.50 Krag Sporting Rifles $14.00
Sprgfld. 45 Shot Guns 4.50 Sprgfld. 45 Carbines 3.50
AND OTHER ARMS. SEND FOR CATALOG
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Our Northern hardy Giant Seed sold at a fraction over cost by ordering now. Duty free.

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POINTE DU BOIS, MANITOBA, CANADA
Agent—C. Sage, 14 Straub St., Rochester, N. Y.

La Verne H. Posvic of Chicago, and her dog "Fluffy."

I had a .22 Special Rifle and plenty of ammunition. With these companions I tramped many a weary mile. At first I was so tired I'd have to stop and rest by the way, but gradually, imperceptibly, I discovered that I didn't have to rest any more. I did not even feel the weight of the gun. I was getting better!

The worried farmer says, "Thanks, for your labor. You have not only helped me, but your whole community in ridding it of these pests." But, best of all, when Fall came, I was WELL, physically and mentally. The "Healing of the Great Outdoors!"

I am seventeen years old and a Senior in high school. I'd like to have some of the girl-Waltonians write to me. I am much interested in the Waltonian movement and I can see the change in our community since our chapter was started.

Hoping for more sportsmen and fewer "butchers."

Yours,
MARIAN WOOD.

The healing of the great Outdoors! That is a splendid thing, Marian.

1112 W. 54th St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Hello Fellows:—

I thought I would drop in for a while this evening, to hear some good stories, and maybe to tell one myself. Now my pals and I may not be such great hunters, fishermen or trappers, as some of you fellows, but we are sure lovers of the out of doors, and firm believers in conservation.

For the first of the two reasons we thought we would take a hike one day up and down Mt. Lowe. This mountain is a well known peak in the Sierra Madre range. Our idea was to get some pictures of the wild life there, as well as to have an outing.

We left our shack in my back yard at an early hour, to arrive early at the mountain, about thirty miles distant, but due to a mishap we missed a car, which caused a delay of about an hour. When we finally reached the mountain it was about 10:00 o'clock, so we started our ascent immediately. We found ourselves on a narrow winding path or trail which in due time would lead us to the summit but boylike we had suddenly become famous explorers. To follow a well defined trail went against our ideas concerning explorers, so we left the trail and struggled up the steep mountain side, over rocks, through brush and undergrowth, straining every muscle in our ascent. Finally our efforts were rewarded by finding ourselves at Echo Mountain, an elevation of about 3000 feet. We stopped there and ate a lunch, rested awhile, and pushed on.

We were now following an old trail which had become almost obliterated by a fire in years past. We had gone but a little way when I got a picture of a lizard. Then we stopped and I took a picture of my two pals. A little farther on, one of them took my picture. We then pushed toward the top, where we got a picture of a gray squirrel. It was getting late by then, so we decided to return.

While on our descent we got a picture of a tree standing out alone on a point, and we like to believe this is the tree after which the "Lone Tree Trail" is named. That was the name of the trail by which we were descending.

We arrived at the depot just in time to take the last car to the city. As I sat in the cushioned seat of the car I thought what a day I had just experienced out in God's great Outdoor America, where all is still save for Nature's music, and where air and waters are unpolluted. And I'm sure my pals thought the same.

Well good night fellows. Hope to see you all later. Adios.

Yours for a better America
Donald Loomer.

We are surely glad you dropped in for the evening, Don. We would like to tramp up that mountain with you some time, and especially we are glad that there is a camera hunter sitting beside our fire.

Imperial, Nebraska.

Dear Editor and Gang:—

I want to tell you one of my experiences of coyote hunting, last Christmas time. There were about eight inches of snow on

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

the ground, and dad and I went hunting on the horses. Dad rides a high spirited horse, but no more so than mine.

We were riding along about two miles from home, and all at once we saw three coyotes. We were on the west side of them and there were some steep hills on the east side, not more than a half mile away. It is hard to run horses in the hills, so we made a big circle around them so they would run to the open country. When we got around them Dad said that he would try to catch one, and I could try the other.

If I wanted to do anything it was to catch a coyote alone. I had helped dad lots of times. We started after them. It was not very cold, for the sun was shining, and as the chase started I broke into a sweat.

I came to a fence and I thought I was never going to get over it. All I had to do was to step on the wire and press it down. My horse would then jump over it. So I suppose it did not take very long, but it seemed like an hour. I got on my horse again and away I went as fast as he could run. I passed a man who was hunting rabbits in a wagon, and he took out one of the horses he was driving and joined the chase. There are many badger holes and you have to be careful that your horse does not fall down, but the man who joined me did not know about this, or he was too excited to watch, and down went his horse.

When I passed him I hollered to come on, but he said no, that he had had a plenty of coyote chasing for that day. I went on, and the coyote soon became so tired from running in deep snow, that it could not hurry. It went on about three or four miles, and I caught up with it. Then it started to run in a circle, but it soon layed down, and I rode up to it and put my coat over its head so it could not bite me. I could not shoot it for dad had the gun. He carries an automatic. I put the coyote on my horse and rode home happy. When I got home I took my rifle and killed it.

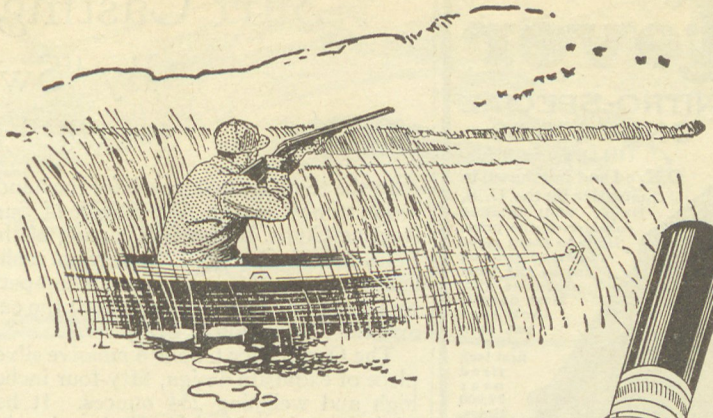
Dad came with the coyote he was chasing, after I did. These coyotes are the gamest animals I have ever seen. They do not even whine when they see they are bested. I sold the hide of mine, and got eight dollars for it. The photo is of the coyotes dad and I caught last winter. I was thirteen years old last June.

George Moreland.

One of the finest stories we have heard around the fire, George. Coyote hunting on horseback will be new sport to most of us. Come again this winter, and tell us of some of your catches.

* * * *

All Stories and Letters for the Boys' Department should be addressed to Ben East, 115 East Rankin Street, Flint, Mich.



Longer range that fools the wise birds

DUCK-HUNTERS know the birds are getting more gun-shy and wiser every season. You must have the best ammunition, if you're going to get a full bag on heavily shot-over water.

The longer killing-range of Peters shells fools the wise birds that hang out a few yards beyond reach of ordinary ammunition. Peters exclusive uniform loading method, perfect shot, superior quality felt wadding, steel head construction, and sure-fire, uniform ignition, produce the superior patterns and the long-range killing power that *get* the game.

Use Peters shells. The line includes "High Velocity"—a superior long range shell. The H. V. shell is a real leader in its class—just as Peters "Target," "Victor" and "Referee" shells dominate their respective classes. Whatever load you want or whatever cartridge is needed ask for Peters — *the World's Finest Ammunition.*

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.
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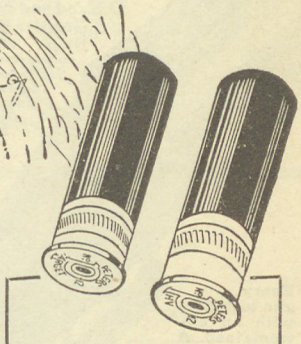

Peters "High Velocity"—long-range, hard-hitting. Loaded with progressive burning powder—12, 16 and 20 gauges. Has all Peters features; "steel-where-steel-belongs," rivet battery cup, etc.

Peters "Target"—superior for traps or field. Either bulk or dense powder in all standard loads. Embodies all Peters construction and loading features.

Insist on the red (P) brand.

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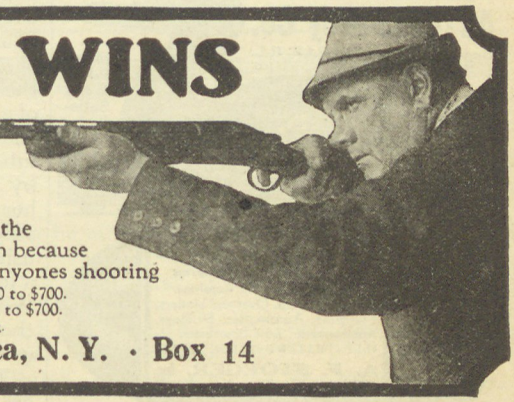

H. D. FREEMAN—Georgia's new amateur champion outshot the best shooters in the Sunny South because Ithaca lock speed will improve anyones shooting

Double Guns for game $37.50 to $700.
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Every gun tested with an extreme load. A standardized gun built only in .410, 26 in., 20-ga. 28 in., 16-ga. 28 in., 12-ga. 28 and 30 in. A Lefever won the world's championship at the Olympic games in London. Lefever has stood for service and durability for over 50 yrs. *Write for catalogue*

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KEEP your new gun new—your old one too—with Hoppe's. The one reliable cleaning preparation, recommended by Uncle Sam. Removes all primer and powder residue. Dissolves metal fouling and leading. Prevents rust. Send 10c stamp for sample.

Use Hoppe's Lubricating Oil for the working parts. Contains no acid or harmful thinner. Light, penetrating, never gums, yet pure and of highest viscosity.

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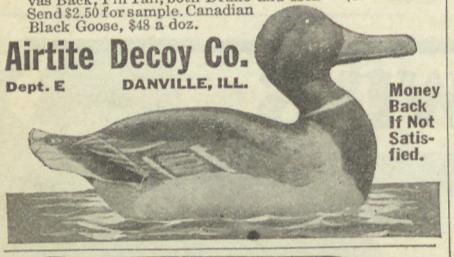
Airtite Decoy Co.

Dept. E DANVILLE, ILL.



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A. F. STOEGER, Inc.
224 East 42nd St., New York

Surf Casting Tournaments

By "Switch Reel"

(BOB CORSON)

In the tenth annual match for the handsome trophy of the Association of Surf Angling Clubs, the perfect casting of the Long Island Casting Club's team easily enabled them to outdistance all competitors and come in a winner of both the cup and the admiration of every rival.

The Ocean City Cup is a massive silver piece of exquisite design, fifty-four inches high and weighing 254 ounces. It has been won three times each by the Asbury Park Fishing Club, the Ocean City Fishing Club and the Anglers' Club of Ocean City, all of the surf fishing state of New Jersey, and for the first time in its history it now goes to New York state.

The match was held on the grounds of the Asbury Park Fishing and Gunning Club, last year's winner, on Saturday, August 8. The open field court was laid out on the sandy beach directly in front of the Club House and parallel with the board walk, which enabled the spectators, of which there were an unusually large number, to get a close and uninterrupted view of the race. The conditions were five casts each by teams of five men with the four ounce weight. Weather and wind conditions were ideal, a steadily increasing wind from the southeast aiding the contestants.

Six New Jersey teams participated in addition to the winner, all of the leading surf fishing clubs of the east being represented.

The Long Island team finished their first round with a total of 1934 ft. 11 in., leading the strong Anglers' Club of Ocean City by 46 feet with the Ocean City F. C. in third place. A broken line by Sahdala put the Asbury Park Club out of the race at once, leaving them in fifth place with the Anglers' Club of Absecon Island 179 feet ahead of them, the Wildwood Crest Club being in sixth place, and Belmar last, with a badly crippled team on which two veterans of the past, Dr. Carleton Simon and W. E. Sylvester, had been drafted at the post.

In the second round, Long Island, aided by the freshening breeze, added 48 feet to her lead over the Anglers' of Ocean City, while the always dangerous Ocean City team fell back with a broken line.

The third round witnessed a valiant effort on the part of the Anglers' of Ocean City to pull up on the smooth going Long Islanders, the spurt netting them a total of 2008 ft. 3 inches, one inch more than the leaders. In this round the Anglers' of Absecon suffered their first break, enabling the A. P. F. & G. C. to climb into fourth place. Meantime four breaks by the Belmar team, three of which heart-rending misfortunes fell to the veteran Sylvester—out of practice and using strange tackle, and two breaks and a few backlashes by the newcomers of the Wildwood Crest Club, were pestering those teams and making their fight one of getting out of last place.

The fourth round saw the Long Islanders make the highest total of the race,

Trophy now held by A. S. A. C.

2046 ft. 4 inches and they did it without changing their deadly gait in the least, the wind having freshened just a bit more. In this round both Clayton of Asbury Park and Vollum of Ocean City took a dislike to their leads and sent them a'glimmering. By this time, Fred Bishop, the President of the Long Island Casting Club, was having great difficulty in keeping his seat as one of the judges on the casting line, his shouts of approval to his men, as one cast after another went flying to the 400 foot mark, plainly indicating to the gallery that behind his stoical countenance his heart was beating with wild exultation as his team closed its grasp on the much coveted prize.

In the fifth round their only misfortune fell upon the Anglers' of Ocean City when they lost a lead. All was then over but the shouting and the leaders slowed down a trifle, dropping 54 feet below their total in the preceding round. Yet their average was within 19 inches of 400 feet, and when Casper's last lead dropped at 412 feet 9 inches, the shout that Old Fred emitted rode north on the wings of the wind and rattled the blades on the paddle wheels of every ship of the Iron Steamboat Co., over whose destinies he presides when not rooting for the Long Island Casting Club team.

The victory was one of the most pop-

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ular in the history of the Association of Surf Angling Clubs. It was notable in that the best team average of the past was beaten by over twelve feet which means by more than 300 feet in the total of 25 cast. As usual, the winner went through the grilling task of making twenty-five prodigious wallops without a break and without the semblance of a backlash.

Not a single member of the team showed the slightest disposition to go after individual honors. The restraining example of Berger, the captain, who could easily have averaged thirty-five or forty feet more, permeated the whole team and every cast was made for the club and not for the man.

The longest cast and the best individual average were made by Lentz, of the Anglers' Club of Ocean City, these being 448 feet 10 inches and 431 feet 8 inches respectively. Mr. Lentz has exceeded both these records in previous matches but rather than risk a broken line, he wisely worked to make every cast count for his team.

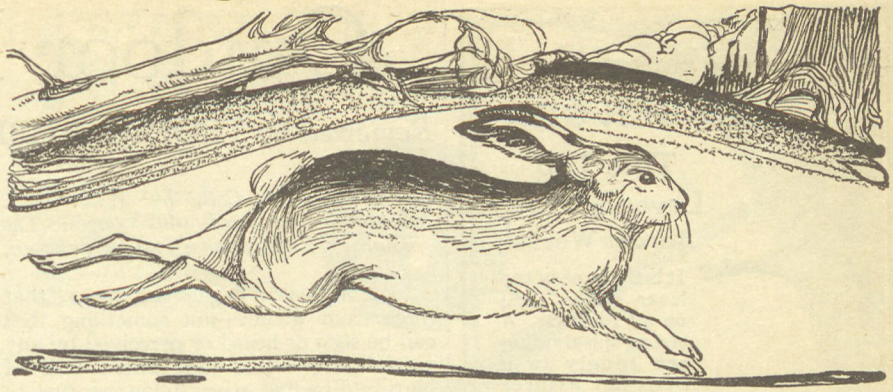
As one after another club suffered their breaks, the rooters turned their offices to the one team that was working to perfection. Thus, by the opening of the fifth round, the entire assembly, spectators and rivals alike, were boosting for the leaders to go through without a flaw and most beautifully did the team respond.

A better performance with the big stick has never been witnessed.

The lure of the surf cast was well evidenced in the case of Deputy Police Commissioner Simon, of New York, a World's Record Holder of bygone years, who left the duties of the Narcotic Squad of the Police Department of New York for a few brief hours to slip down the coast on the chance of filling in on the team of one of the many clubs of which he is a member. His chance came on the Belmar team where he made a creditable showing for one who has been out of the game for so long. He promises to get back into the harness another year.

The Asbury Park Fishing and Gunning Club acted as host on the gala occasion, placing the facilities of the club house at the disposal of the visiting clubs. A luncheon was served before the match and the sleeping facilities of the club filled to overflowing by midnight. About 1 A. M. the visitors were entertained with songs and monologues by Mr. Sahdala, of the A. P. F. & G. C., whose clear and lusty voice and nimble wit made a great hit and won the enconiums of his audience.

Surf Casting and Saltwater Angling will be a leading feature of Outdoor America



SOME shooters use one brand of shotgun shells—some another. It's a matter of preference. But a great majority of shooters agree on the powders they like to shoot, and those powders are du Pont.

Du Pont powders are dependable and pleasant to shoot because they are uniform in quality. And they give you greater velocity, better pattern and lower breech pressure. Ask for your favorite shells loaded with du Pont, the *dependable* powders.

Du Pont powders are loaded in all standard makes of shells. For heavy loads only—when you're hunting large ducks, geese, brant, turkey and grouse—ask for shells loaded with DU PONT OVAL, the new powder that is from 10% to 15% more effective than any other powder on the market. For medium and light loads shoot the old standbys, DU PONT (bulk) or BALLISTITE (dense). Your dealer will supply you.

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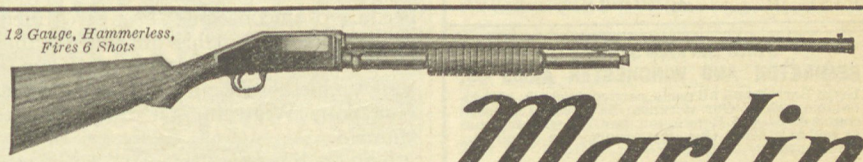

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One grand gun for geese, the bag-filler for all small game, world-beating trap gun—the famous Marlin 43-A.

Pattern and penetration to the limit of your shells. If you prefer the 20-gauge, the Marlin 44-A handles the new 2¾" super loads.

Buy your Marlin today—barrel length and bore to suit. Ask your Dealer.

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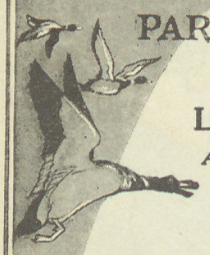
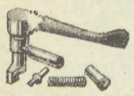
PARKER GUN

This Top Lever Spring *Always* Works



It is the type of top lever spring used on all Parkers. A strong spiral spring set snugly in a housing assures positive lever action always — an important point to consider in choosing a gun.



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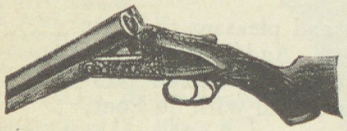
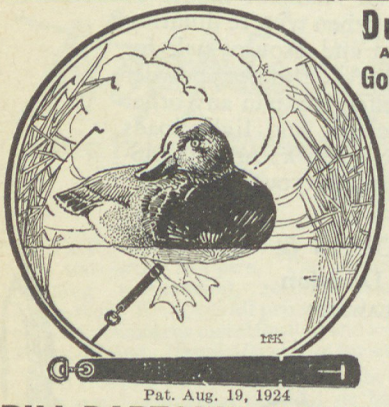




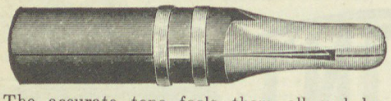
Duck AND Goose HUNTERS

Pat. Aug. 19, 1924

BILL DARTON'S Merrymeeting Bay Duck and Goose Strap

will hold your live decoys.
Made from special leather equipped, with rustless swivel and eyelet. Duck straps $3.75 per dozen; $2.00 half dozen.
Goose straps $5.70 per dozen; $3.25 half dozen.
Postage paid. Dealers ask for circulars and prices.
W. B. DARTON, 15 Clifton St., Portland, Me.

The Broadbill Duck Call



The accurate tone fools them all and has proven itself the real Call. Instructions with Call. Ask your Dealer; or $1.00 Postpaid.

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by THOMAS AMBROSE, 2nd Vice-Pres. I.W.L.A.

Nature's Silent Call, by Wilborn J. Deason, illustrated, 407 pages. The Bunting Publications, Inc., Waukegan, Illinois.

Doctor Deason defines *instinct* as "that force from within—not something that can be seen or heard or perceived by any special sense—but that Silent Call of Nature directing every living creature to do certain things at certain times. It is that force which informs certain animals to migrate or to hibernate. It sends the wild birds South and North. All animals in nature survive, mainly because they answer to these Silent Calls."

He tells us that Indians migrate or "hibernate" at certain times of the year; they must move their camp twice yearly —or oftener—in obedience to the Silent Call. That the white man, with his superior intellect, often loses or disregards these forces of instinct and in many cases suffers for it just as most lower animals would if they disregarded them.

That there comes a time in the yearly life of every normal man or woman, an urge to "get up and go." You may call it spring fever or the effect of Indian Summer, but twice yearly everyone has that strange feeling—that innate, intuitive, inherent force of all Nature calling to the inner man. It is the Silent Call that bids us migrate to some quiet place in the Great Out-of-Doors to seek rest and quiet.

I wish I might quote more of the Doctor's wholesome philosophy set down in this first chapter and in the succeeding one on Work and Play, but some space in the magazine must be allotted to our advertisers.

While you and I may hear the insistent Silent Call, and feel the breeze from the Silent Hand that beckons us away, our responsive faculties have become atrophied by long disuse and after a futile galvanic start we settle back again in the swivel chair of Old Routine.

Not so our Doctor. At the first faint call of the Wild, he phones his chum to meet him at the six o'clock train, hangs on his door a well-worn card with the legend, "Back in Three Months," and is off to Oregon, Montana or the woods country up behind Minnesota. It is good for the Doctor and possibly for his patients, who, thrown upon their own resources, get well in his absence, perhaps because of unconscious absent treatment.

The Doctor and his hunting partners have a permanent camp in Klamath Valley, northern California, and another, Namakan Wigwam, on Sunset Lake, Ontario.

The book is very "meaty," treating of hunting the mule deer in northern California and Wyoming, the "white tail" and the moose in Ontario. Following the Trap Line, Canoe Cruising, Winter Cruising with Tent and Pack, Camping for Nature Study in Yellowstone Park, Camera Hunting and Camp Cookery, with an apotheosis of the Old Dutch Oven.

There is not much of mere killing. One is given an incredulous shock by the story of six hunters killing six bull moose before noon of the first day's hunt, but the natural revulsion created by the recital of such wholesale slaughter is mitigated by the author's after-statement that in all his hunting experiences he has killed but a single moose.

What gives the book paramount value is the interesting lessons in nature study set down by a keen and intelligent observer. The chapter on the Game of Deer Hunting, leaves little to be said upon the subject.

That the author is a mighty hunter with the camera is evidenced by upward of one hundred "trophies" brought to bag to illustrate his book. Not the least effective of these is The Trail's End, regarding which the writer says: "If the reading of this book has stimulated someone to search for himself some unfrequented trail in the great out-of-doors, and by so doing gains added health and joy in living, the writer will be well repaid for the effort."

The volume is "Dedicated to the Izaak Walton League of America in appreciation of its most excellent work in conservation."

Fleetfin, an Idyll of a Little River, by Clarke Venable, with a prefatory note by Henry van Dyke, 66 pages. The Reilly & Lee Company, Chicago. Price, $1.25.

Doctor van Dyke, in giving his "reasons for not writing an Introduction to this Book," says: "This entertaining and delightful little story needs no introduction" and at the foot of the second page of "reasons" expresses the hope "that this little book will make its way in a friendly circle of readers without any introduction, but simply on its own merits."

Fleetfin is a small-mouth bass and Clarke Venable, Waltonian, is simply his biographer. He accompanies Fleetfin from baby minnowhood and all the dangers that beset the young and inexperienced through adolescence to the full maturity of a fighting Big Bronze-Backer.

Fleetfin takes his biographer fully into his confidence and we learn his thoughts, feelings, fears and aspirations as he makes his way from season to season through the mysteries of his strange watery world. The Waltonian who reads this charming little idyll of the waterside will be apt, in his fishing, to regard the sport from the standpoint of the bass as well as from the standpoint of the angler, and play the game as a gentleman should.

Fleetfin has been given a place in the "limited" corner of my library alongside of other little angling classics, Fishing Jimmy and Bliss Perry's Fishing with a Worm.

There are charming little drawings topping each chapter and the publisher has given appropriate setting to the story in paper, print and binding of the best.

Don't be afraid to tell our advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

A Guide to the Trees, by Carlton C. Curtis, Ph. D., illustrated, 208 pages. Greenburg, Inc., publisher, New York.

Dr. Curtis is Professor of Botany at Columbia University, is a recognized authority and has prepared this handy little pocket guide to the trees, for the Camper, the Boy Scout, the Botanist and the average man interested in trees.

While scientifically accurate, simplicity is the keynote of a description of every variety of tree in the area from Tennessee west to Kansas and thence north to the Arctic Circle.

Stimulated by President Coolidge the American people at last are coming to realize that something must be done to save what is left of our forests, and means taken to reforest the denuded areas.

Dr. Curtis warns that when the forests go the fertility of the soil goes with them. "The trees are the great conservers of water. The soft earth with its carpet of leaves permits the rains to settle down slowly into the ground, and this water supplies the brooks and rivers. With the removal of the trees the ground becomes hard; the rains do not penetrate the soil, but run off quickly over the surface of adjacent fields. This results in carrying away the top soil of these fields and making them unfertile; it also causes the springs and brooks gradually to dry up, which means a loss to all the surrounding country."

"Of the eight hundred million acres of forest once clothing the land, but one hundred and thirty million remain. Half of this is on the Pacific coast and this remnant is being leveled by saw and ax so fast that a few years will see the end."

It is said that a single issue of a Sunday paper involves the destruction of fifty-four acres of timber! A tree that takes a hundred years to grow, gives its life that you may have a colored Sunday supplement. "To what base uses are we come, Horatio!" Nature sacrificing her beautiful trees upon the altar of culture and of *Art*. God save the mark!

Every tree is a living thing with a personality of its own, which you may come to know by developing the faculty of observation through the use of A Guide to the Trees.

Raising Fur-Bearing Animals, by Hardison Patton, 466 pages, illustrated, published by the author, Chicago. Price, $6.00.

A practical manual written from the author's personal experiences and research work of thirty years, practically covering the North American Continent.

Every species of American fur-bearing animals seems to be included with directions for locating fur ranches, and the breeding, feeding and general care of its inmates.

There are many illustrations from hand drawings.

A book that would seem to be of real value to any one engaged in, or about to engage in, the business of raising fur.

Books for Review should be sent to
Thomas Ambrose,
330 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.

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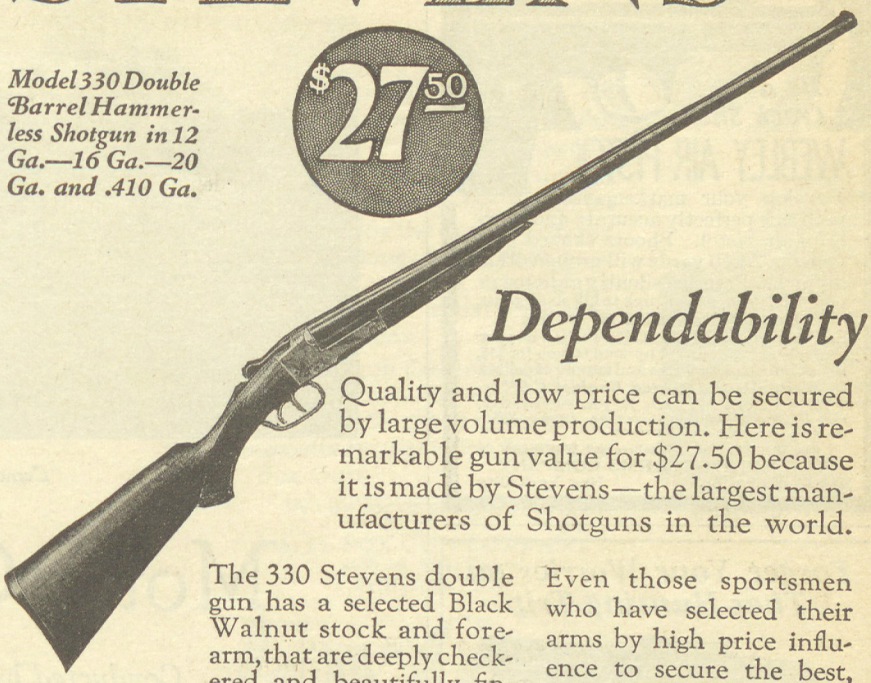
Model 330 Double Barrel Hammerless Shotgun in 12 Ga.—16 Ga.—20 Ga. and .410 Ga.

$27.50



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The 330 Stevens double gun has a selected Black Walnut stock and forearm, that are deeply checkered and beautifully finished; barrels and breech mechanism are perfectly fitted. It will give the same service in safe, accurate shooting qualities as any Shotgun regardless of price.

Even those sportsmen who have selected their arms by high price influence to secure the best, and whose prejudices are hardest to overcome, are today buying Stevens firearms because of their fine finish, reliability and moderate prices.

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Remove the Pits from Your Shotgun
Pit Remover acts as a cold flux; fills and hardens in the pits, making a bright and lasting finish. Easily applied with regular cleaning tools. Amount sufficient for 5 barrels, sent postpaid for $1.
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NEW METHOD
GUN BLUER
Makes old guns like new
Easily applied with a brush. No heating is necessary. Restore the finish on 5 guns in ten minutes for..... $1.00
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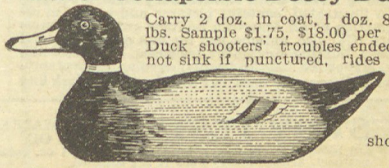
Rubber Collapsible Decoy Ducks



Carry 2 doz. in coat, 1 doz. 8 to 12 lbs. Sample $1.75, $18.00 per dozen. Duck shooters' troubles ended; will not sink if punctured, rides water like a real duck, ready forfall shooting.
W. C. HUGGINS, 1520 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

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Develop your marksmanship with this perfectly accurate and powerful air pistol. Shoots skirted lead pellets. At 10 yards will group within an inch. Practice silently at home or outdoors. Powerful enough to kill small game.

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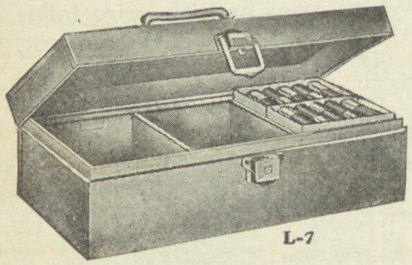
Forget Your Worries on That Hunting Trip



L-7

Pack 150 shells in a **Hobart Case** and know they'll be dry and instantly ready when needed.

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Established 1751

Double Barrel Guns
Over and Under Guns
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Fine Hunting Rifles
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The world's standard of quality the past one and three-quarter centuries

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THE MILFORD COMPANY
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$12.50

U. S. Army Model 1917 Rifle

Cal. 30, five shot. Barrel 25 1-4 in., total length 46 in., weight 9 1-2 lbs. Barrel and stock new. Sight mounted over receiver. This type used by A. E. F. **Price, $12.50.** Ball cartridges $3.50 per 100. **New Catalog 1925, 60th Anniversary** issue, 372 pages, fully illustrated, contains pictures and historical information of all American military guns and pistols since 1775, also antique and modern army guns and pistols, hunting equipment, uniforms, saddles, tents, etc. Mailed 50c stamps. Special circular for 2c stamp.
Francis Bannerman Sons, 501 Broadway, New York City

"BEST BY TEST" ZIMMERMAN'S "4-Z" Oil
For Gun and REEL. Every drop a lubricant. Four 3½ oz. cans postpaid, $1.00. Money back if not satisfied.
F. M. Zimmerman, O. 4403 Milgate St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Photo by Clyde C. Posvic.

"Come and get it."

Motor Camping

Conducted by HOMER BOW

The highways of our nation are fast becoming the greatest attraction for vacationists. Statistics show that more people took to the road this year than ever before. The west with its mountain scenery has highways through it that attract a great many. The lower mountains of the east are penetrated by wonderful roads.

There is, however, a highway known as Michigan 10, that extends from the border just above Toledo, up through Michigan to the straits. For the camper that comes from the middle west and has not a long time to spend on the trip it seems that M-10 offers about the best thing in road bed and scenery that is to be had.

At the present time there is a detour from Detroit to Pontiac because of the improvements being made out of Detroit on Woodward avenue. It is all good hard surfaced and semi-hard surfaced roads and leads through as beautiful a country as the state of Michigan boasts. The region around Pontiac is spotted with small lakes and the hills are all forested with hard wood.

From Flint the highway takes on a different aspect. The concrete stretches become fewer and the gravel that has made Michigan highways famous becomes more general. The scenery for some miles, unless it is new to the tourist, will become tiresome as it is for the great part cut over.

The highway hugs the Huron shore of Michigan and from time to time the lake appears.

Many side trips of a highly interesting character can be taken and the country falls just a little short of being a fisherman's paradise. Hubbard lake is perhaps the largest of the inland lakes that are near M-10. It can be reached by covering six miles of good gravel road after leaving the main route just west of Spruce.

Hubbard is shaped nearly like a horseshoe with the broader parts about 10 miles from shore to shore. It abounds in muskies, pike, bass, and pan fish of practically all kinds. Herring and whitefish are also within its waters and are speared commercially in the fall.

It is stated that the distance from the west shore of the lake to the railroad is better than forty miles and not a line of fence breaks the country. Deer, bear and smaller game seem to be plentiful. There are excellent camping spots on the lake and the timber on a great part of the shore line has not been cut over. The east bay side of the lake offers perhaps the best locations for the camper. There are a few boats to be had.

While this country does not rank with the great open spaces of some parts of America it seems to surpass anything that lies just outside of the back door of such cities as Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit.

Buying a tent to the first time motor camper makes him recall the old days when he came in from the farm and went into the drug store to purchase an ice cream soda. He was confronted by an array of bright handles, faucets, pumps and so on that confused him entirely. He informed the clerk that he wanted a soda, the clerk asked the flavor desired and then a glance at that confusing conglomeration back of the counter usually resulted in his saying, "Don't care."

It's not a "Don't care" proposition with a tent. The many kinds and varieties made today all serve their purpose and are built for special conditions. The first thing to consider is the kind of a trip to be taken. How long will the stops be? Will the camp be permanent or semi-permanent? Will I need my car while the tent is pitched? How many will be on the

(Continued on page 59)

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

Duck Fever Rampant

(Continued from page 7)

This was a small flock but they were flying low. I drew a bead on a big drake and let go both barrels. He sailed serenely on until Danny cracked down on him and he took the water.

I raved. Somebody was trying to be funny. I took out a shell and looked it over. It was heavy enough and marked "Number Six." Certainly that was a good duck load. No, it must be that I was just off my aim. But still I felt something else was wrong. I decided to try out a shell.

An old can lay in the bottom of the boat. I picked it up and handed it to Danny.

"Toss her up, boy—let's see if I'm as rotten as it seems."

Up and out went the can. I let go and the shot ripped into the tin.

Utterly crestfallen I sat down. Not an alibi left. I should never have tried that can experiment. For several minutes I sat there utterly dejected.

A slow grin spread over Danny's features.

"I guess you've had enough ol' son," he said grinning. "Here, give me one of those shells."

With his knife he dug out the first wads and some little round pellets rolled out into the palm of his hand. They were nice little round shots—NUMBER NINE SOFT.

I looked at Dan. I could have killed him—but he grinned and stuck out his hand. I took it and grinned with him.

With some new shells, I got the next two that came over and before the sun began to get hot I dropped eight.

A messenger with a telegram was waiting when I returned to the shack. I had to go home but the day was worth it.

I forgave the estimable Mr. Martin for his duplicity and while riding back to the village in his flivver, solemnly promised to return within two weeks for a real go at the feathered comrades.

And listen, Brother—that two weeks is up tomorrow!

"Every Member Get a Member"

HAVE YOU GOT YOURS?

The *right* gun for *any* shooting

FOX makes the proper gun for every kind of shooting—each especially designed for the work it must do.

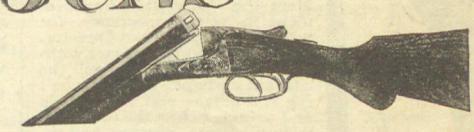
Guns for brush shooting—for upland game—for wildfowl—including the Super-Fox, the original long-range duck gun. And, of course, trap guns built to the most exacting specifications.

Get a gun designed for *your* kind of shooting—Fox has it. And you'll get a lifetime of shooting satisfaction from any Fox Gun.

Write for catalog and prices.

A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY
4659 N. 18th Street
PHILADELPHIA

FOX GUNS



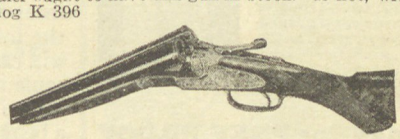
They're Hovering Over The Marshes Now

You'll have time to meet the challenging whirr of wary birds, and to get in a killing charge if you shoot the new

L. C. Smith Long Range Gun

It is chambered for the modern high-power 3-inch shell, is specially bored to a longer, tapering choke, is effective **always** at nearly double the usual shotgun range, and makes **clean kills consistently at 80 yards.**

Your dealer ought to have this gun in stock. If not, write direct for catalog K 396



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Export Office: 50 Church St., New York City

The Hawkins Recoil Pad

IMPROVED

Pat'd 1919-1925.

Regardless of how well you shoot, you will improve your score if you attach a Hawkins Recoil Pad, the pad that has proved its superior merits the world over. The truss formation between the two walls forces the gun to move straight back and not up or down when pressure is brought upon it. This is the reason the Hawkins Pad never bruises the cheek or irritates the shoulder. Sent postpaid for **$3.25.** Ask your dealer to show you the Hawkins Recoil Pad.

THE CUSHION PAD CORPORATION
F. D. HAWKINS, Mgr. P. O. Box 81, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.

Aim Quick and Sure

Send 10c. for this book on rifle sights and sighting. Tells how Lyman Principle of Rear Aperture Sighting will improve your shooting. Also helps you to select the sights best suited to your special work or personal preference.

LYMAN GUN SIGHT CORPORATION
120 West Street, Middlefield, Conn.

No. 2A $5

LYMAN SIGHTS

Better Your Aim

The more results our advertising brings, the more advertising we will carry.

Waistline Too Big?

It doesn't need to be!

No longer is there any need of carrying a burden of excess fat around the waistline. Director corrects this condition instantly. The moment you slip on a Director the waistline is reduced 2 to 4 inches. Continued wearing makes this reduction *permanent*. All this without drugs—without dieting—without exercise—without the slightest effort or discomfort or inconvenience on your part.

No need of carrying excess fat like this

Note This Change

Note the remarkable improvement in your appearance, the moment you put on a Director. Clothes fit and look better without a heavy waistline to pull the coat out of shape. Trousers won't sag and bulge—vest won't creep and wrinkle. Note the delightful feeling of ease, comfort and renewed strength when the overworked abdominal muscles are properly supported.

Melts Excess Fat Away

But best of all, Director gives more than temporary relief. *It actually dissolves excess fat away*. With every movement of the body, Director applies a firm but gentle pressure to the abdomen. This continued kneading motion acts exactly as a massage in dissolving and scattering fatty deposits. Thus the continued wearing of Director permanently corrects over-development.

No Laces, Hooks or Buttons

Director is woven from the finest mercerized web elastic—*all in one piece*. There are no buckles, straps, laces, hooks or buttons to bother with. Since each Director is *made to measure*, no adjustments are necessary except as the waistline grows smaller. It slips on easily and is delightfully comfortable, as thousands of business and professional men testify.

Waistline is inches thinner with Director

Write Today for FREE PROOF

Write today for a Director and see for yourself how effective it is as a flesh reducer. The price—made to measure—is only $6.50. Each garment is guaranteed to be satisfactory or your money will be refunded promptly and the trial won't cost you a penny. Be sure and give height, weight and waist measure when ordering. The coupon is for your convenience. Tear it out and mail today.

Landon & Warner, Dept. 90, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

LANDON & WARNER
225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Dept. 90

Send me a Director under your money-back guarantee. My weight is ..... my height is .....
my waist measure is.....

☐ $6.50 enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

MERCHANT TAILORS Write for special proposition. Here is an opportunity for profit while correcting figures hard to fit. No obligation in getting the facts. Write today.

Fish Culture

Continued from page 37

Among other necessities a new hatchery building, mess hall, and shop should be provided to care for increased activities. An investigation has shown that a water supply sufficient to handle the prospective increased egg collections is not available at the present site, but a sufficient supply capable of operating a hatchery with a capacity of thirty-five to forty millions can be had by tapping Soldier Creek at its source. An auxiliary hatchery should be located on Clear Creek, where there is an abundance of water throughout the entire season.

In planning the new hatchery sufficient space should be allowed for the establishment of an aquarium large enough to exhibit all the various species of fish found in the waters of the Park. The small aquarium maintained in the present hatchery at the Lake has aroused the interest of many of the "Dudes" and "Sagebrushers". There is also a school of approximately 2000 adult native trout around the hatchery dock which has proved a great attraction to tourists, who can hardly realize the possibility of domesticating wild trout within a few weeks so that they will take food from the hand.

Certain advantages not relevant to actual fish-cultural requirements are often taken into consideration in the selection of field stations. For instance, the recently established field station on Peale Island was located there on account of a scarcity of mosquitoes and because the same is immune from the raids of the numerous bears which lurk around most of the camps to obtain the refuse thrown out. Awaking in a tent in the middle of the night to discover bears prowling around the vicinity is not conducive to quiet nerves or peaceful sleep.

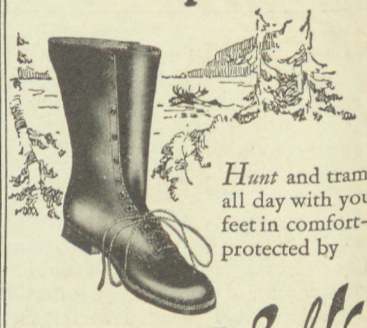
There have been some amusing incidents in connection with "narrow escapes" from these robbers, among them the following: A young man whom we will call John was sent to the hotel to get some meat for the fisheries camp. On his return trip not far from the hotel he met a bear which chased him back to the hotel and around and around the porch pillars. While the bear was running him a close second a young lady "Dude" requested John to keep still so that she could take a picture of the scene. His reply, which was exceedingly short and to the point, is left to the reader's imagination.

Another young man who had been calling on a lady at the Lake Camp took a shortcut back of the hotel to the hatchery. As he was going along whistling and swinging his arms his hand closed over the snout of a big black bear. The boys all say that his record from that point could not have been clocked by a stopwatch as the half mile was done in nothing flat.

Yellowstone is only beginning to come into its own and the prophecy is made that within the next five years it will be the most widely known tourist objective

Hunting Boots

—sturdy and long wearing, yet soft and pliant



Hunt and tramp all day with your feet in comfort—protected by

Witch Elk
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
FAMOUS HUNTING BOOTS

Both men's and women's, in a wide variety of styles, lasts and heights. Bellows tongue, oak soles, low, broad heels.

This most comfortable boot can be had at your dealers, or write direct to factory for complete details.

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Stephens of Denver sells the best Fur Stretchers and supplies direct to you at **Rock Bottom Prices**; saves you **3** to **14** days' time and **Big Money** on transportation. **DENVER** is the closest and best fur market for all Western Trappers. Write for Big Catalogue, Fur Price List, Market Report, Shipping Tags—all FREE. Mail Coupon **Today.**

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Send me Big Fur Book, Trap Catalog, Fur Price List, Market Reports, Shipping Tags -- **all FREE.**

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Town

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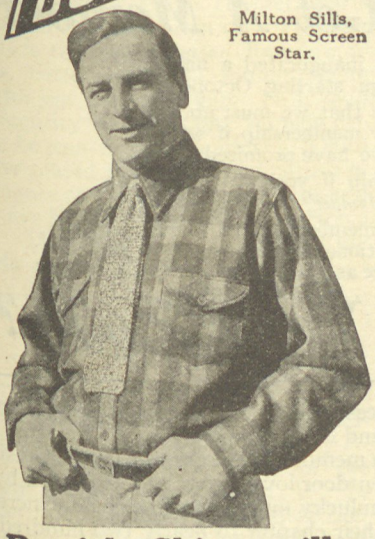
Patrick
DULUTH



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Real comfort, excellent fit and good looks are happily combined in Patrick Shirts.

Handsomely tailored from choice Flannels and genuine Broadcloths in checks, plaids and fancy novelties.

Made Coat-style with "set-in" sleeves and full forearms, sateen-faced collar, two ample size pockets with button flaps. Knit-bottoms also.

Shirts you'd like to own.

Send for Shirt Booklet in color and name of nearest dealer. Address Desk O-31.

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Patrick Lake Superior — Excellent Quality

GENUINE AND ORIGINAL Patrick PURE WOOL PRODUCTS — Superlative Quality

OTHER PATRICK PRODUCTS:
Overcoats and Topcoats
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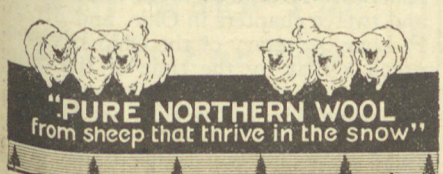
Makers of both Cloth and Garment



"PURE NORTHERN WOOL from sheep that thrive in the snow"

in the northern hemisphere, and will afford the best fishing in the country. The management of this Park is such that every visitor feels at home as soon as he enters it. This is due in great measure to the courtesy universally extended by Park Superintendent H. M. Albright and his assistants, Chief Ranger Sam T. Woodring and District Rangers Harry Trischman and Joseph T. Douglas, the latter being known to his many friends as "Doug". The most harmonious relations exist between the National Park Service and the Bureau of Fisheries, and both are working in close cooperation to the end that the National Parks may be made the most attractive resorts in the United States.

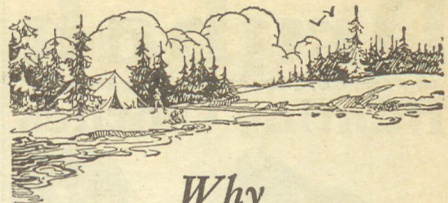
Squaw Lake, a small body of water adjacent to the Cody Road at a point about five miles from the Lake Ranger station furnished some excellent fishing the past season. Fine catches were made here by two of the Bureau's men, who secured in two hours angling nine native trout aggregating twenty-seven pounds in weight. A five and one-half pound brook trout was caught in Lewis Lake in 1924 by Ranger Earl Bowman, and during the previous year a lake trout twenty-six and one-half pounds in weight was caught in this lake.

No story of the Park would be complete without a real fish yarn, and while the captures mentioned below were made in waters beyond the Park boundaries, it is believed, nevertheless, that the information will prove of general interest:

It was recently reported that a twenty-four and one-half pound rainbow trout had been taken in Cliff Lake, in the Madison Valley, Montana, not far from the Park. A Loch Leven trout weighing twenty-three and one-half pounds was said to be taken from the Yellowstone River near Livingston, Montana, and the writer witnessed the taking of a fourteen and one-half pound rainbow trout from Madison Lake, near McAllister, Montana. In the spring of 1924 a female rainbow twelve pounds in weight was spawned at the Meadow Creek substation, yielding over 5000 eggs.

"Every Member Get a Member"

HAVE YOU DONE YOUR BIT?



Why Russell Moccasins are "Easy on the Feet"

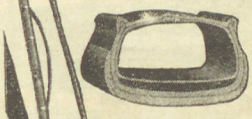
BECAUSE they're *genuine* moccasins—following faithfully the true moccasin principle of construction, Russell Moccasin Boots and Shoes are "broken in" when you get them.

And to these basic principles of correct moccasin design, Russell's years of specialized experience have added long-wear features that have made this famous footwear favorite of the outdoor man and woman for a generation.

These features enabled R. B. Slatter of Brea, California, to *trek* 1,800 miles across the wild, trackless reaches of British Columbia in 153 consecutive days, wearing Russell's "Ike Waltons"—*the only item of his original equipment that lasted through the trip!*

THE W. C. RUSSELL MOCCASIN CO.
924 Capron Street Berlin, Wisconsin

Russell's "Ike Walton"



Ask your dealer to show you Russell Moccasin Footwear, or write for catalog.

The W. C. Russell Moccasin Co.
924 Capron St., Berlin, Wis.

Send me catalog of Russell Moccasin Footwear and other literature, with name of dealer nearest me.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ R.F.D.No._____

Drybak

"Dry Back or Money Back" Guaranteed

Hunting Clothes

Your Guarantee on every button on your coat

Will You Get Wet?

A NEW coat or your money back if rain wets you. You get our written guarantee with your Drybak Hunting Coat. Yet not an inch of rubber or oilskin in the coat.

No other hunting coat is sold with such a guarantee. Ask your Dealer.

Drybak Fabric, wonderful though it is, is matched by Drybak tailoring. You get fit, appearance, comfort, no danger of rip or tear. See our No. 87 Coat, shown above.

Drybak Laced Breeches and Long Pants have oversize reinforcement front and back of rubberized duck —original and exclusive.

Write Today for New 1925 Catalog and Prices

LEWIS M. WEED CO., Inc.

93 Worth St. New York City

Makers of the famous Drybak Hunting Clothes since 1902

GUNS

Ammunition, Hunter's Clothing, Dog Accessories

Write today for this Free Catalog—the largest stock of guns in the world. Our lines are more complete; our merchandise more dependable: our service unequalled, *our prices guaranteed lowest.* Catalog 67L.

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Send Catalog 67L immediately, please.

Name.....

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Wear Hand-Made Boots

We build your boots by hand to your exact measure, in the correct weight to suit your needs.

Send for Catalog

OUTING FOOTWEAR CO.

714 W. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.

17 ft. long, 3 ft. wide, weighs 40 lbs. Carries 800 lbs. Collapsible. *Write for information.*

THE KAYAK MFG. CO.

5556 Winthrop Avenue CHICAGO

The Waltonian Nook

Edited by CARL E. SIMON

National Executive Secretary

Every Member Get A Member

National Headquarters has inaugurated a nation-wide membership campaign starting October 1.

You, as a Waltonian know that we must not rest but keep on increasing our membership if we are to accomplish the things we have promised to do.

We can double our membership if you will adopt the slogan "*Every Member Get a Member*" for your very own.

Just think, if you and every member of this league get just one new member, our national membership will be doubled and we will be just twice as strong as we are today.

Will You Do Your Part?

Minnesota

Announcement comes from Fred H. Doellner, secretary of the Minnesota Division, that the State of Minnesota has been divided into districts which will be known as "council districts." Two representatives from each chapter, to be known as councillors, will be elected or appointed, according to the pleasure of the chapter. Their term will be for one year, subject to re-election. Matters of importance for the interest of conservation, improvements, education, law-enforcing and everything that goes to make up the needs and benefits of outdoors in their respective localities and in their districts as a whole are to be discussed at meetings of these councillors. The plan is to have a get-together quarterly in each of these districts, known as a district council, attended by at least one of these councillors from each chapter, to take up the affairs of the Izaak Walton League. These councils will be built into a permanent organization with one general chairman and several sub-chairmen. These sub-chairmen will be entrusted, together with their committees, with the district activities under the various headings assigned to them. The general chairman from each of these councils will automatically be a member of the board of directors of the state division. He will attend the meetings of the board armed with a complete knowledge and report of the needs, plans, activities of his district, and thus the differences and the different needs existing between extreme points of the state will be threshed out by men who will have heard this discussed in their various districts and thoroughly threshed out before being brought to the attention of the state directors.

Illinois

One of the most active of the chapters of the suburb Chicago chapters is the Calumet Chapter. Although a chapter less than six months old, it is well founded and is really doing things. Starting with a membership of thirteen, the enthusiastic outdoor lovers were not dismayed by the unlucky number and have now increased their chapter to nearly two hundred and fifty members. The things the chapter has accomplished and the projects now in mind have caused the people of this vicinity to feel that the Izaak Walton League is worth joining. They have formed a casting club, adopted a boy scout troop, and have also adopted the Kankakee River, which they are making an attempt to clean up and restock with fish. They have leased a tract of land on this river and will build a camp for the members on the grounds. An Outdoor Life Exposition was held by the members at the Palmer Park Assembly Hall, which was a success in every way. Local merchants displayed outdoor goods; members displayed their fish and game trophies and two local high school bands furnished music. A music school also entertained the spectators, and moving pictures were shown in the gymnasium during the entire celebration. A great deal of publicity was secured for the Calumet Chapter in this way, and many members were signed up. Any other chapters desiring to put on a similar program should get in touch with Theodore J. Jostes, 11325 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, who will be glad to explain plans and details for putting on such a program.

Ohio

Ohio has "stepped on the gas," and with the steady growth, averaging four new chapters each week, it is destined to fill the role of one of the leading states in the ranks of the Izaak Walton League of America. To date there are one hundred and twelve chapters in Ohio, and Mr. A. F. Long, secretary of the Ohio Division, predicts that by the time of the State Convention, to be held on December 7th, at Springfield, not less than one hundred and seventy chapters will be represented. Ohio sportsmen are realizing the great

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

need of a national organization and are rallying to the cause of conservation. The lead that Ohio has attained as one of the great conservation states is being maintained. The Napoleon (Ohio) Chapter comes forth with the report that they set out one thousand small trees along the banks of the Maumee River this spring, and expect to continue this every year. It certainly will mean something to "good old Ohio" when every chapter starts working on a similar program. The vast benefits in the way of better climatic conditions, better regulated rainfall, more cover for our song and game birds, and more security for our game animals can hardly be conceived. Sandusky (Ohio) Chapter placed three thousand catfish in the Wagner and Butler quarry ponds and thirty-five hundred in the Soldiers' Home pond. They are also beautifying the grounds around the ponds.

Missouri

Word has just been received at headquarters of the appointment of Harry A. Collins, St. Louis, as secretary of the Missouri Division, succeeding W. L. Gallaher. Mr. Collins is a wideawake, enthusiastic Waltonian, and will add materially to the personnel of the officers of the Missouri Division. Mr. Collins is planning activities for all Missouri chapters, and hopes to personally visit every chapter at some time. So that bass may be safeguarded during their spawning season, the companies of Missouri have agreed to suspend the floating of ties in Missouri streams between April 15th and June 1st.

State Convention Dates

Nebraska Division, Norfolk, Nebraska
September 14th

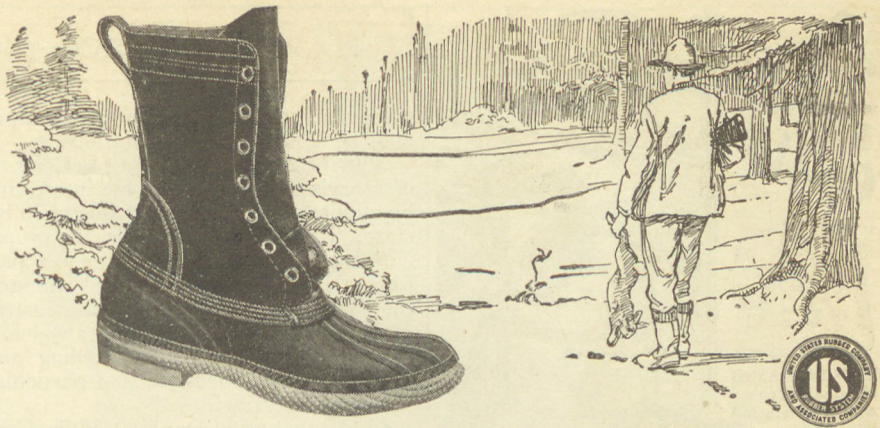
Pennsylvania Division, Williamsport, Pa.
September 28, 29th and 30th

Iowa Division, Boone, Iowa
October 9th and 10th

Wisconsin Division, Green Bay, Wis.
October 14th and 15th

"Every Member Get A Member"

Just One Is Your Quota. Surely You Will Make The Effort For Your Chapter



Trade Mark

For the long homeward hike—

YOU'VE had a good day, made a fine "bag", wandered miles from camp and its bacon and flap-jacks—and when the flaming October sun sets you've a long, hard tramp before you.

Then's when you want real foot comfort. Experienced outdoor men find such comfort in the "U. S." Barker Hunting Shoe, light, waterproof and close-fitting. Developed first for the Maine woods, the "U. S." Barker Hunting Shoe is now used everywhere by hunters, trappers, snowshoers and sportsmen.

Upper of the finest tan elkskin, soft and pliable, is securely stitched to a shoe of first quality rubber. The shoe is built over a sportsman's last to insure close-fit and comfort and to prevent heel chafing. The heavily corrugated rubber sole will not slip on rocks or in wet places.

If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from us. Specify size and height of upper. For no heel, deduct 15 cents from price.

Prices With Heel

10" top . . .	$6.40	14" top . . .	$7.90
12" top . . .	$7.00	16" top . . .	$8.65

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY,
284 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Send me post-paid one pair "U. S." Barker Hunting Shoes.

Size .....Top.....Heel*

Enclosed is $.....

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

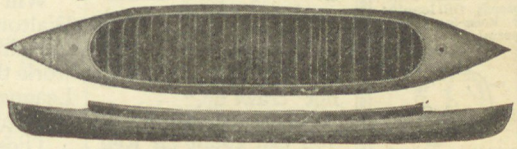
* Shoes will be sent with heel unless otherwise specified.

"U. S." BARKER HUNTING SHOE

WHEN they're flying high and the wind sweeps 'round the corners of your blind, you need a good, safe boat if you are going to retrieve every bird—a Dan Kidney Green Bay Hunting Boat.

Built of white cedar and oak; draws little water; flat bottom, 18 to 20 inches wide. Painted dead grass color. Made in four sizes. The standard for over 40 years.
Six cents in stamps will bring you the great Kidney Book of Boats.

The Famous Green Bay Hunting Boat



Built only by Dan Kidney & Son

DAN KIDNEY & SON - - - West De Pere, Wis.
Chicago—Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 So. Wabash Ave.

Look for the registered name "King" inside the boat.

The Thrill of Owning a "King"

The new, improved folding "King" is the true hunter's boat—carried anywhere, by auto, train or pack horse, quickly set up or dismantled. Easy to handle, safe, non-sinkable.

The new King is the most practical boat you can own. Built right, on 35 years' experience. Completely equipped, two 8-ft. air tubes, oars, carrying case. See your dealer or write us for illustrated folder.

KING FOLDING BOATS
KING FOLDING BOAT CO.
60th & Lowell Sts., Dept. G, Oakland, Cal.
(Formerly Kalamazoo, Mich.)

NATURAL FOODS FOR ATTRACTING WILD DUCKS

You can have a thousand wild ducks on your waters to every hundred that come there now by providing plenty of their favorite foods. Many kinds for all water conditions including

WILD RICE, WILD CELERY, SAGO PONDWEED SEEDS

which are guaranteed to grow and produce satisfactory results can be planted NOW. Large healthy seeds of a high germination at a lower price. Liberal discount on early orders. Write describing Waters and Conditions and receive free expert planting advice, Literature and Prices.

WISCONSIN'S AQUATIC NURSERIES, Box 331, OSHKOSH, WIS.

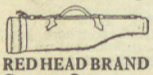
a "He-man's" Outfit

RED HEAD BRAND Hunting Coats
4-piece pattern full lined; two double shell, one breast, 1 match and three large game pockets the full width of the coat; corduroy collar and cuffs; and ventilated gussets under the arms. The coat you've been looking for.

RED HEAD BRAND Shell Vest
6-button pattern to fit up close to neck; 3 rows of shells to hold 60 shells. For real service.

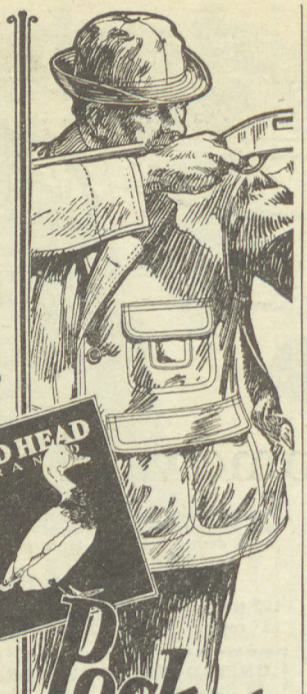
RED HEAD BRAND Hunting Pants
Cut-in side and rear pockets with reinforced edges; large, roomy; seat and leg-front outside reinforced; full length; or knee-lace with special knee tucks for comfort.

RED HEAD BRAND Caps and Hats
Round crown with rubber inter-lining; brim fits close at the side and back—can be turned down to prevent rain from running down neck; inside plush band turns down for additional ear and neck protection. Styles with full cape, red flannel interlining.



RED HEAD BRAND Gun Cases
A complete line of full-patterned, box-board interlined and expertly blocked Gun Cases; embody exclusive features such as the patented U-shaped partition insuring snug fit, reinforced seam and cap. Styles to fit any make gun; Oval Straight Style Gun or Rifle, English Mutton Leg and French Style.

for FREE descriptive folder of RED HEAD BRAND Hunting Equipment



Pockets full of Game

THEY won't hamper your shooting if you are wearing a Red Head Brand Hunting Coat. The special pattern is so cut that the weight of the game is properly distributed over the shoulders. No cramping the free use of your arms. The wide-flaring tailored coat does not "crawl up."

For practical comfort you can count on Red Head Brand Hunting Clothes. Take, for example, that unique "knee-tuck" in the knee-lace pants. None of the usual binding when you're kneeling. Large, roomy seat and legs, too. The right kind of pockets in the right places. You'll be proud to wear a Red Head Brand Outfit!

Also Red Head Brand Tents, Gun Covers, Holsters, Puttees, Belts, Duffle Bags—a complete line of leather and canvas hunters' and campers' equipment. Sold by best dealers everywhere

Write for name of nearest dealer

Alward - Anderson Southard Co.
923 W. Chicago Ave.
Chicago, U. S. A.

RED HEAD
CAMPERS BRAND HUNTERS
EQUIPMENT

Peace—*(Continued from page 11)*

particularly the Canadian publications and the Dominion's radio stations.

State Game Warden E. Lee LeCompte, of Maryland, then gave some interesting highlights on the muskrat industry in his state. He went into detail on the propagation of these rodents and made a plea for the enactment of a law that will stop the use of the "gig" a spearlike instrument used by the pelt gatherers which is driven into the muskrat dwelling and impales all the rodents of that particular family at one drive.

In the absence of David C. Mills, General Director of the fur industry, W. Adams, Commissioner of Massachusetts, read a paper telling of the necessity for conservation of furbearers, and of the willingness of the professional trapping element to cooperate.

The crow, that widely discussed creature, then came in for four papers, "The Crow in Relation to Crops and Game" by E. M. Kalmbach, U. S. Bureau of Biological Survey; "The Crow Problem," by P. A. Tavener, ornithologist, Canadian National Museum; "The Status of The Crow" by Charles P. Schoffner, associate editor, The Farm Journal; "The American Crow" by F. Bradshaw, Chief Game Commissioner Province of Saskatchewan, Canada.

"Jim" Crow, however, emerged from the debate with much the same ability that he uses in eluding a well-aimed bunch of "Number 6." In some communities he remains the blackguard and in others he is tolerated merely that his presence may lend a touch of wild life to an otherwise over commercialized area.

Will H. Dilg, President of the Izaak Walton League, headed the program on the closing day. Mr. Dilg told of the work that has been accomplished by the League since its beginning less than four years ago.

Those on the sidelines who had expected a storm to break were disappointed. Mr. Dilg carefully refrained from mentioning anything that could be construed as hostile to the spirit of the conference. He avoided any reference to that "bone of contention" the old Game Refuge Bill, its merits or objectionable features.

He was followed by John B. Burnham, President of the American Game Protective Association, who discussed the merits of the old Game Refuge Bill. It was then that the dove of peace zoomed into the azure sky and the air bristled with sizzling sizzlers. The dove remained in the cerulean blue during the reply of Mr. Dilg which contained some red-hot retorts. For the moment it looked as if the dove, that distinguished bearer of the olive branch, was to enter the realm of the Dodo.

Yet like a violent electric cloudburst, the discussion cleared the air and ten minutes after Mr. Dilg had completed his reply, the leaders in this opposition of thought, shook hands and the dove fluttered beneficently over a splendid luncheon.

David H. Madsen, author of the new bill, told of the willingness of the Western Association to do everything possible to make this pact a success. By the way, you'd like this fellow Dave Madsen. He's a real fellow—one of the kind you like to go up to and slap on the back. He knows what he is talking about and does not beat around the bush.

Governor Clarence J. Morley, of Colorado, opened the afternoon session with a fine address on the value of conservation and told of the splendid strides Colorado has made in the establishment of game refuges and public parks.

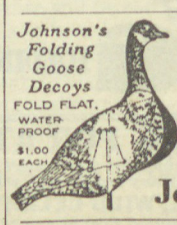
Game Commissioner Roland G. Parvin of Denver, thanked Governor Morley and opened the short business session of the Western Game Association.

Officers of the International Association of Game and Fish Conservation Commissioners for the coming year were elected. They were: E. Lee LeCompte, Baltimore, Md., President; F. E. Walcott, Norfolk, Conn., first vice-president; I. T. Quinn, Montgomery, Ala., second vice-president; Ray P. Holland, New York City, secretary-treasurer; Guy Amsler, Little Rock, Ark., general counsel.

Executive Committee: David H. Madsen, Salt Lake City, Utah; J. B. Harkin, Ottawa, Canada; William J. Stratton, Springfield, Illinois; Frank E. Newbert, Sacramento, Cal., and Seth Gordon, Harrisburg, Penna.

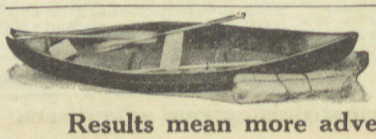
Among those attending the conference were George H. Selover, Minneapolis, Minn., President of the Minnesota Division, I. W. L. A.; Frank J. Hill, Oklahoma City, Okla., Secretary of the Oklahoma Division, I. W. L. A.; Claude Worrall Kelly, D. D., Educational Director for State Fish and Game Commission of Oklahoma; A. R. Reeves, State Fish and Game Commissioner of Oklahoma; Captain Burghduff of Washington, and many others.

The next convention will be held in Mobile, Alabama, in 1926 with the conference of the American Fisheries Society.



Oversize Duck Decoys—20 Inches Long
Made in Hen and highly-colored Drake Mallards. Regular billboard advertising appealing to high flyers. Old time shooters in U. S. and Canada say this is what brings them in. They have been making big decoys of wood because they could not be bought. Send 75 cents for sample floating decoy or 55 cents for one to stake out. Regular size decoys made in many species cost $6.60 per dozen for floating and $4.20 for stake-outs, postpaid. - - - - Sample Canada goose for $1.00

Johnson's Folding Decoys, 71 COLUMBIA STREET, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON



FOLDING PUNCTURE - PROOF CANVAS BOATS
Light, easy to handle, no leaks or repairs; check as baggage; carry by hand; safe for family; all sizes; non-sinkable; stronger than wood; used by U. S. and Foreign Governments. Awarded First Prize at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. We fit our boats for Outboard Motors. Catalogue.
KALAMAZOO CANVAS BOAT CO., 433 Harrison Street, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Results mean more advertising. Help our advertisers get results.

Motor Camping

party? How much space can I allow to transport the tent? Then after these questions are answered you can suit yourself regarding the color, material and so on.

Naturally if you are to tour to Florida this winter and expect to be at a certain place for some days or weeks, the tent that depends upon your car for a part of its support will not serve the purpose as well as one that is independent. But if your camps are to be overnight propositions there is no use lugging along the large tent with its poles, etc.

A square tent is on the market coming in sizes of 7x7 feet and 9½x9½ feet that has proved to be just about the best proposition that there is for the camper who wishes to go semi-light and who does not include more than two in the party. This tent when folded is compact and can be carried upon the running board nicely. The four corners are supported by jointed steel tubing and the center of the top is controlled by a screw shaft. It can be unpacked and erected in something over ten minutes, which is a great advantage. A sewed-in floor, or ground cloth that extends up the doorway a few inches is a great protection. Two bobinette windows and a door add to the comfort of the camper. The tent in the two sizes weighs between 60 and 70 pounds packed with the supports. It sells for between $50 and $60. Experience has proved that this outfit when made of the proper material is an ideal companion for a trip where one or two are to use it. It is entirely independent of the machine.

The Odyssey of Bolio

(Continued from page 27)

dashing off under the laurels. Within half a mile the bear came to bay in a shallow cave. When Jeff reached the place, the dog was outside; but from the general dishevelment of his appearance, the mountaineer judged that he had been in. Despite the dog's vociferous ferocity, it was unlikely that he would re-enter the cave.

"Bolio would go in on him—God, if I had him!" Jeff muttered, peering into the glimmer of the rocky den.

It was at that moment that the mountaineer suddenly felt a cold nose thrust into his hand. He looked down quickly. Then he went on his knees.

"Durn my Sunday suit!" he sobbed; "it's Bolio."

Gaunt, huge, marked by suffering, but withal glorified by an utter faithfulness that Jeff fully comprehended, stood Bolio.

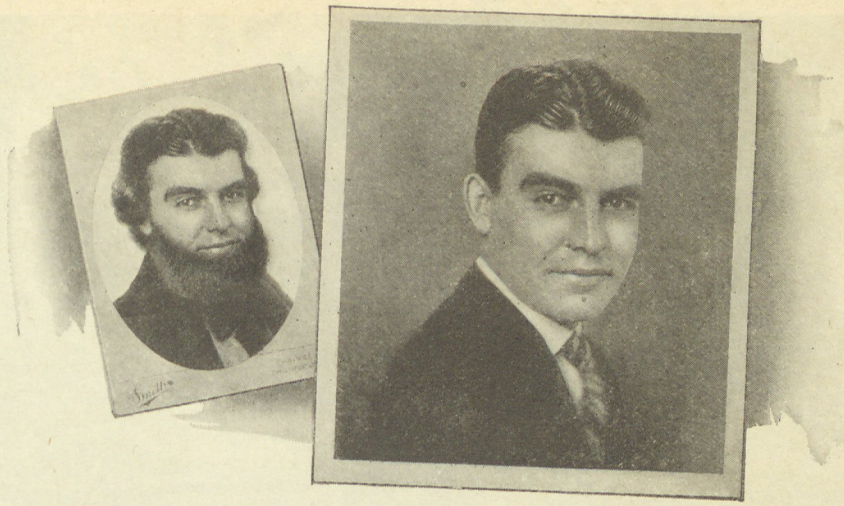
"Damn," muttered the mountaineer, gulping—his arms round Bolio's neck, his face against the hound's massive jowl. The joy of this recovery was almost too much for him.

Jeff was really a man great of heart. I think he wept.

"We'll go in on him, old dog," he said; "we'll go—same like we used to."

And into the cave they went.

At Jeff's cabin that night, a huge male bear was hung on the hemlock in the yard; and on the porch, after all his adventures, utterly contented, lay Bolio.



What of the Facial Whatnot?

MANY men have been good or great or both, in spite of whiskers that were as needless as four-wheel brakes on a wheelbarrow.

It is well, therefore, to approach the old plush album in a spirit of reverence. Behind Uncle Zachariah's bewildering begonias there may have been genial impulses that never got the publicity they deserved.

Fortunately there is no longer any reason why a man should permit a basketful of furniture stuffing to make him seem what he is not. Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream makes shaving so easy that whiskers have ceased to crowd into society.

COLGATE'S

softens the beard at the base

It emulsifies the oily coating upon each hair of the beard, permitting moisture to penetrate and soften it *at the base,* where the razor's work is done.

You will realize as soon as you try it that Colgate's gives a better shave. It leaves the face cool and refreshed.

Let us send you a trial tube of this wonderful cream—enough for 12 better shaves than you have ever had. Just fill out and mail this coupon with 4 cents.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 331, 581 Fifth Avenue, New York:
Please send me trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4 cents.

Name.....

Address.....

Porpo-Elk Hunting Boots

Tried out and tested by thousands of hunters, Government surveyors, prospectors, ranchers, and explorers.

Best fitting, most serviceable and dependable hunting or tramping boot ever produced. The "last word" in comfort and looks.

Made here in New England of the finest selected stock by one of the oldest sporting boot manufacturers in the business. The finest hunting boot made—workmanship and materials both extra quality.

Made of selected Porpo-Elk, with bellows tongue and nickel ring eyelets. Leather lined vamp.

Heavy oak tanned sole, flesh side out, with waterproof middle-sole. Wide, comfortable last. Protects feet thoroughly, but is not too heavy for comfort.

Grain leather box toes and counters.

Constructed with especial design to withstand the vigorous wear over mountain trails and through underbrush. It is thoroughly dependable and has been used many years by Government surveyors over rough country; also by prospectors and ranchers.

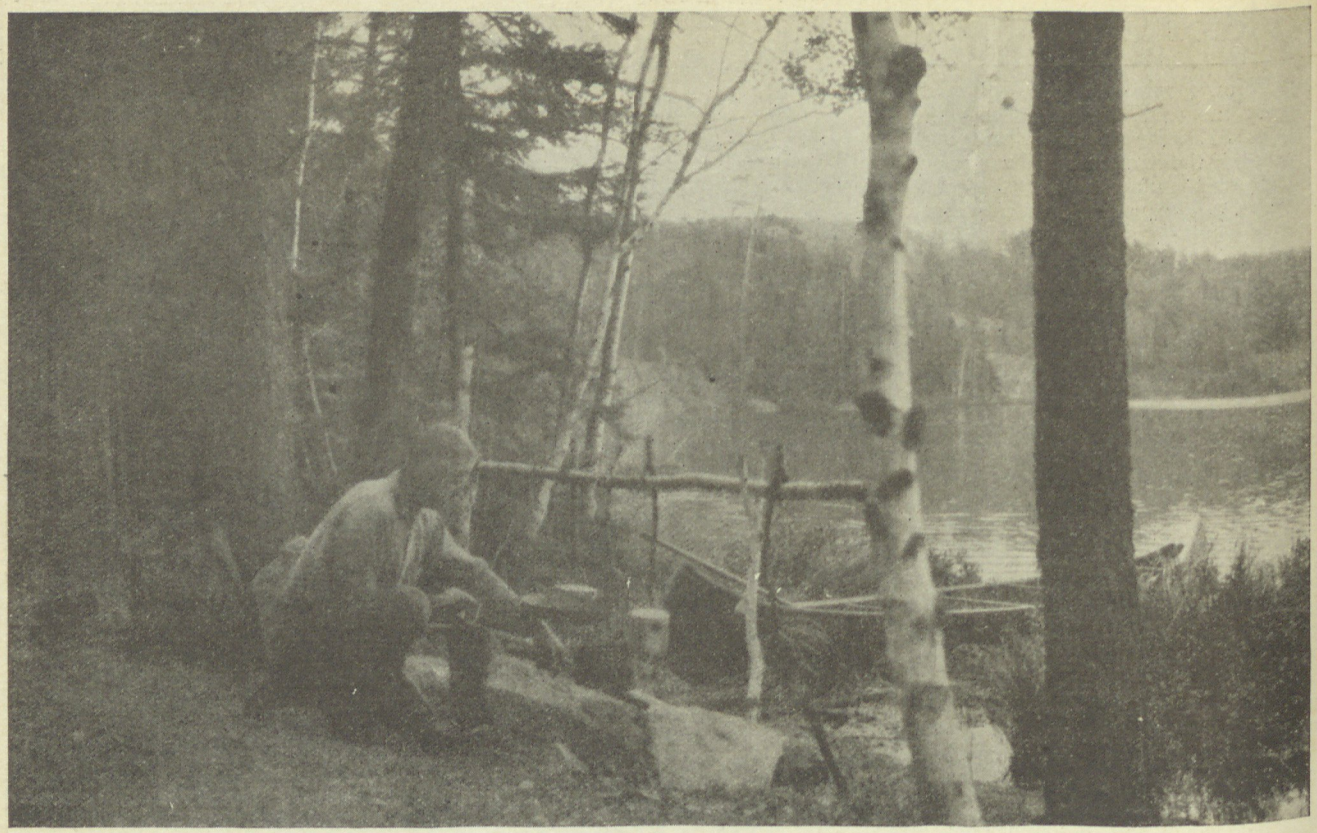
Hob-nailed if desired.

12 inches high, all sizes. Per pair, postpaid..... $16.00

Sporting Goods Catalog Free

IVER-JOHNSON SPORTING GOODS CO.

159 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.



Real Camping

Conducted by Murdo Gibson

Campers are asked to write Mr. Gibson, giving him details of trips they have made and telling him of anything they may have found that would prove of use to some other reader of Outdoor America. We are particularly anxious to assist the camper in every way possible and ask your cooperation. Address Mr. Murdo Gibson, care Real Camping Dept., Outdoor America, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

For hundreds of years the birch bark canoe of the American Indian was unrivaled among portable boats. It held its supremacy until about forty years ago, when it was supplanted in popular favor by the well-known "Peterboro," made from thin basswood or cedar. The latter canoe is still preferred by many forest travelers and, for certain waters, is perhaps the best boat yet built. Moreover, some who specialize in canoe racing believe it to be faster than any other canoe, although this point is disputed by other authorities.

Be that as it may, the canoe which enjoys the largest sale at present, is the canvas-covered one that, in its arrangement of cedar ribs and sheathing, so closely resembles the Indian's birch bark. This craft, if made by a reputable builder, leaves but little to be desired. It is light, staunch, speedy. It will stand more exposure than its predecessors and with reasonable care will outlast them by many seasons.

In recent years a new kind of canoe is being made from "plywood." The makers claim for it several distinct advantages over all others. Although very light in weight, and without either sheathing or ribs, it is said to be stiffer than its rivals, besides being virtually indestructible under ordinary conditions. Photographs showing this canoe withstanding unusual strain would seem to bear out this contention. It is made in but one model, at present, and as this is an excellent one for the conditions met with along the Minnesota-Ontario boundary, I quote from the catalog: "Length, 17 feet; depth, 12½ inches; beam, 35½ inches; weight 60 pounds."

For a party of three, a canoe of these dimensions approaches perfection. My only criticism would be that it is not quite deep enough. For use in large lakes, I think a canoe should be at least thirteen inches deep. It will catch a little more wind, perhaps, but will also keep out a lot of water if the waves are choppy.

Several professional woodsmen of Northern Minnesota, who have used these canoes for a number of seasons, give them superlative praise. The manufacturers also put out a plywood paddle, which is guaranteed not to warp or split. If this proves to be true, they will have rendered the canoeing public a real service.

The paddle of commerce is usually made of spruce or maple. The former is the lighter, of course, and in quiet water strong enough. If rapids are to be run or rough seas encountered, maple should be chosen, the length depending on the length of the paddler and on his position in the canoe. The stern requires a longer paddle than does the bow, and the center man will find a short one most comfortable. An extra paddle, strong and of medium length, should be placed within easy reach for an emergency.

ROBES

Comfort at night is essential to enjoyable camping, hence the question of bedding warrants very careful consideration. Rolling up in a single blanket and sleeping on the bare ground may have afforded almost effeminate luxury to the heroes of Wild West fiction, but the average north woods camper requires much more protection.

Ideas on outdoor sleeping equipment have changed a good deal during the generation just past. Not many years ago

(Continued on page 73)

Don't be afraid to tell our advertisers you saw their ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA.

LET US TAN YOUR HIDE

Save your trophies. Moose or deer skins tanned with hair on and made into rugs; or dressed into buckskin glove leather. Bear, dog, cow, horse or any kind of hide tanned with fur on, finished soft and odorless, and made into rugs, robes, coats, caps, vests, gloves or any garment for men and women.

TAXIDERMY AND HEAD MOUNTING

All kinds of game, fish and birds mounted. FINE FUR SKINS such as fox, coon, skunk, mink, muskrat, etc., made into garments of latest style.

FURS REPAIRED OR REMODELED. Estimates gladly furnished. Send us your furs for Summer Storage in Automatic Cold Vault. FREE CATALOG AND STYLE BOOK gives prices, tells how to take off and ship hides, etc. Write today.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY

Largest custom tanners and taxidermists in the world.

570 LYELL AVENUE **ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Keep Dry With

"For four hours I sat in a duck blind in a steady rain and my underwear was perfectly dry—my hunting clothes I had treated with Sport-SEK two years before. I use all your SEK products—greatest stuff I ever saw."
NEIL G. REID, Memphis, Tenn.

SPORT-SEK For Clothing

For hunter's clothes, raincoats, umbrellas, etc. Waterproofs thoroughly. Easily applied. Does not discolor. SEK-treated cloth has no odor, is clean and sanitary,—not oily or greasy. Is permanent. Price Quart $1.50 postpaid.

Let us tell you how to waterproof your tent, shoes, auto top, hunting clothes, overcoat, fishing lines, etc. You can do it yourself, quickly, easily, economically. Our literature is interesting and helpful—FREE upon request.

SEK-Reliance Corp. COVINGTON, KENTUCKY.

MOST Charming GIFT of GIFTS

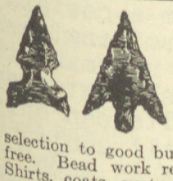
100 Letter Sheets, 50 Envelopes $1.00 PREPAID

WITH Individual EMBOSSED 3-INITIAL Monogram

This absolutely correct one-piece stationery comes in Tiffany quality bond. A 11x7 1-2 in. sheet folded to 4 pages 5x7 1-2 in. in size. If 2 line return address is wanted on the matched envelope flap, add 50c per order. Six orders sent for the price of five. ALL POST PAID. **Any Dime Store can do a print job, but to get the real copper plate embossing will cost over $10.00 anywhere.** Being the largest makers of Double Service Envelopes in the world, we take this means of advertising our new Volume Production Values. The low price asked forbids bookkeeping or correspondence expense but we **Guarantee Satisfaction or Money Back.**

You don't buy the die, we take all risk of future patronage by surprising with a Service and Saving undreamed of. Many patrons come back with repeat orders for all their Friends and Relatives. Gifts of character and refinement are always acceptable. To order sample, tear out this ad. **In margin Pencil-print Name, Address and 3 Initials.** Mail with $1 Bill. Leave rest to:

Roundtrip Env. Co., 3115 Gillham Rd., Kansas City, Mo.



TINY BIRD ARROW POINTS

Finest in the world, of Agate and Jasper, from Oregon. Mailed on selection to good buyers. Illustrated price list free. Bead work relics of the Sioux Indians. Shirts, coats, vests, leggings, moccasins, bows, arrows, pipes, tobacco bags, etc. Wholesale and retail price lists free.

41st year

L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dakota

GOLD FISH Imported Japanese, Chinese and American fish, aquarium plants, castles, globes. We make artistic aquariums for beautiful homes, conservatories, etc. *Illustrated circular free.* Address PIONEER GOLD FISH FARM, RACINE, WIS.

Patronize our Advertisers

Personally Conducting Irvin Cobb

(Continued from page 13)

So we had to tell Cobb about it and he was all hepped up to get in on it.

Fishing with a fly is like betting on Wall Street—just when you are pretty sure your dope sheet reads right for you to make a killing why somebody sells short or some guy rushes in and buys a lot of stuff and there you—"ain't"!

That's the way it worked this time; Son, the cook, and I slipped into McDonald Creek with the boat and fished it from Lake end to the Flathead River and we got 'em all the way along—big, fat, vividly colored cutthroats that fought us to a standstill.

They seemed to be everywhere and ready to do business with all comers; we got all we could use and quit before we wanted to.

Bill and Charlie Howes ran down the main Flathead River and had the same kind of an experience—big trout everywhere and striking like football players.

If ever the dope read right it did then, so I rolled the bus up to Lewis camp that night, taking Bill along, to arrange for Cobb to come down to our camp and get into it tomorrow, while the "gettin' " was good.

Cobb was on hand early next morning with young Chapman, his son-in-law, and we went to it.

Charlie Howes took Bill in his boat and I had volunteered to play guide for Cobb and Chapman while they "went and got 'em."

That was the plan of action when we slid into the head of the creek where it leaves the foot of Lake McDonald.

In a minute we were among the big eddies where the fish had been thick as flies yesterday.

I handled the boat, holding it so Cobb and Chapman could reach every inch of the right water; we worked down through the first eddies, then on past the bridge and into the swirling water below—and didn't get a rise!

That was all right. You've had it happen the same way when you knew it was going against the dope.

Slowly we worked on down, swirl after swirl and hole after hole where only yesterday the big fellows were loafing and ready to fight all comers.

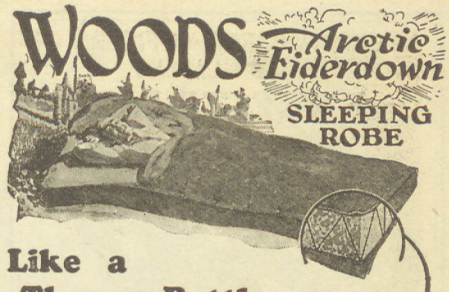
Today we got a dry haul everywhere!

That's the way it usually goes! When you brag about a place to a friend and then try to show him a good time—to let him in on the ground floor so he can share the fun with you—why right then—Bingo!—the whole works blows up.

That's what happened this time; if I ever "tried my darndest" to show any man some "real" fishing I did it that day because Cobb is a sure enough man in the woods and he gets a lot of kick out of his fishing.

Like Bob Davis, of New York, Cobb is an expert Bass fisherman and he admits he has a lot to learn about trout fishing with a fly—especially from a boat in a

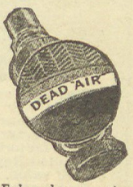
WOODS Arctic Eiderdown SLEEPING ROBE



Like a Thermo Bottle —it holds the heat!

DEAD air spaces, non-conductors, that's the secret of success of both the WOODS ARCTIC SLEEPING ROBE and the Thermo Bottle. In the robe, these heat-retainers are found in the fluffy folds of eiderdown. The WOODS ROBE weighs less than a pair of blankets, but it's as warm as ten!

Enlarged cross-section view of WOODS ARCTIC shows how dead air spaces between the cambric eiderdown tubes keep body heat inside.



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narrow creek of deep, swift water with another fisherman in the same boat with him.

Be that as it may, I put him within easy reach of every hole along the length of McDonald Creek that day and we worked the stream from source to mouth and did not get a rise! Yesterday over the same water they took any fly nearly as fast as you could give it to them!

It was fisherman's luck and we'd guessed wrong; the fish were not rising at all to anything today; we'd pulled a flivver guess, that was all!

Bill and Charlie Howes were having about the same luck though Bill, being an expert dry fly fisherman, did manage to get one here and there out of some little dark hole, but it wasn't a fishing day at all. That was very plain.

Cobb worked hard and, while he wasn't an expert, he made a good showing and should have killed his fish, there was no doubt about that.

Yesterday the sun was bright and hot and the river was at the right stage—today the sky was cloudy, the wind strong and blowing in fitful gusts with a dash of rain now and then—and the water from yesterday's melting on the peaks was coming down the river; that tells the whole story to the expert fly fisherman.

When we reached the river Cobb worked the riffles below the bars where the clear creek water and the milky flow of the main stream came together and he got enough little fellows to save the day but it wasn't real fishing as the best of these were only ten inches or so in length and most of them were just safely inside the limit—bully stuff for the table they were later on, but what we really wanted were the big fellows that struck with a rush, all over the place—yesterday!

Cobb never grumbled at all—he just took our poor luck with the good grace of the real sportsman that he is and was as cheerful as could be after he'd worked like a good fellow to get even one big one—and failed. It takes a good man to be cheerful at such times.

I was greatly disappointed too, for I wanted Cobb to get the fun and I worked hard to bring it about, but the way it turned out perhaps it was better anyhow for among us we got fish enough to eat and we had a good time out in the open where men learn to read each other—and that all helps.

Cobb took dinner with us in camp along with Chapman while Charlie Howes, like an old blanket Injun, came in and helped eat some of our yesterday's catch which furnished today's feed and in the words of the cub reporter "an enjoyable time was had by all."

Cobb vows he's going up to Iceberg Lake on the east side of the park and catch some of the furbearing fish which rumor says are found in that lake.

I'm not vouching for the truth of this part of the story, but Cobb says he's seen photographs of a fish that lives in Iceberg Lake and grows fur instead of scales—ask him to tell you all about it when you see him.

Though we got no fish worth while on our day's trip, we did get acquainted as men do only in the wilderness and some day Cobb and I are going to get together again and, with fishing for an excuse,

TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM
CLYDE B. TERRELL
PROP.
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN

March 4, 1925.

Outdoor America,
536 Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Bergfeld:-

Here is some good news for you, that I know will make you happy. You probably see all of our ads, and know that we carefully key all of them. One year after the ads have appeared, allowing sufficient time for orders to be secured, our records are compiled. We have just completed our records for the period from July to December 1923; during that period we used 28 of the leading outdoor magazines, including "Outdoor America." Lo and behold, even though "Outdoor America" was then in its infancy, it led all the rest in results. We were able to trace sales to "Outdoor America" amounting to more than 22 times the amount we paid for the ads in your publication. There were many sales no doubt that we cannot trace directly to any advertising, for which "Outdoor America" was responsible. With its increased circulation, Outdoor America will, no doubt, show up even better when our next advertising record is compiled.

Considering the good work that the Izaak Walton League and "Outdoor America" are doing to preserve the things that we all enjoy in the out-of-doors, I would give them a certain amount of advertising, even if the ads did not make the splendid showing that they do. Such results can only mean that we will continue to use at least as much space in "Outdoor America" as we do in any other magazine. There is, in my opinion, no better field for the advertising of outdoor goods. With kind personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,
TERRELL'S AQUATIC FARM
By Clyde B. Terrell, Prop.

Our Advertisers help us, let us help them.

we'll have another day's visit somewhere in the open and we will count it a day well spent whether the fish bite or not.

Personally Cobb is a big genial boy who loves life and lives it, every day, a hundred percent, and gets a lot of joy out of doing it.

I like him and I'm going to keep on doing it in spite of the fact that he inflicts a lot of humorous stuff on the long suffering public!

We had the wrong fishing dope that day but you know the old Injun saying: "There's always another day"; well, some day we'll have ours, and in the meantime we will consider it a good day we spent together there on McDonald Creek where men can live and love life.

The Phantom Herd

(*Continued from page 33*)

were from 26,000 to 50,000 deer on the Kaibab.

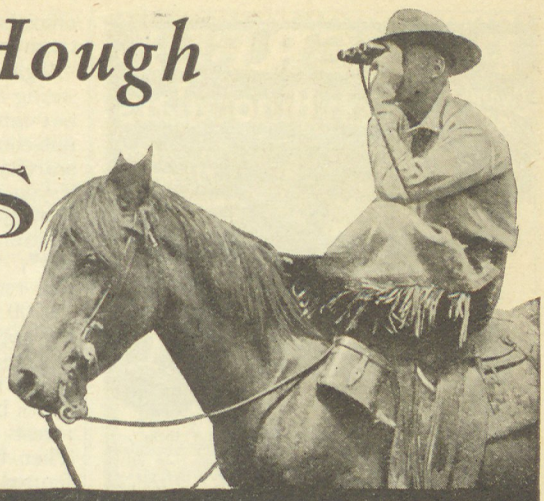
"In former reports it has been estimated that the annual fawn crop is at least 100 per cent of the non-antlered deer(i.e. 50% of the total of the herd), that twin fawns are in a considerable majority, and that the number of bucks and does are about equal. The committee believes that these estimates are fairly accurate.

"Estimates of the number of deer in the Preserve made by forest officers and the Biological Survey in 1923 place the number at 20,000 with an annual increase which at that time had reached the rate of from 5,000 to 8,000. Assuming that the annual fawn crop equals approximately 50% of the total of the herd, or about 12,000, it is probably a conservative estimate which assumes that one-half of the fawns survive. The number of does observed without fawns was small and those having only one may have lost the second, a prey to predatory animals, or through inability to nourish more than one successfully. The Committee believes that the former official estimates of 20,000 with the above mentioned ratio of increase, which would bring the number up to 26,000 this year, are conservative and they may far exceed this number. All the local witnesses examined placed the number of deer in the Kaibab Forest at not less than 50,000.

"In the course of a day's ride it was common to count above 100, which evidenced their great abundance considering the fact that during several hours in the heat of the day the deer ordinarily seek rest in quiet places. In the area of greatest summer concentration in and around V. T. Park one member of the Committee counted 1,028 in a drive of one hour and ten minutes along the highway, between the rim and lower end of V. T. Park."

The committee spent ten days in the forest. At 100 deer a day, they saw one thousand deer, which with the bunch at V. T. Park made more than 2,000. This was in the center of summer concentration (the fact that the deer concentrate in summer and winter and are not scattered equally over the Kaibab is very important) and the committee was steered by

Donald Hough uses a ZEISS Binocular



— he is an authority on the equipment of the outdoors man and readers of Outdoor America will be interested to read what he says about Zeiss Binoculars:

"The Zeiss glass has undoubtedly set a definite standard of its own in excellence of performance and in that fine workmanship which is so essential in a delicate instrument which must stand a lot of gaff.

"During my trip in Arizona for 'Outdoor America' I had daily occasion to put my binoculars to severe tests of usefulness and reliability. I had to cover a great deal of country, and my glasses did most of the work for me. From the top of the Kaibab I had to bring to me, through glasses, hundreds of miles of desert and distant hills, besides covering many miles of brush, scrub timber and canyons on the plateau itself.

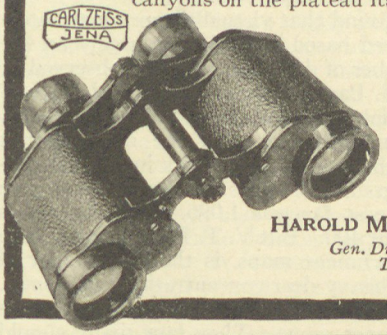
"I ranged from snowfields to desert sands, and through all kinds of weather and climatic conditions my binoculars, hanging on my saddle, behaved perfectly.

"Binoculars are indispensable in the Southwest. They must cover a lot of ground and stand hard usage.

"In comparison with other glasses the Zeiss is in a class of its own. It represents perfect equipment. I hope you can introduce them to all of the sportsmen of America, for certainly they are a revelation to anybody accustomed to ordinary glasses."

Sincerely yours,

Donald Hough



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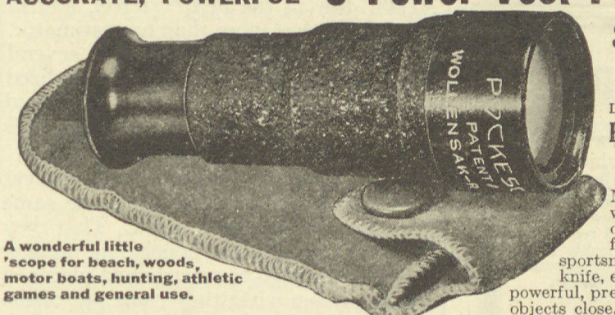

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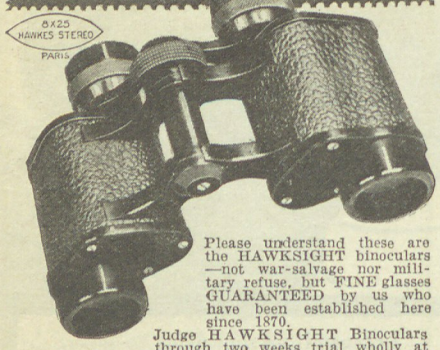

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officials who were very anxious to impress them with the size of the herd.

Again I want to point out that not seeing much game during a short trip, or not catching trout in a certain pool, does not constitute conclusive evidence of the scarcity of the deer or of the trout. But if you will read again the above extract from the report and count the number of "estimated", "fairly accurate", "assuming", "approximately", "may have", and remember that this sentenced from 13,000 to 25,000 deer, you will understand my apparent mania for known facts.

Let us take the Forest Service estimate. It was made with pencil and paper several years back. The number of deer in the forest was estimated at 9,000 in 1912. Then the estimated rate of increase was figured, the probable mortality of fawns was estimated, and the result showed 30,000 deer for 1924. It was plain arithmetic, originating at Washington, D. C., and the figures were very correct. It is said, however, that the mathematicians strayed from the straight and narrow path long enough to lop off 109½ deer and call it a round 30,000.

I got estimates from local people ranging from 12,000 to 100,000. I asked each one how he arrived at his estimate and found that every one who had made an estimate of above 50,000 based his guess on the number of sheep that could be run in the Kaibab. Every estimate under 50,000 was made by men who had primarily observed the deer.

I found that virtually every man interviewed based his estimate largely on the number of deer that could be observed at V. T. Park. All reports, official and unofficial, as to the size of the Kaibab herd, prominently mention the number that can be seen at V. T. Park in a single evening. The largest number of deer seen there so far was 1,096. The average is about 400. But V. T. Park, according to government maps, is the very center of the heavy deer concentration in summer. Everybody agrees that it is the core of the summer range. Then how many should be seen there if there are 50,000 or even 30,000 deer in the herd? I feel, and in fact know, that more than one estimator, carried away by the spectacle of several hundred deer in a bunch, has visualized the whole Kaibab similarly overrun, and in his total a variation one way or the other of 10,000 made little difference.

I also observed a tendency to forget that it is quite probable that the same deer hang around V. T. Park. That they do is evidenced by the nonchalant manner in which they go to accustomed places in the afternoon when they come out of the surrounding woods, and in the way they approach Rust's summer resort without showing alarm or curiosity. One day at Bright Angel ranger station I asked tourists about the number of deer they had seen and soon had a large total. But all had been counted at V. T. Park.

I was strongly impressed with the possibility of consistent propaganda on the part of cattle and sheep owners to magnify the size of the herd. The Kaibab normally is excellent cattle and sheep range. There has been constant friction between cattlemen and those who are interested in the deer. Then, much to the delight of the former, it was decided to kill half the deer. They saw visions of the Kaibab again becoming range for their stock. Every pair of deer that could be added to the estimate would mean one more dead deer. So estimates rose. The cattlemen are outspoken in their opinions. They claim outright that all the deer should be removed so that cattle could have the range. At least some with whom I talked were openly of this opinion.

The number of deer I found during my trip has been given in previous articles. The total was near 700, which includes 300 seen at one time in V. T. Park.

So much for the condition of the range and of the deer, and the size of the herd. Before continuing, I want to quote extracts from a report made by Chief Ranger Scoyen of the National Park Service last winter. These reports have an important bearing on the situation and indicate that my experience was not unusual. They also throw some light on the possibility that the deer changed their "habits" last winter and sought new feeding grounds.

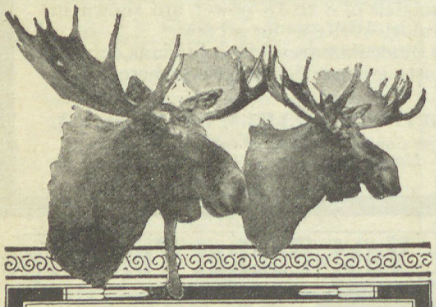
The following is from a report of a trip made during the time the deer were concentrated on the winter range.

"During the period from March 23rd to March 30th, Assistant Chief Ranger Winess made a patrol over the winter ranges of the deer on the west side of the Kaibab. During this time he had Forest Ranger Swapp, who has been one of the leaders in the agitation for the reduction of the herd, take him over the main part of the range. This ride consumed two days, and covered a distance of 65 miles. A total of 462 live, and six dead deer were found. The only other livestock consisted of about 40 head of cattle and six horses. According to Swapp at least 10,000 deer should have been seen on this ride. However, he stated that the herds have moved down on what is known as the "Sand Rocks" the area farther to the south, in order to take advantage of filaree and other early spring forage. He admitted that the deer have not starved the past winter and will no doubt come out in fair shape. He also stated that the outlook for the coming year was hopeless.

"The forest Ranger reports that on his last trip from Ryan to 'Jump-up' a distance of 15 miles across the main section of this range, he only saw one deer and very few dead ones. He states that in his opinion the deer have all gone down into the Sand Rocks or across toward Mt. Trumbull. It appears to be evident, however, that the deer are not on their usual winter range."

And from a report following a six day trip of Assistant Chief Park Ranger Winess and Assistant Park Ranger McAllister over the eastern winter range in February.

"By following slightly different routes, they were able to cover a great deal of territory. On the trip Winess saw a total of 100 deer and McAllister 200. According to the Forest Ranger and the foreman of the Grand Canyon Cattle Company, the deer are back in what is locally known as the Coxcombs, the small blind canyons forming the east breaks of the Grand Canyon. According to the foreman he saw a total of 1,000 on one day's ride in this area, and the Forest Ranger 800. The foreman also reported 1,000 head at



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Burro Pockets, but McAllister only counted 80 when he investigated the report. They did not find any dead deer and all seen were in good condition."

It is around the killing of Kaibab deer that so much dissention has developed. The hunting was done primarily to reduce the herd and then only after other methods had failed. The question of whether or not the deer should be hunted centers around two propositions: first, the matter of reducing the herd; second, that of providing sport.

The question of whether the herd must be reduced has been discussed. Now let us see if hunting should be permitted as a sport.

Hunting the Kaibab deer must always be a local activity. The forest is more than 200 miles from the nearest railroad. In order to reach it you must cross a mountain range. If the pass is covered with deep snow about the time you want to return—and this often happens in the fall—you've got to leave your car there. One car was left last year. It is a long, difficult, and dangerous trip in the fall of the year. Those with whom I talked agreed that the hunters would come mainly from Salt Lake City and points between there and the Kaibab.

As a spectacle, the deer herd has reached truly national proportions. It is one of the finest wild life exhibits in America.

It has been pointed out that the principal reason for a game refuge is to preserve a breeding stock to keep a steady overflow of game into adjacent regions where they can be hunted. This is the undisputed mission of a refuge in most cases. But it happens that this particular refuge was established, and should be maintained, to provide a great herd of deer for tourists. The primary reason for the sanctuary lies, not in the deer that may overflow from it, but in the herd within the sanctuary itself. This is unusual. It is unusual because few herds of wild animals are so situated as to constitute a major wild life spectacle, and one of national interest.

Hunting of the deer has many points in its favor, chief among them being that it serves to recompense local people for having the Kaibab denied them as a stock range. In meat, and in money derived from guiding and outfitting hunters, it is a benefit to the people who live near the forest and who have lost it as a range.

I talked with S. B. Locke, a wild life expert of the Forest Service, about the hunting of deer. He pointed out that, after all, only 675 deer were killed, and that it was done in an orderly manner. He said that the Forest Service had decided to simply let a few deer be killed each year, that the range would be watched, and when enough deer had been taken to insure the permanency of the range, hunting would be stopped, regardless of whether half the estimated number or one-fiftieth the estimated number had been killed.

Thus the Forest Service has decided that hunting the deer primarily for sport is not compatible with the best administration of the deer. It considers hunting as a means of reducing the herd in order to preserve it. That is, when the danger of the deer starving is over, or if the con-

(Continued on page 68)

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Please write PLAINLY! Tear this coupon out NOW! If you wish to tell us something about yourself, it will be appreciated. O.D.A. 10-25

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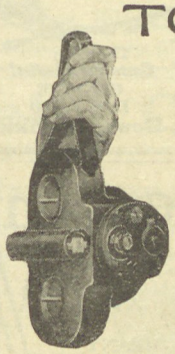

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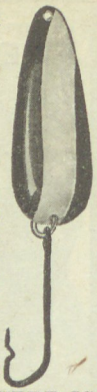
For Real Sportsmen
DARDEVLE'S "IMP"
with Barbless Hook



The famous "Imp" now has a barbless hook that beats them all for results. Catches plenty of fish, but never tears nor slashes. You can throw the little fellows back—unharmed.

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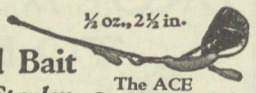
THE NEW **Pork Rind Bait**
A Heddon-Stanley
metal body, nickel or copper, red fly, spinners, pork strip



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Fishing facts and hints. Tells how to compete in our annual $2,000 Fish-Photo contest. A postal gets it FREE!
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Bait and Fly Casting Department

National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs

Edited by Frederick J. Lane

The Chicago Tournament exceeded all other Tournaments in the number of All Round entrants though but 39 finished all events.

The brilliant work of George G. Chatt of the Illinois Club won him the All Round title for the third time and he also set a new mark of 99 14-15 in the Dry Fly Accuracy.

To V. Dean Reese, of Columbus, goes the honor of setting a record in the ¼-oz. Accuracy Bait that can only be equalled in the future for he cast a perfect score in this event. William Stanley of the Illinois Club equalled Chatt's perfect score record in the Accuracy Fly and William Arend, of Denver, equalled the record in the Dry Fly Accuracy at Unknown Distances, 99.6.

Fred Arbogast of Akron, made the longest cast in the ½-oz. Distance Bait ever recorded at any National Tournament—293 feet.

Jack Schwinn's excellent work in the Salmon Fly Distance brought him the Championship for this event for 1925 and his average was very close to the record.

The 1926 Tournament will be held at Philadelphia during August.

The officers of the Association for the year 1926, are: President, Edwin F. Sutter, Chicago; First Vice-President, Arthur J. Neu, Newark; Second Vice-President, A. A. Trimble, Cleveland; Third Vice-President, Goodwin Granger, Denver; Fourth Vice-President, Col. Carlos G. Young, San Francisco; Secretary, Frank S. Leach, Chicago; Treasurer, George G. Chatt, Chicago; Delegate to the A. A. U., John S. Schwinn, Newark.

SCORES

WINNERS OF N. A. S. A. C. BLUE BUTTONS

99%—George Chatt, William Stanley, E. Davis, Tom Monger, C. Nordholm, A. A. Trimble, Otto Peters, W. J. Jamison, E. F. Sutter, V. D. Reese, C. H. Bornholt, R. D. Heetfield.

98%—Edw. Bradden, A. J. Neu, Lou Hurst, W. A. Eberman, Louis Coile, Wm. Behnen, C. C. Lucke, J. S. Schwinn, W. Willman, F. Kuesel, F. Mitchell, A. E. Fogle, R. T. McCawley, G. A. Cook, J. D. Palmer, Al Foss, F. Arbogast, W. R. Crooks, L. E. DeGarmo, A. Olson, F. C. Kleinfeldt, C. Burlingame, W. C. Luebbert, R. T. Merrill, H. Chatt, L. E. Morrison.

EVENT No. 1
5¾ Oz. Distance Fly

Name	Score Avg. Feet	L. Cast
Chatt, G. G.	119⅔	125
Braddon	108	110
Monger	107⅓	114
Coile	107	108
Behnen	106⅓	107
Reese	105⅔	108
Stanley	105⅓	107
Lueke	103⅔	106
Jamison	103⅓	106
Schwinn	103⅓	106
Eberman, W. A.	102⅓	103
Trimble	102⅓	104
Luebbert	101⅓	107
Heetfield	100⅓	103
Kuesel	100	102
Neu	99⅓	100
Cook	98	105
Sutter	97⅔	99
Crooks	94⅔	97
Chatt, H.	94⅔	110
Kleinfeldt	94⅓	96
Morrison	93⅔	97
Granger	93	99
Newcomb	92⅔	94
Bornholt	91⅔	95
Arbogast	91⅓	92
Olsen, A.	90⅔	91
Foss	89⅔	90
Fogle	88⅔	89
De Garmo	88⅔	94
Peters	88	89
Lane	87⅓	89
Leach	87	88
Nordholm, C.	86⅔	90
Burlingame, C.	86⅔	88
Mitchell	86⅓	90
Case	85⅔	87
Willman	85⅓	86
Hurst	85	87
Arend	83⅔	88
Johnson, Fred	83⅓	90
McCawley	80	80
Palmer, J. D.	79	83
Deluse	78	80
Merrill	77	78
Cox	76⅓	78

EVENT No. 2
¼ Oz. Distance Bait

Name	Score Avg. Feet	L. Cast
Arbogast	214.7	225
Stanley	208.8	221
Monger	193.8	198
Morrison	191.4	207
Foss	189.8	193
Peters	186.8	195
Chatt, Geo.	182.8	200
White	179.4	201
Coile	175.2	185
Kleinfeldt	170.2	173
Mitchell	167.6	171
Cox	167.4	182
Heetfield	166.8	181
Neu	164.6	175
Sutter	161	179
McCawley	160.8	167
Willman	160.6	217
Lueke	159.8	188
Jamison	159	163
Braddon	158.2	211
Nordholm, C.	155.6	175
Trimble	155	173
Cook	151.4	154
Kuesel	151.2	160
Crooks	147.8	158
Deluse	144.2	158
Luebbert	143.8	161
Behnen	143.4	149
Newcomb	141.4	213
Fogle	138.2	207
Palmer, J. D.	135.2	167
Schwinn	134.6	150
Buckwalter	133.4	180
Bornholt	133	162
Merrill	131	152
Lane	127.4	135
Reese	125.4	170
Leach	122.6	146
Chatt, H.	122	161
Hurst	119.6	186
Eberman, W. A.	118.8	163
Mathie	116.8	171
De Garmo	117.2	155
Evans	114.4	121
Olson	108.8	131
Johnson, F.	107.2	139
Case	107.2	139
Kromphardt	102	153
Burlingame	100	120
McCarthy	78	156
Davis, Dr.	57.4	97

EVENT No. 3
5¾ Oz. Accuracy Fly

Name	Score Per Cent in Fifteenths
Stanley	100.
Crooks	99.13
Sutter	99.11
Monger	99.11
Reese	99.11
Lueke	99.10
Cook	99.10
Coile	99.10
Hurst	99.10
Nordholm, C.	99.10
Peters	99.10
Davis, E.	99.10
Luebbert	99.10
Kuesel	99.10
Schwinn	99.8
Eberman, H. B.	99.8
Chatt, Geo.	99.8
Braddon, Edw.	99.8
Buckwalter	99.8
Bornholt	99.7
Lambert	99.7
Trimble	99.7
Leach	99.7
Palmer, O.	99.7
Behnen	99.7
Newcomb	99.6
Evans	99.6
Fogle	99.5
Arbogast	99.5
De Garmo	99.5
Willman	99.5
Granger	99.4
Merrill	99.4
Neu	99.4
McCawley	99.4
Arado	99.3
Heetfield	99.3
Foss	99.3
Jamison	99.3
Chatt, Howard	99.3
Lane	99.2
Morrison	99.2
Olson	99.2
Vong	99.1
Stoltz	99.1
Burlingame	99.
Mitchell	98.14
Johnson, Fred	98.12
Odell	98.12
Kretchmar	98.11
Palmer, J. D.	98.10
Kleinfeldt	98.9
Arend	98.8
Eberman, W. A.	98.5
Deluse	98.3
Cox	97.12
Case	96.7

EVENT No. 4
½ Oz. Accuracy Bait

Name	Score Per Cent
Trimble	99.5
Stanley	99.4
Heetfield	99.4
Cook	99.3
Nellans	99.3
Bornholt	99.2
Monger	99.2
Chatt, Geo. G.	99.2
Reese	99.1
Nordholm, C.	99.1
Eberman, W. A.	99.
Jamison, W. J.	99.
Willman	99.
Burlingame	99.
Peters	98.9
Sutter	98.8
Crooks	98.8
Arbogast	98.8
Chatt, H.	98.8
Davis, E.	98.7
Neu	98.7
Newcomb	98.7
Mitchell	98.7
Schroeder	98.7
Kuesel	98.6
Naugle	98.6
Mathie	98.6
Fogle	98.6
Lambert	98.6
Foss	98.5
Hurst	98.5
Granger	98.5
Vong	98.5
De Launty	98.5
Coile	98.4
Leach	98.4
Klein	98.3
McCawley	98.3
Morrison	98.3
Arend	98.2
White	98.2
Luebbert	98.2
Kretchmar	98.1
Smitley	98.
McCarthy	98.
Merrill	98.
Palmer, J. D.	97.9
Behnen	97.9
Braddon	97.9
Lueke	97.9
De Garmo	97.8
Kleinfeldt	97.8
Czeisler	97.7
Cox	97.7
Moulton	97.6
Stoltz	97.6
Kinnear	97.6
Churchill	97.6
Phillips	97.5
Johnson, F.	97.4
Lloyd	97.3
Kronphardt	97.2
Lynn	97.2
Odell	97.2
Lane	97.2
Schwinn	97.1
Olson	97.
Evans	97.
Case	97.
Davis, Dr.	97.
Deluse	96.6
Saloga	96.5
Allison	95.8
Palmer, O.	95.7
Buckwalter	94.9

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

EVENT No. 5
SALMON FLY

Name	Score Avg. Feet	Long Cast
Schwinn	151	153
Chatt, Geo.	148⅔	154
Peet	139	144
Chatt, H.	136⅓	137
Eberman, W. A.	135⅓	141
Monger	135⅓	138
Stanley	133⅔	142
Trimble	133⅓	143
Lueke	133	145
Luebbert	132⅔	143
Braddon	132	139
Heetfield	132	134
De Garmo	130⅔	132
Foss	127⅔	129
Granger	126⅓	127
Merrill	125⅔	128
Cook	124⅔	135
Newcombe	124⅔	129
Reese	124⅓	125
Neu	124⅓	132
Nordholm, C.	124	126
Behnen	122⅔	130
Sutter	123	125
Kuesel	120⅔	133
Willman	120⅓	122
Fogle	120	123
Kleinfeldt	120	121
Crooks	116	119
Olson	115⅓	118
Morrison	115⅓	126
Coile	115	115
McCawley	114	123
Hurst	113	115
Case	111⅔	117
Bornholt	109⅔	111
Jamison	109⅓	110
Leach	109⅓	112
Palmer, J. D.	109⅓	114
Arbogast	109	114
Vong	109	110
Eberman, H. B.	107⅔	115
Lane	105⅓	115
Peters	105	107
Cox	101	106
Lane	105⅓	115
Peters	105	107
Cox	101	106
Johnson, F.	97⅔	102
Mitchell	93⅔	101
Deluse	92	95
Burlingame	82⅓	85

EVENT No. 6
½-OZ. DISTANCE BAIT

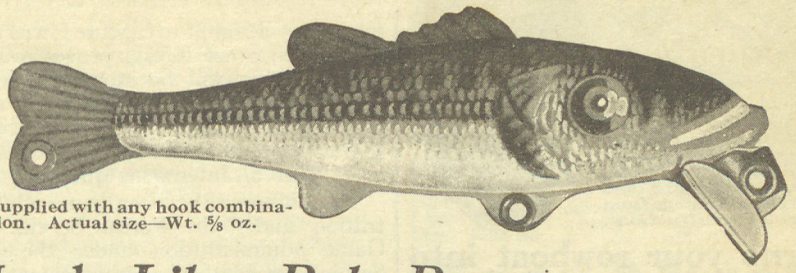
Name	Score Avg. Feet	Long Cast
Newcombe	261⅓	274
Stanley	254⅖	273
Chatt, Geo. G.	254⅕	278
Foss	248⅘	274
Morrison	241	262
White	239	244
Braddon	234⅕	247
Coile	228⅓	233
Kleinfeldt	227⅕	231
Peters	225⅖	240
Willman	224⅖	234
Chatt, H.	223⅗	236
Monger	221⅓	227
Lueke	215⅓	227
Sutter	210⅗	221
Bornholt	208⅗	223
Palmer, J. D.	203⅖	211
Neu	201⅕	227
Cook	199⅘	216
Eberman, W. A.	191⅘	214
Behnen	191⅓	195
McCawley	190⅕	204
Deluse	186⅖	199
De Garmo	186⅓	213
Leach	185⅓	202
Mathie	184	198
Kromphart	181	200
Jamison	177⅘	186
Merrill	177⅓	183
Phillips	175⅗	194
Arbogast	170⅗	293
Hurst	169⅖	227
Buckwalter	168	222
Luebbert	164⅖	229
Kuesel	164⅕	186
Lane	163⅖	170
Johnson, F.	162⅗	206
Schwinn	153⅗	202
Nordholm, C.	159	202
Case	149⅘	190
Reese	147⅓	201
Fogle	147⅓	254
Eberman, B.	139⅕	212
Heetfield	131⅓	229
Zimmerman	127⅕	206
Mitchell	117	202
Olson	112⅗	144
McCarthy	111⅓	197
Trimble	107⅖	194
Davis, Dr.	103⅖	142
Evans	95⅖	174
Crooks	67⅖	182
Burlingame	64⅗	188
Cox	24⅖	124

ALL-AROUND CHAMPIONSHIP PLACES

	Points
1. George G. Chatt, Chicago	10,133
2. William Stanley, Chicago	9,398
3. Tom Monger, Columbus	9,189
4. E. F. Sutter, Chicago	8,696
5. Otto Peters, Buffalo	8,653
6. Edw. Braddon, Columbus	8,570
7. Arthur Neu, Newark	8,476
8. Walter Willman, Houston	8,437
9. Louis Coile, Columbus	8,315
10. C. C. Lueke, Newark	8,235
11. F. C. Kleinfeldt, Chicago	8,204
12. Howard Chatt, Chicago	8,134
13. V. D. Reese, Columbus	8,034
14. Al Foss, Cleveland	7,988
15. A. A. Trimble, Columbus	7,984
16. Fred Kuesel, St. Paul	7,852
17. A. E. Fogle, Columbus	7,805
18. G. A. Cook, Chicago	7,752
19. C. H. Bornholt, Chicago	7,730
20. W. J. Jamison, Chicago	7,696
21. Fred Arbogast, Akron	7,673
22. Wm. Behnen, Columbus	7,536
23. L. E. De Garmo, Chicago	7,481
24. C. Nordholm, Chicago	7,446
25. W. A. Eberman, Chicago	7,399
26. R. T. Merrill, Columbus	7,394
27. Jack Schwinn, Newark	7,311
28. M. R. Crooks, Columbus	7,241
29. J. D. Palmer, Columbus	7,157
30. W. F. Mitchell, Indianapolis	7,026
31. Lou Hurst, Indianapolis	6,800
32. R. T. McCawley, Buffalo	6,722
33. A. Olson, Chicago	6,551
34. F. J. Lane, Chicago	6,033
35. Geo. Case, Chicago	5,854
36. Fred Johnson, Indianapolis	5,850
37. C. Burlingame, Chicago	5,333
38. R. Cox, Indianapolis	4,964
39. C. Deluse, Indianapolis	4,948

The balance of these scores will be printed in the November issue of Outdoor America.

And now—the Bassy-Getum



Supplied with any hook combination. Actual size—Wt. ⅝ oz.

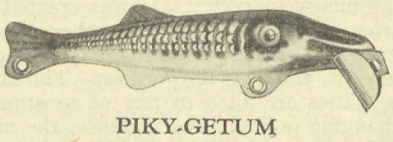
Looks *Like a Baby Bass*
Acts *Like a Hurt Minnow*

When the leaves are turning, the air full of snap and the fish full of pep, that's when it's real fishing. Don't miss it and take along a couple of Bassy-Getums and Piky-Getums. They're a great pair.

RIGHT on the tail of Outing's Piky-Getum comes the Bassy-Getum. Just as the Piky-Getum *looks* like a baby Pike—and acts like one, so the Bassy-Getum is patterned exactly after a baby bass—and *acts* like one—more erratic than the Piky-Getum, *but with the same hurt minnow action.* Made of hollow metal by the same process that permits shaping it accurately after an actual minnow—has mouth, eyes, fins, gills, scales, tail and everything—is indestructible—hook can't pull out—all of the attraction of a live minnow—none of its disadvantages.

Color combinations duplicate the actual colorings of small mouth, large mouth, rock, black, silver and calico bass. On metal, these colors flash like the sheen of a live minnow.

If your dealer hasn't stocked them yet, order direct from us—price 95c.



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Supplied with any hook combination
9 colorations. Weight one-half oz. Price 95c.

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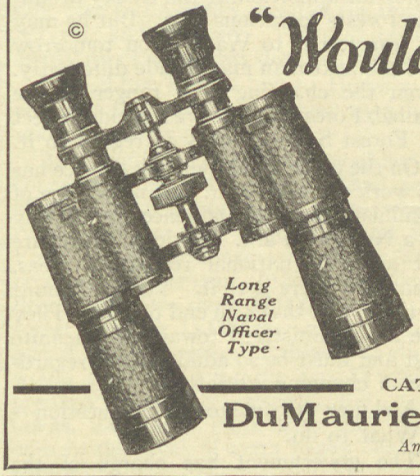

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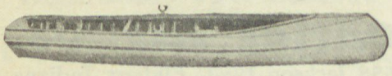

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The Phantom Herd

(Continued from page 65)

temporary attempt to capture fawns to be shipped to other forests proves practicable, hunting will be stopped. Which shows the Forest Service to be in sympathy with the preservation of the deer, so far as present policy goes, and this leads us to an interesting question.

The difference between game administration under the Forest Service and Game administration under the Park Service lies in the lamentable fact that the Forest Service is not bound to protect game or to do anything at all about game or scenic areas excepting as the policy of the Service in regard to these things is established by the contemporary officials.

Just at present the policy of the Forest Service is to administer all national forests in the best interests of the most valuable use of each particular forest. When a forest is valuable principally as a timber reserve, it will be so used; when it is judged to best serve as a recreational ground, this use will have the right of way over forestry. If it finds its highest use as a game sanctuary, this use will take preference.

It is a highly comprehensive and laudable policy. But the Forest Service is at the mercy of policy. It was created to grow, protect, and harvest timber. In its "articles of incorporation" as we might term it, this was its purpose. The later activities are all a matter of constantly changing policy. For instance, the next Chief Forester could decide to harvest the timber of the Kaibab, and might decide that recreational value was negligible. S. B. Locke outlined to me an admirable policy for apportioning the Rocky Mountain forests to various uses. But he may be transferred to Washington tomorrow and the next man may decide differently. Even the changing of a ranger in the Kaibab Forest might have a decided effect on Forest Service policy in regard to it.

On the other hand the Park Service has its work cut out for it, and no change of administration can influence the destiny of a National Park. National Parks are set aside as national recreation areas. That's all there is to it. You can't hunt in them, and that's an end to that. They are all administered toward one definite end and must be so administered regardless of changing officials.

And now we come to the big question—What to do?

The government has charge of the Kaibab deer. They are in a National Park and a National Forest, and in a Federal game sanctuary to boot. The Biological Survey, which is the animal department of your government, has made investigations and has said there are too many deer and that they should be reduced as previously outlined. Perhaps that should settle it. If we don't have confidence in our government maybe we should throw the whole thing in the river and call it a day.

But the bureaus have invited outside interference and advice. I have engaged in interference and now I am going to indulge in advice. The Kaibab deer are thin. Disease may break out and kill them all. They may be dumb-bells and lie down and starve surrounded by food. I do not know about these things. The government, which has evidenced lack of confidence in itself by inviting civilian investigations and recommendations, should either learn something about the Kaibab deer or get out of the manger.

The Bureaus have large publicity departments extolling their finer points. Their attitude toward themselves is somewhat similar to the attitude of Stevenson toward his famous donkey. After bidding her farewell, he sums up her character thus: "Her faults were those of her race and sex; her virtues were her own."

I think some government bureaus are inclined to solve problems by turning the publicity department loose instead of turning the scientists loose. The committee of investigation last summer did a good deal of hard work and I heard nothing but commendation of their efforts. But they had no business in the Kaibab forest. The idea of condemning thousands of deer to death after a ten day investigation was a farce.

The government has no business running around asking people what they think about it. Civilian committees, people whose names get in the papers readily, writers like myself who have no claim to scientific knowledge, have no business trying to solve the Kaibab deer problem. I observed a tendency on the part of bureau officials to ask my opinion on various phases of the deer problem, whereas they shouldn't have cared a fig what I thought. It will be a fine thing for the wild life when we wake up to the fact that because a person is a writer he is not necessarily the last word in scientific authority.

The bureaus should employ more scientists and fewer court jesters. The laboratory and the test tube should take precedence over the typewriter and front page publicity in solving technical problems.

If the bureaus were to send into the Kaibab a group composed of practical range experts, dieticians, painstaking students of animal nature, botanists, and a few others, equipped with complete apparatus and plenty of time, they would get less publicity, there would be less fanflare and fewer distinguished visitors, but it might solve the deer problem. Research by acclamation is fine for everybody but the deer.

If the problem is not serious enough to warrant such a complete investigation, the bureaus should not expect outsiders to waste their own time.

So that ends my advice to the bureaus. I had a lot of fun writing it down and I hope the bureau won't get mad at me, because they're fine chaps.

Lastly, and somewhat in this connection, I wish to quote from a newspaper, one of those journals from which we get our facts, on which, in turn, we base our judgments.

In a previous article I mentioned the fact that Mr. Locke had visited us in the Kaibab. He came in by car, then rode with us through the woods on horseback looking for deer for exactly three hours by my excellent watch, and returned the following day to Kanab. We saw 81 deer. Very few were fawns. We saw no dead

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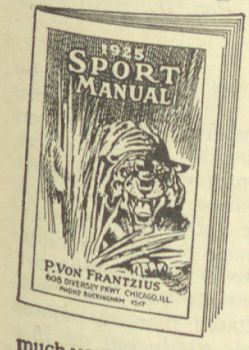

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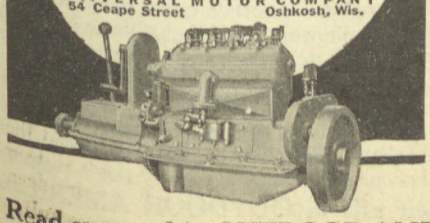

deer—in fact, we did not ride in that part of the Forest where deer that had died during the winter would be found. Here is the newspaper article, which appeared as a special dispatch emanating from Ogden, Mr. Locke's headquarters:

"Ogden, May 12th (Special) Heavy losses of fawns in Kaibab forest are reported by S. B. Locke, associate forester in the department of lands in the district forest office upon his return Tuesday from a two weeks' inspection. He said that about three quarters of last year's fawns had disappeared during the winter, either from starvation or devoured by predatory animals.

"Residents in the district, Mr. Locke said, are caring for the baby deer by taking them to the ranches to be fed by milch cows, and others taking their cows to the deer on the forest. In this way the residents are attempting to care for 500 fawns.

"Mr. Locke says the road to Bryce Canyon is in fine shape."

From my knowledge of Mr. Locke, I feel certain he was misquoted. But this does not detract from the effect of the dispatch, nor does it detract from the interest with which I followed this opportunity to see how facts are disseminated.

The facts were, that Mr. Locke spent three hours of actual range work; that none of the Kaibab deer had become mothers, so far as 1925 was concerned, when the article was printed.

Since that time I have heard more about the dearth of fawns. I read an article by a Biological Survey man which declared that three quarters of the fawns in the Kaibab had perished.

The other day I had the pleasure of a talk with Col. Greeley, head of the Forest Service, and he said: "But of course nearly all of the fawns died last winter."

I asked him how he knew. He pointed out that the Biological Survey man had said so.

But I had gone over the areas of heavy concentration of the deer and had seen about four dead fawns in three weeks riding. If, as the committee and the Forest Service said last summer, the fawn crop was 100 per cent of the non-antlered deer, and there were 30,000 deer in the forest (making 15,000 fawns, let us say) and if three quarters of these had died, would I, allowing for the way in which predatory animals destroy the dead fawns, have seen more than four dead ones in the areas of extra heavy concentration?

I met Jim Owen, veteran of the Kaibab, who lives there now, and he told me that the reason there were few fawns in evidence this spring was because the deer were weak last Fall and Nature took care of the situation.

Alas! the newspapers, from which we get our information!

"But," asked the queen, winking at the king as she lighted a fresh ten cent cigar, "the road to Bryce canyon was all right, wasn't it?"

But this question, like the others I have asked, are for you to answer out of your store of common sense. And which, by the way, closes my story.

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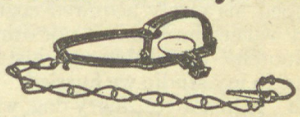

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When Your Dog Made his Bid for Fame

Memories and anecdotes written by dog lovers of the I.W.L.A. to which all are urged to contribute

Right under his nose—Pointer owned by Frederick A. Patt, Jr., Attleboro, Mass.

The cover painting this month by Frank Stick, is an original of Champion Jersey Jo-Jo, a winner on the Grand Circuit.

Jo-Jo is owned by Wally Gibbs and trained by Frank Riley. Both owner and trainer are enthusiastic Waltonians and hail from New Jersey.

Hold 'Em Hootch!

By George King Barry

The Good Book urges us to be kind, and in most of us is born that feeling of pity towards animals, particularly the dog.

I often recall a certain day last December; a cold dreary morning, most unfit for such a faithful beast as a dog to be without a home. All teachings of the Good Book surged up in my mind when a footworn and hungry spaniel mushed through the snow towards me. He was a true image of hard luck and positive proof of a big city's cold heart.

I at once named him "Hootch," for at least I hoped his newly acquired cognomen would warm him inside if not otherwise. "Hootch" and I became instant friends, and to my studio we hurried.

"Hootch" is just an ordinary dog, with two exceptions. An unlawful intruder might like him better in a wooden box. For this reason I value "Hootch," but there is one reason why I must arraign him. He is too danged obedient.

On the day that I took "Hootch" into my home to share my steaks and chops I had some pressing business to attend to. I entrusted to him my whole studio which contains most everything I possess.

"Remember, 'Hootch'," I said upon leaving him comfortably sprawled out in front of the fire-place, "nobody enters."

I was gone four hours, and during such an elapse of time one is apt to forget many things. I had forgotten "Hootch" and "Hootch" had forgotten me. The moment I turned the glass knob, a deep growl reminded me, in fact it gave me a scare. It was hopelessly useless for me to try to gain entrance to my home. "Hootch" was barking loud, and his growls carried a sinister echo.

With the aid of a pound of chop-meat, and "the man on the post," I finally gained admittance. "Hootch" did display his willingness to obey a command, but he stretched it too far, don't you think?

The next day I also left "Hootch" in charge of my domain, but my parting words were, "Remember, 'Hootch', nobody enters, *BUT ME!*"

On different occasions I have read about the wonderful intelligence of dogs and thought perhaps some of the OUTDOOR AMERICA readers might enjoy a story about an Irish spaniel of unusual intelligence I once owned, so I am going to contribute this article for those who may enjoy it.

This narrative dates back to the years 1876 to 1886. My dog Sport was thoroughly trained for retrieving by an older brother and myself. We also taught him many other tricks for our amusement, which on several occasions proved to our advantage, as this story will show in one particular case.

At the time of this incident I was using a muzzle-loading shotgun, hunting jack snipe about three-quarters of a mile north of our city, on the south shore of Lake Winnebago, east of what was called the "Big Hole."

This territory was an ideal place for jack snipe; it had a few small waterholes surrounded by high marsh weeds; there were also some mucky swampy places, good feeding ground for snipe and marsh birds. The lake shore had a few willow trees, considerable marsh canebrake and high weeds, through which a hunter would have to go to come to their haunts.

After hunting about two hours with great success, I found that my ramrod was missing. That surely put me in a predicament. I had two charges in the gun, and no way of reloading after they were discharged. That meant either find the ramrod or go home. Only about half of the territory I intended to hunt had been covered.

I thought the matter over for a few minutes, called my dog, and gave him the command: "Go find. I lost something." (That was the command I always gave him to go back after any article I had left at a given place for him to retrieve later on.)

He at once went back over my trail and in fifteen minutes returned proud as a peacock with the ramrod. That is where his trick training helped me out of an embarrassing position.

Starting back to the boat house, on the way I shot a muskrat which I gave to one of our local trappers, Lester by name, who received the rat, threw it into a patch of weeds to pick up later, and together we started for another good place about a half-mile west of the boat house in a very swampy neighborhood. There I shot six or eight snipe.

We spent about two hours hunting in this locality. Being about to start back to the boat house and home, the idea occurred to me to try my dog's memory

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as well as his reasoning powers. I mentioned this intention to Lester, and told Sport to get the rat, waving my hand in the direction it was hidden.

The dog started at once, traveling very slowly, when all of a sudden he started and almost flew to the spot, returning in great triumph with his prize. I stooped down and petted the faithful dog for his remarkable sagacity.

Old Sport, with all of his other good qualities, was a natural watch-dog of exceptional quality. He was a self-appointed guardian of our family.

One of his specialties as watchman was to make the rounds of the house every night four or five times, going from one room to another, smelling and viewing each bed. After satisfying himself that everything was all right, he returned to his place in the kitchen, where a padded mat specially made was placed for him to lie on.

The act of making the nightly rounds was not taught to him; he did that of his own volition.

Although this dog could not talk, I am satisfied from the way he acted at times that he could understand a great deal of what was said.

I consider in his watchful attitude at our home and other wise acts performed, that the old dog showed a remarkable degree of reasoning power.

Blood and training will reveal itself in man or beast.

Cocker Spaniel Field Trial

By Harry H. Kingston

Any breed of dog of intrinsic worth, is bound sooner or later to come into its own. The cocker spaniel in our country has, with rare exceptions, been a home pal rather than the upland hunting dog he really is. As a show dog he has always been one of the popular breeds and, fortunately, those who prefer the bench to the field have improved the cocker without hurting his hunting ability.

A concerted move by the hunting cocker enthusiasts is now under way to show the hunting fraternity that here is a hunting dog worthy of serious consideration.

One advantage of the cocker and his larger cousin the springer is that the one dog man has a dog which will hunt either feathers or fur.

The Hunting Cocker Spaniel Club of America is working to bring the cocker back to his rightful place as a hunting dog of real ability and convenient size. The first field trials ever held in America for American or Canadian bred cocker spaniels will be run Sunday, December 6th, over the estate of Dr. A. R. Moffit, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The cover is ideal and the game will be plentiful. Horace J. Lytle, of Smada Byrd fame, E. Tauskey and A. Clinton Wilmerding have been invited to judge these trials. Entries close November 25 with the secretary.

For more particulars regarding the Hunting Cocker Spaniel Club, or information about the field trials, write to the secretary of the club, Harry H. Kingston, Jr., 155 Main St. W., Rochester, N. Y.

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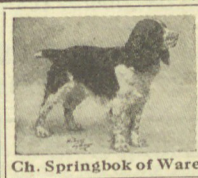

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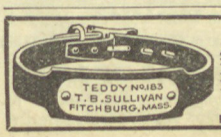

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The Square Owl

(Continued from page 17)

"Ah, Ben." It was the jolly Governor. "It's damned bad about these birds. We sympathize with you, old man. That owl, ah—don't you think?"

"You're Governor of the State," Ben said, "but what you know about owls simply isn't. That owl's got nothing to do with this trouble. Owls shoot square—but I s'pose you don't know what that means, either."

"Ben, ah—now, there's no use—"

"Quiet, please. He's comin'." It was Dexter. He gripped his shotgun. "An' by God, he's after one."

A great dark hulk dropped out of the high night. Then, near the field, it darted forward again, zigzagging, swift as thought, silent. Once it skimmed the ground, arose and shot on again. And now they saw, dimly, a dark long beast on the ground under the owl. He leaped, writhed, dodged, seeking to escape. Above him, twisting and following, the owl skimmed low, seeking to strike. It was a moving victim, a fair game. He might strike honorably, according to his fashion.

But the beast, to the Governor's sudden horror, made for the group of men. And he was nearing them in bounds, death pursuing two feet above him, when the night split and crashed.

Dexter had fired. And a thousand pheasant cocks crowed their storm-warning in the night, as when thunder booms: *kahkah-ka!*

The beast ran on, among the men, leaped through the gate to safety, on . . .

For Dexter had blown up the owl.

The next roar, and it came immediately, was from Ben Harp. In the flame from Ben's gun he had glimpsed the beast clearly. And, like the snapping of fingers, everything had come clear in his head. He knew that Dexter had turned this beast loose, night after night, to rip the throats of the chinabirds, to discredit Ben, to cause the Commission to discharge him. But it was not his job that Ben saw. It was his slain birds.

And because he had glimpsed the beast, he knew where to find it. Cursing hoarsely, he ran through the gate. First he would grind the beast under his heel. Then Dexter . . . Puffing, the Governor and his fellows followed.

They found him in Dexter's little house. There, in a bedroom, he had found a tight box with one small hole. He shook the box, his heavy heel uplifted. A slim flash came through the hole. The heel crashed down, and ground, around and around.

It was a ferret, a tame trained ferret Dexter had imported. Each night Dexter had set it loose in the field, taking it in before daylight.

The ferret's needle-toothed head ground flat, Ben Harp went for Dexter. He seemed to see only Dexter's throat, which was pale tawny, like the throat of a pheasant hen. One of his hands ripped the shotgun away from Dexter, threw it down. Both hands reached and closed on Dexter's tawny throat.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, ah, ah," moaned the Governor of the State, "ah, gentlemen, ah—we mustn't have any violence, ah—*oh!*"

The table, bed and commode collapsed as if at a signal. In the storm, the jolly Governor moaned and wept. "Please, I beg of you, gentlemen . . . *oh!*"

Crash . . .ka-bang . . .

"Gentlemen, I beg . . . *ah-h . . .*"

The politicians were more capable. They got Dexter away and dragged him out to the pump. Ben stood by for five minutes until Dexter sat up.

"Get out, you," he barked, "you *ferret*. Get out—now. You're canned, d'ye hear? Don't you stay on this place another minute."

"I'll—" Dexter whispered to the Governor, "—ride with you—your car—in to town."

"Well, ah, ah," said the Governor pompously, "no, sir, ah—you won't, sir. Not with us. You can walk, damn it, ah—can't you?"

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The more results our advertising brings, the more advertising we will carry.

Real Camping

(Continued from page 60)

the Hudson's Bay blanket was commonly conceded to be the best bed covering for campers in northern latitudes. Trappers, and others, who traded with Indians, could secure rabbitskin robes which were even warmer than their weight in woolen blankets. Sleeping bags of various designs, blanket lined and fur lined, have also enjoyed considerable popularity. The robe most favored in Canada today is a down quilt, its outer side covered with light, durable cotton cloth, and its under side covered with a light, loosely woven woolen blanket. By means of snaps or buttons, this robe can be arranged as a sleeping-bag; or it can be spread out flat. It is made in several sizes and weights. The largest size is ninety inches square, weighs sixteen pounds and costs $60.

In order to test its frost-resisting qualities, the writer spent two nights on a far northern lake, with no other bed or bedding but this robe. A standard Fahrenheit thermometer registered fifty-four degrees below zero the first night, and fifty-five the next, but he slept soundly and suffered not at all.

Splendid robes of this kind are now being made and advertised in the United States.

Hikers, who carry their whole outfits upon their backs, should know that a sheet of light, tough paper inserted between two layers of blankets adds surprisingly to their cold-excluding and heat retaining qualities.

CAMP PILLOWS

Pillows for camp use need not be large or bulky. Once the desired elevation for the head is obtained, the final snug adjustment (which makes the difference between rest and restlessness) can be made with a very small cushion.

A cloth bag twelve inches long by six inches wide is ample for this purpose and if filled with down, feathers or kapok affords a perfect head rest. If none of these materials is available, beans, peas, rice, or even dry gravel, may be used satisfactorily, provided the bag is not filled to more than two thirds of its capacity. Finely ground substances, such as flour, sugar, salt or sand, pack too solidly and should not be used for either cushion or pillow. Dry grass, moss or leaves make good filling also, while a wilderness pillow de luxe can be had by stuffing the bag full of cat-tail floss.

For use as a knee rest when paddling, the pillow bag should be twenty inches long, but not more than six inches wide. So many other uses will be found for this kind of pillow that it is well worth the few extra ounces it adds to the weight of the outfit.

Write Murdo Gibson,
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The Dogs Food Supreme
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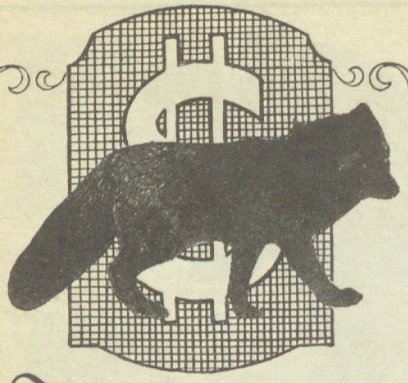

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"SILVER FOXES"

PRIZE WINNING STRAIN

Descriptive Catalog

Vermont Silver Fox Co., Inc.
Chittenden, Vt.

The Little Lady Vagabond

(Continued from page 24)

only buildings we see—many, many of them forsaken. Many, many of them are homes—bravely flaunting even lace curtains—nearly all of them with a patch of lovely flowers somewhere. Many homesteaders have secured their patent and have gone back to civilization to wait development of the country. Canada is no place for the weakling—but for those who have courage to face the hardship and loneliness of the settler's life—there is great opportunity, for the soil is generous—and the cost of it is very low. Of course, the handicap of distance from market must be reckoned with—but all indications point to a practical solution to that difficulty.

In the meantime, I have decided to go to Grande Prairie first and then go by road or trail to Peace River, from there, a distance of about a hundred and fifty miles.

In the late afternoon we come into Grande Prairie country—rich, black soil, as smooth as the surface of a ball—stretching endless beyond the horizon. Grain fields stand ripening—some of it, heavy-headed, in stocks. They tell me that in this district last year the crops were so great that the farmers could not measure it as it was handled.

Grande Prairie is most picturesquely western frontier. The streets, after a three-day rain, are a sea of clay mud that sticks like glue and is as slippery as grease. Wild roses are in bloom along the same roadway, from which spring luscious mushrooms, as large as saucers. I pick both—the wild roses for the good of my soul—and the mushrooms—fresh mushrooms are good for anything you may have!

Next morning I go out into the large farming country and hear of how these settlers, just ten or fifteen years ago, came down over the Edenn Trail by oxen team (two hundred and fifty miles from the "end of steel" in those days) to build their little world in this valley of great promise. Twice a year trips had to be made "out" to get supplies—and it took three months. When I looked around me—and saw for miles and miles cultivated lands and great herds of fine cattle, much of it pure bred—homes, even though built of logs, of a very brave and courageous people, I humbly bowed before the spirit of empire building that had made it possible in this new, untried country.

I shall take you with me to Peace River in my next letter.

Faithfully yours,
THE LITTLE LADY

ALASKAN SILVER FOXES. Registered Price $1200. per pair.

Registered standard bred Silver Foxes $600. per pair. Inspected by a Canadian Government Fox Expert. Also Karakul Fur sheep which Produce Persian Lamb Fur $100 each.

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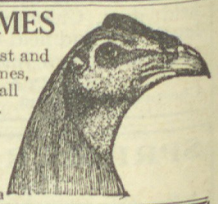

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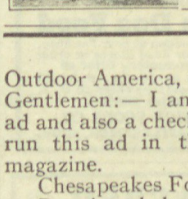

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find check for August ad. It would be too late to run in September issue, as we do not stay up here late. The ad certainly has brought results, and we will surely be with you next season.
Yours very truly,
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Make arrangements now.
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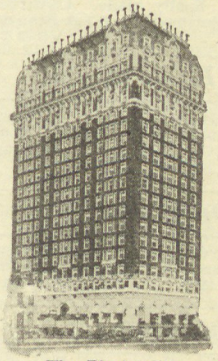
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All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the first of the month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified Advertising Department THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA 536 LAKE SHORE DRIVE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 78 and 79.

Agents Wanted

SCIENTIFIC Gas Saver. All autos. 1 free to introduce. Critchlow, A89, Wheaton, Ill. (3-11)

Automobile Supplies

DIRECT Engine Driven Tire Pumps for Fords, $10.00. Easy Payments. Dependability guaranteed. George Clagett Mfg. Co., Upper Marlboro, Md.

Boats and Engines

16-FOOT Rowboat. Easily made. Construction blueprint, 30¢. Weesho-Uco, 31st Branch, Detroit. (3-11)

Books and Publications

SPORTSMAN'S GUIDE. World's Greatest Hunting, fishing, trapping and Tourists' Book published. Price $1.00, Postpaid. Missouri Kennel Club, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Business Opportunities

OPPORTUNITY. Live on my property free. Grow ginseng-golden seal on shares. Ozarks. Vol Brashears, Combs, Ark. (3-11)

Camps and Cottages

SUNSET Cove Tourist Hotel on Lake Nipissing. Fisherman's paradise. Best accommodations. Good automobile road to hotel. Situated in the best duck hunting grounds. Rates $4.00 per day, boats and guides extra. Also Deer hunting camps of the best. Seventy-five dollars for the season. Everything supplied except guns and ammunition. For further particulars communicate with Robert Byers, Powassan, Ont., Can. (3-12)

WHITE'S Game Preserve, Waterlily P. O., Currituck Sound, N. C. One of the best places in North America for Ducks, Geese, Quail and Snipe. Especially canvasbacks. Write for reservations now, November, December or January. (3-10)

ADIRONDACK Hunting: 250 acre preserve, bordering miles of forest. Excellent partridge and snowshoe rabbit shooting—good chance for deer. Modern country home. Rates $20.00 per week. Wm. Hesse, Woodgate, N. Y.

WILD Fowl hunters wanted on Mississippi River Bars. Excellent Goose and duck shooting. Everything furnished except gun and ammunition. Rates, $4.50 per day. Claude E. Clinton, Fayville, Ill.

Coins and Curios

CALIFORNIA Gold. Quarter size; 27¢. $ ½-size; 53¢. 50,000 German Marks and Catalogue, 10¢. Norman Shultz, Colorado Springs, Colo. (12-8)

5 DIFFERENT Copper Coins and Price Lists 10c. 100,000 German Marks, 10c. Nickel 3c and 2c, 15c. Al E. Bonsall, Richmond, Ind.

INDIAN Arrow Head, Eagle claw, petrified fossil, foreign coin and 1,500 Indian article catalogue, all for 25c. Indiancraft O. A. Co., 466 Connecticut, Buffalo, N. Y. (10X)

50,000 COINS, medals, paper money, old pistols, swords, daggers, Indian relics. Catalog free. Nagy, 8 South 18th St., Philadelphia.

Dogs

Airedales

THOROUGHBRED Airedale puppies and brood matrons. All ages. Real guards. Satisfaction guaranteed and all papers for registration in A. K. C. Floral Hill Kennels, New London, Wis.

AIREDALE pups. Best blood lines. Eligible registration. Write today for attractive prices. Geo. C. Stickney, Box 60, Jay, N. Y. (3-12)

Dogs

Airedales—Continued

AURORA Airedale Kennels—Swivelle blood direct, hunters, fighters, guards and companions; write for what you want. Aurora, Mo. (3-12)

AIREDALES. Brood Matrons; Puppies, $10 and $15. Dr. Long, Lake Andes, So. Dak. (3-12)

Chesapeakes and Spaniels

IRISH Water Spaniels—Keen nose, leg length and weight, make this breed the superior of any spaniel now on the market. Fast, powerful swimmers, rapid ground workers. Not a new discovery. "Old Patsey" made good here years ago. Retrieve duck, grouse, chicken, pheasant. Wonderful intelligence, easy trained, easy handled. Largest, finest kennel in America. Genuine curly-coated, rat-tail strain. Eight prize winners imported in three years (a record). Puppies from experienced workers, also youngsters and trained dogs on hand always. Little long in distance, mighty long on quality. Percy K. Swan, Chico, Calif. (3-10)

CHESAPEAKES For Sale. Puppies whelped July 5th. All dead grass females, $25.00. Males, $35.00. One male whelped Feb. 11th, partly broken, $75.00. One male three years old, trained, $300.00. All puppies and dogs guaranteed satisfactory. Papers furnished. Thompson's Chesapeake Kennels, Lake Andes, S. Dak.

COCKER Spaniels. The everyday pal, indoors or in the woods. I have a few puppies. Mostly reds, willing hunters and easily trained. Will make fine grouse, cock and pheasant dogs. Harry Kingston, Secretary, Hunting Cocker Spaniel Club of America, 155 Main W., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR Sale: Champion bred springer spaniel pups, 4 ½ months old. Liver and white. Breeding and price on request. Dr. A. R. Sorbel, Sisseton, S. D.

INCOMPARABLE Labrador Retrievers. Importers, breeders, trainers. Puppies and broken dogs. Bertsch Labrador Kennels, Glasgow, Montana. (3-10)

REGISTERED Chesapeake. Female, age 3 years; good retriever; proven breeder. Price $100.00. Also male pup, $30.00. W. E. Popelars, Weyauwega, Wis.

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies by the Int. Champion Jambok of Ware. Here is some of the best blood lines obtainable, at a reasonable price. N. B. Hooper, Box 13, Castine, Me.

BEAUTIFUL Registered Cocker Puppies. Famous hunting strain. Easily trained. Rowland, Greensville, Ont. (3-11)

CHESAPEAKE Bays—Registered year old Female nicely started, $40. Puppies, $15 and $20. Envilla Kennels, Havre, Mont.

SPRINGER spaniel puppies. Sire Ch. Winnebago Whirlwind. Dam—Winnebago Flush. $50 up. Peck's Kennels, Lawler, Iowa.

TRAINED Chesapeakes and puppies for sale. Satisfaction guaranteed. Best of breeding. Harry J. Carney, New Hampton, Iowa. (3-12)

HIGH Class Chesapeake Retriever Pups for sale. C. H. Morgan, Tyndall, S. D. (3-11)

WATER Spaniel Puppies. Hunters and Retrievers. S. Zelinske, Redgranite, Wisc. (3-10)

Collies

COLLIES—The dogs with human brains. Prize winning imported and American-breds at stud and for sale. Brood matrons by champions. All stock must satisfy or money refunded. Established fifteen years. Egyptian Farm, Marion, Ill. (6-10)

COLLIES for Sale. Training Book 35c. Sunnybrae Farms, Bloomington, Ill. (3-10)

Dogs

Hounds

LOOK! Look! Coon Hunters. I offer you my old reliable coon dog Rouster. He is four years and three months old. O. K. in every respect, full blooded hound of the redbone stock, good size, good looker, open trailer, an all-night hunter, a good tree barker, will trail and tree a coon in swimming water. He is fox, stock, rabbit broken. First $75.00 gets him on 20 days' trial. Ray Moody, Paris, Tennessee.

HIGH CLASS Coon and Possum Hounds, $65.00 each. 10 days' trial. 3 to 6 years old. A few silent trailers. Try one of my hounds. Hunt him where there are coons and possums, and let him pay for himself. For reference, State Bank of Anglum, Mo., or any business man in Pattonville, Mo. D. J. Wright, Pattonville, Mo. (3-10)

PAIR Real Old Fashioned Coon Hounds. Four and 5 years old. Over a hundred coon caught in Mississippi river bottom with them. Fast, good, strike dogs. Fox, rabbit and stock proof. No better tree dogs anywhere. This kind are scarce. Great water dogs. Wanting the best, do not pass them. $50.00 each. Trial. T. T. Allen, West Memphis, Ark.

OAKGROVE Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers high class, coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; rabbit hounds; choice puppies; youngsters nicely started on game, at $15 each. High class Pointers and Setters. 10 days' trial. Descriptive price list, 10 cents. (4x)

MORN Hill Beagles offers for sale high grade registered Beagles. Choice of broken and partly broken grown stock, also puppies four months old. If interested in cheap stock do not write. Only the best is good enough. J. H. Hallstrom, 525 London Avenue, Rockford, Illinois.

MOVING to City: Sacrifice pair the best broke coon hounds in the community. Big, fine lookers. Four and 5 years. Fast, true, great tree dogs. Open trailers. Guaranteed and sold only on trial; $50.00 each. C. T. Howard, Box No. 3, Raleigh, Tenn.

SPORTSMEN—Coon hounds, Redbones, Black and tans and Blueticks. Cold trailers, tree barkers and stayers. Walker Fox hounds, Wolf hounds, Deer hounds, Varmint and Rabbit hounds. No trash. Strictly square dealing. Write Leo Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

THE SOUTHERN Farm Coonhound Kennels, Selmer, Tennessee, the oldest and largest institution of its kind on earth, offers coonhounds and combination night hunters, squirrel and rabbit hounds on ten days' free trial before you buy. Large, new, illustrated catalog 10c. (8X)

BLACK, tan, blue ticked, red bone coonhounds, $50.00. Best rabbit hounds in the south, $20.00. All dogs sold on ten days' trial. H. B. Bates, Mena, Ark. Box 654. (3-10)

FOR Sale—My good old fashioned coon hound, Slim, experienced in hills and swamps. A true tree barker. First $50.00 gets him on 10 days' trial. Robert Ford, Mayfield, Ky., Star Route.

BLOODHOUND puppies, half grown, healthy, husky youngsters. Papers come with these dogs. Males $35.00. W. Dangers, Neillsville, Wisc. (3-10)

COON, Skunk, Fox and Rabbit hounds. Broke dogs sent on 10 days' trial. Get a good dog early and be prepared when the season opens. Oco Kennels, Oconee, Illinois. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Trained coon, skunk, fox and rabbit hounds. Shipped C. O. D. on trial. Also youngsters. Write your wants. W. O. Henson, Xenia, Illinois.

FOR Sale: Fox hound pups, American Redbone, guaranteed to run when year old or money refunded. Gordon Leatherdale, Box 432, Orillia, Ont.

FOR Sale—Guaranteed coon, opossum, skunk, cat and running hounds, squirrel dogs, and partly trained hounds. C. L. Currier, Ozark, Ark. (2-10)

Our income from advertising is put to work for conservation.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 78 and 79.

Dogs

Hounds—Continued

OLD fashion coonhounds and combination hunters for coon, opossum, squirrel and cat. Rabbit hounds. All dogs sent on trial. Littles Grocery, Greenwood, Miss. (4-x)

RUSSIAN Wolfhounds. Puppies and grown Dogs. Beautiful, Extremely Large, Registered Stock. Prices reasonable. E. B. Kulbeck, Havre, Mont.

SPORTSMEN—We send our coon, opossum or rabbit hounds anywhere on trial. Purchaser to be own judge. List, 10c. McLister Bros., Brighton, Tenn. (3-11)

A NUMBER of exceptional coon hound puppies at $8.00 and $10.00. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-12)

BROKEN Beagles, Rabbit, Coon, and Foxhounds. Trial. Puppies. M. Baublitz, Seven Valleys, Penna. (3-11)

FOR Sale—A few high-class Red Bone coonhounds and combination tree dogs. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Beagles; Highly trained. Registered puppies. Stud service. Priced reasonable. V. Hershey, Orrville, Ohio, 3. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Coon Hound. Field trial winner. Knows his stuff. On trial of course. $150.00. Big "6" Poultry Supply, Warren, Ohio. (2-11)

FOX, Deer, Coon hounds as good as live. A few still trailing coon and varmint dogs. Stephens Kennels, Marshall, Ark. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Two male registered Walker hounds. Best blood. Nine months old. H. E. Davis, Andrews, N. C.

FOR Sale—Trained big game hounds from mountain section North Arkansas. Address Noah King, Calico Rock, Ark. (2-10)

ON Trial—Coon, Opossum, Skunk, fox and squirrel dogs. Floyd Parker, Japton, Arkansas. (3-12)

RABBIT Hounds. Cheap, $17.50 each. Fox hounds, skunk dogs, $25.00. Free trial. Joab Hicks, Hanson, Ill. (3-11)

RED Registered Redbone Pups. Bred to get the coon. S. E. Keever, Terre Haute, Ind., R. R. "A." (3-11)

REGISTERED Beagles, broken dogs; puppies, nicely marked, not shy. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-12)

THOROUGHBRED English Beagle Pups from Field Trial Winners. Beauties. $20. All papers. H. A. Wallerstedt, Alexandria, Virginia.

TRAINED Coon, Fox and Rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-12)

TRAINED rabbit hounds. Cheap. Shipped C. O. D. on trial. Price list free. Grady Boggs Kennels, Pendergrass, Georgia.

TWO 15-inch trained Female Beagles, $25 on trial. Two Beagle Pups. A. N. McBain, La Crescent, Minnesota.

TRAINED Stag Hounds for sale, all guaranteed; also pups from a 32-inch sire. W. A. Carlisle, Cherokee, Okla. (3-11)

WRITE Porter Bros., Higginsville, Mo., for any breed of hounds. Farmers Bank for reference. (3-12)

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Fur finders. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, R. 15, Herrick, Ill.

BEAGLES—All ages. Pedigreed. $10.00 up. Enclose stamp. L. A. Turner, Aldie, Va. (3-10)

BROKEN Hounds. McGovney's Kennels, Washington C. H., Ohio.

COON, Fox and Rabbithounds on trial. Geo. Walters, Seven Valleys, Pa. (3-12)

FOR Sale—Beagles, all ages. Harold Evans, Cold Springs, Indiana. (3-12)

GREYHOUND pups, 5 months old, that catch and kill. Eugene Buttolph, Riceville, Iowa.

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds. Fur finders. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, R. 15, Herrick, Ill.

REAL Cooners and Bird Dogs sent C. O. D., trial. Frye's Kennels, Finger, Tenn.

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed Leichtle, Cold Spring, Kentucky. (3-12)

Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs

REGISTERED English, Llewellyn, Irish and Gordon Setters, Pointers and retrieving Cocker and Irish Water Spaniels. Grown dogs. Puppies. Bred bitches and dogs at Stud. Bred in the North. Hardy and beautiful individuals. Sales list free. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minn. (3-12)

BEAGLES, Setters, Pointers, Foxhounds. Both grown stock, and puppies, ready to ship and train. Stud dogs, of each breed, at Public Stud. Photos, 6c stamps. Stanford Kennels, Bangall, N. Y.

LABRADOR Retrievers, all ages, best of breeding. Write me your wants. Will sell a pair of coon dogs also. Ross Stobbart, Chariton, Iowa. (3-12)

SELLING healthy intelligent registered mammoth Great Dane, St. Bernard and Newfoundland dogs. N. C. Smith, Box 23, New Richmond, Ind. (3-11)

THE O. K. Kennels of Marydel, Maryland, have for sale broken setters that will please any sportsman; also Maryland bred rabbit hounds on trial. Pamphlets free. (6-1)

AIREDALES, Beagles, Hounds, Setters, Pointers. W. M. King, Cynthiana, Ky., R. D. No. 5. (2X)

FOX Terriers, collies, bulldogs. Pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Ind. (12-2*)

ENGLISH Bull Puppies by our imported matings. Triangle Kennels, Jackson Center, Ohio. Box 9. (3-10)

SNOW White small breed Spitz puppies. $10, $15 and $20 each. A. M. Long, Marshall, Mo.

BULLDOGS—Trained fighters or pups. Bulldogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (6-1)

FOX Terriers, Spitz. $8.00 up. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wis. (3-12)

HIGH Class Cocker Spaniels and Airedales. Pedigreed. E. Roberts, Sinclairville, New York.

Pointers and Setters

TRAINED registered Pointer bitch 3 years old. Staunch on all points. Knows the game. A beauty. C. O. D. $75.00 on 5 days' trial. You pay expense both ways. Pointer pups 4 months old. All papers, $17.50 each. Right age for work. Either sex. Trained English setter dog, white and black spotted. No papers. A real shooting dog, 2 years old, $50.00. Bitch same litter, $50.00. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn.

SPRINGER Puppies—Following sires on pedigree: Springbok of Ware, Laverstoke, Powderhorn, Donual, Horsford Hetman. No puppies reserved. Sent on approval. We are going to sell them at a price to sell. A most beautiful litter. Dr. Grant Newby, Platteville, Wis. (3-12)

LABRADOR Retrievers. Handsome, affectionate; perfect companions for women and children. Wonderful retrievers. Not savage, but a "one man" dog. Thoroughbred puppies for sale. Percy Webb, 3729 Country Club Place, Sioux City, Iowa. (3-11)

SACRIFICE: Swell broke brace English setters, 3 years. Wide hunters. Retrievers, $100 each. Pair Llewellyns 3 years, well broke, $75 each. Brace pointers. Best ever. Do it all. $75 each. Papers on all above. C. C. Howard, Hulburt, Arkansas.

ENGLISH Pointer puppies—bred from finest shooting stock. Sire and dam both registered in Field Dog Stud Book. Papers furnished with each puppy. J. M. Drumm, Mercersburg, Pa. (4-11)

POINTERS and Setters for sale. Broken dogs one to three years old. Puppies from five months to one year. My dogs sold on guaranty that they are as I claim them to be. J. L. Collier, Welch, West Va. (3-12)

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1X)

IRISH Setter Puppies, Morty Oge and Chieftain Law Stock. Two Cross Irish Setter and Airedale Cheap. Moriarty, Berlin, Wis., R1-3.

Dogs

Pointers and Setters—Continued

ENGLISH Setter Puppies for fall work. Eugene's Ghost, Jersey Prince blood. All papers. Priced right. Dr. N. B. Combs, Mulberry, Ind.

FOR Sale. English Setter Puppies; right age for fall breaking; best breeding; papers; see them before you pay; write for particulars. Chas. H. Dunlevy, Memphis, Indiana.

GORDON Setter puppies for sale. Out of finest breeding. Both Sire and Dam first prize winners. Thos. Limborg, 398 Superior St., St. Paul, Minn.

ONE pointer bitch, age 14 months, well trained, good nose, wonderful retriever. Price reasonable. F. H. Garbacz, Batesville, Ark. (3-11)

WIREHAIRED Pointing Griffon puppies, champion bred. Shooting strain. Centerfire Kennels, 222nd St. and Boston Post Road, New York City. (3-10)

BROKEN Pointers and Setters. We also train dogs. McGoveny's Kennels, Washington C. H., Ohio.

CHOICE Registered Pointers, Setters, and pups. Trial, Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Illinois. (3-10)

FOR Sale. Litter whelped Nov., 1924. Sire by Riley Flush; Dam by Kirk's Master Boy. E. R. Ryan, Pomona, Mo. (3-11)

FOR Sale—White Setter Puppies four months old. Bred from real field dogs. Cheap. Merrill W. Nace, McConnellsburg, Pa.

GORDON Setters—Registered. From hunting parents. Whelped April fifteenth. Right age to train this fall. C. S. Townsend, Nevada, Mo.

IRISH Setter puppies, 2-6 months. Chip of Boyne at stud. Write for folder. E. T. Burke, Farmersville, Illinois.

POINTER pups, dogs, $25. Bitches, $20. All papers. From fine shooting stock. George Parker, Groveland, Mass. (3-12)

POINTER and Irish setter puppies from America's, England's and Ireland's finest champion blood. R. E. Valbert, Girard, Illinois. (3-12)

TWO Setter bitches 8 months old, $20.00 each. One registered Pointer brood bitch, $15 or trade. Chas. Farrell, Lancaster, Mo.

CHOICE Registered Shooting Pointers, Setters and working pups. Sensibly priced. John W. Chapman, Palmyra, Illinois.

DESIRABLE registered Pointers and Setters. Pups, eight months. $25.00. Golden Rule Kennels, Palmyra, Ill. (12-12)

IRISH Setter Puppies—America's best breeding. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-12)

REGISTERED Pointers and puppies. Write C. G. Robison, Lincoln, Ill. (10-11)

Police Dogs

FOR Sale. Police puppies and grown matrons. Berkmeyer, Jung Tell von Kriminalpolizie, Starkenburg, Uckermark, and Horst von Boll blood lines. Puppies, $30.00 and up. Matrons, $60.00 and up. Sold on approval. T. Njaa, Prop., Riverside Kennels, Cooperstown, N. Dak. (3-11)

FOR SALE—Thirty beautiful light and dark police pups; sired by imported trained sire of Dustenbrook, Kremenalpolizie blood line; big, husky, healthy pups $30 and $35; sold on approval; hundreds of satisfied customers in past 10 years. Dr. Almkler, Cooperstown, N. D. (3-10)

DOBERMAN Pinscher Puppies. Well-bred, eligible American Kennel Club. Shipped on approval. Reasonable. Delivery guaranteed. Masters Pinschers, Bowerston, Ohio. (3-11)

CLOSING Out Sale—Police Dogs and Wirehaired Foxterriers. Stud dogs and brood matrons priced low for quick sale. Tenneva Farm Kennels, 701 Alabama Street, Bristol, Tenn.

POLICE pups, out of imported blue ribbon Angekort stock. $30 up. Land O'Lakes Kennels, Route 5, Camden Station, Minneapolis, Minnesota. (3-11)

PEDIGREED police pups, grown dogs; champion strains; females, $25.00; males, $35.00. Shipped on approval. Bollhart Kennels, New Ulm, Minn. (3-11)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 76 and 77.

Dogs

Police Dogs—Continued

GERMAN Police dog for sale. Male, 10 months old, house and auto broke. Furnish papers on this dog. Theo. Rosenaur, Sublette, Kans.

POLICE Dog Puppies, eight weeks old, from imported parents. Females, $25; males $75. Shipped on approval. H. J. Dulle, Chamois, Mo.

POLICE Dog Pups for sale, $30 up. Shipped on approval. Safe delivery guaranteed. Best of breeding. Eligible. Arthur Anson, Mose, N. D.

BELGIAN Police Puppies, beautiful watch and defense dog. Ideal companion. Belgo Kennels, St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. (3-11)

GERMAN Police Pups. Sire is brother of Strongheart. Price right. N. S. Mumpower, Bristol, Tenn. (3-11)

FOR Sale. Pedigreed Police Puppies, $25.00 up. On approval. Write T. M. Helmer, Hannaford, No. Dakota. (9X)

QUALITY German Police pups from best blood lines and Pedigree. Females, $25. Males, $30. Milwallen Farm Kennels, Appleton, Wis.

WANTED—Police and other puppies. Give age, color, weight and price. P. H. Sprague, Maywood, Illinois. (3-12)

Terriers

FINE Irish Terrier Pups. Both sexes. From prize winning stock. Elismere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-11)

IRISH Terriers. The Game Kind. Raised Right. Used to Children. A. K. C. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (3-11)

LARGEST kennels of smooth fox terriers in America. Puppies by imported Model Cavalier. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-11)

TOY Boston Terrier Stud, 12 lbs., also high class registered Puppies. Envilla Kennels, Havre, Mont.

Dog Remedies and Supplies

FOR Worms in Dogs—Use Carbon Tetrachloride chemically pure; found 100% effective in Government test, and safest to use. Cures and prevents "Running-Fits." In capsules for dogs and puppies; 18 doses, $1.00. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (11-X)

DOG COLLARS. Send us one dollar and get a nice Round Fair Leather Collar for your dog. You will be pleased. State length. Nashville Saddlery Co., Nashville, Tenn. (3-10)

WEBER'S Famous Distemper Remedy and Preventive will save your dog. One trial will convince you of its merit; $1 per package, postpaid. J. R. Weber, Harrisburg, Pa. (3-11)

FREE Book about Dog Diseases, Nursing, Dosing, Prevention. Burhans, Publisher, Dept. O. A., Waterloo, Iowa. (3-11)

Firearms

ARE You a Rotten Shot? Hunting season should find you prepared to fill the bag. Our new shotgun peep sight, $2.50 post paid, will make you a good shot. Booklet. Wing shooting made easy. Description and testimonials on request. Wilbur Gun Sight, P. O. Box 185 Times Square, New York City.

DID you never shift with the House of Shiff the Gunman, North Woodstock, New Hampshire? Largest stock standard guns. In 54 years absolutely never "Near," Inferior or Defective guns at any price. Exchanging on a straight 10% charge with four days' trial. My list is worth any man's stamp. (3-12)

NEW 7 and 8 mm. genuine Waffenfabrik Mauser sporters with telescopes, $70. New 6/5 Mannlicher Schoenauer with Voightlander telescope, $90. Telescopes and mounts ready for your favorite rifle, $15 up. Also finest Target Pistol Bargains. C. S. Dietz, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

OVER and under guns for field and trap work, the favored guns by hunters and trap shooters made by August Schuler, master gunmaker, Suhl. Also three barrel guns, ideal deer guns. Rifles for big and small game. Double barrel guns. Write for new catalogue to sole agent: Frederick W. Hollender, 245 Canal St., N. Y. C.

Firearms—Continued

OUR high-grade three barrel guns. Over and Under, give best results. Send for catalog. Abesser & Merket, Gun-Makers, Suhl, Germany. Agents: Sloan's Sporting Goods Co., 88 Chambers Street, New York City. (3-12)

LOADING Tools, Moulds, Scales, Measurers for Metallic Cartridges and .410 Shot Shells; also M. J. Bullets, Primers and Cases. Handbook and catalog 10 cents. Modern-Bond Corp., 805 West Fifth St., Wilmington, Delaware. (12X)

SELL Winchester, Remington, Savage, Marlin Repeating Shotguns, New and Used Firearms List 100 Guns, 10c. Frayseths Hardware, Milan, Minn. (3-12)

NEW and Used Guns always on hand. Buy, sell or exchange. Ed. C. Hill, 5580 Etzel, St. Louis, Mo. (3-10)

ARMS-Ammunition catalog, 10c. Lowest prices. Sequoia, 17 Spear St., San Francisco. (3-12)

FOR Sale—New Colt's .22 pistol and holster, $25. Geo. Gustin, Roann, Ind.

Fish and Game Attractions

WILD Rice. New crop seed now ready for delivery. Best seed obtainable, from the great source of supply—Northern Minnesota. Guaranteed delivery in perfect condition. Waterfowl come where Wild Rice grows. Booklet. Also other best aquatic materials for waterfowl, fish and fur bearers—food and shelter. Write for literature. George D. Hamilton, Box 35, Detroit, Minnesota. (3-11)

BRING DUCKS to your waters. Plant natural foods—Wild Rice, Wild Celery, etc. We show you how. 29 years' successful experience. New illustrated folder and planting advice free. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 28 L. Block, Oshkosh, Wis. (4-11)

MINNESOTA Hardy Wild Rice Seed. Write for special price on orders for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minn. (3-12)

Fish For Sale

RAINBOW Trout Fry. 150,000 Rainbow Trout Fry from this spring's eggs. Just what you want for restocking that trout stream. Hardy stock being raised under natural conditions at St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin. Will sell all or part. Reasonable price. Also Rainbow and Brook Trout Eggs in season. Address Big Rock Creek Trout Club, 514 Guardian Life Building, St. Paul, Minn. (3-11)

Fishing Tackle and Bait

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, 2 lbs., $1. Doughbait, guaranteed to catch carp, 2 lbs., $1. Preserved minnows, 2 lbs., $1. Postpaid. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-11)

EXPERT Fishing Rod Repairing. Tournament rods to order. P. Wm. Arend, 3605 S. Broadway, Denver, Colo. (3-11)

For Sale or Exchange

SPORTSMEN Exchange: Guns, rifles, revolvers, rods, reels, cameras, field glasses, watches, musical instruments and furs, bought, sold and exchanged. Write us what you have, and we will make offer by return mail. Wanger & Co., 302 Market St., Dept. A, Phila., Pa. (3-11)

BUY, Sell and Trade all Makes of Guns, Fishing Tackle, Binoculars, Field Glasses, Watches, Diamonds, Old Gold, Gold Bridges, and Platinum. Watch repairing and diamond setting. Bankers' reference is required. Sam Efron, 170 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn. (3-12)

POULTRY, Wild Geese, Ducks, Peafowls, Pigeons, Pheasants, Stocking Game, Dogs, Milk Goats. Exchange. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Mo. (3-12)

PEDIGREED Airedales, spaniels, for guns, tents, sporting goods. Ben Jackson, Carlos, Minn.

EXCHANGE — Stereo Prism Binocular, 8 power, $30.00 value. Want high power rifle or shotgun. B. A. Ferringer, Mayport, Pa. (3-11)

Food Products

PURE Maple Sugar in cakes. Three pound box, $2, postpaid. E. R. Blackman, Neillsville, Wis. (5-12)

For Smokers

HOMESPUN Tobacco, 5-lb. chewing, $1.80; 5 smoking, $1.00; prepaid. Jim Foy, Dukedom, Tenn. (3-12)

Game Birds and Animals

LIVE Decoys. Duck Hunters: We have now ready for delivery a fine lot of genuine small variety English or Belgian Grey Call Ducks. Nearly every variety of wild duck responds readily to their clear, soft, enticing voice. They are very tame and easy to handle. Price per pair, $6.00, extra hens, $4.00 each. Order early and avoid disappointment. Also several varieties of pheasants, such as Goldens, Silvers, Lady Amherst, etc. Wallace Evans Game Farm, St. Charles, Illinois.

FOR SALE: Pure bred English Call Ducks, Canvas Backs, Red Heads, Teals, Pintails and Widgeons, raised in captivity. Geese, Canada, Hutchins, Cackling, White Fronts, Snows, Ross, and Blue. Brants and Pheasants. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-10)

BREEDER, trainer and shipper of English and Fitch Ferrets. Price, quality and safe delivery guaranteed. Correspondence solicited and catalogue free. Thos. L. Sellars, New London, Ohio. (3-12)

FOR Sale. Wild Mallard ducks for decoys. The wild ones are still lighting among them every day; good callers and all right in every way. $5.00 per pair. Walter Bahr, R. R. No. 3, French Island, La Crosse, Wis.

SPECIAL breed Wild Mallard ducks. Do not become domesticated. Bred by secret method after several years of careful study. $5.00 per pair. Wild Canadian Geese. Katherine Floy, Thornton, Ia.

CHINESE Ring-Neck and Fancy Pheasants, Wild Turkeys, Grouse, Quail, Water-Fowl and Deer. Eggs for Spring delivery. Stamp for Price List. Jaser's Pheasantry, Walhalla, Mich. (4-10)

FOR Sale—Blue foxes, red fox, mink, skunks, raccoons, ferrets, opossums, muskrats, squirrels, rabbits. B. Tippman, Dept. N, Caledonia, Minn. (3-12)

GENUINE, pure-bred, little English Call Decoy Ducks at reduced prices. No other breed near them. Guaranteed callers. P. C. Stephens, Columbus, Kansas.

I CATCH from 45 to 60 foxes in from 4 to 5 weeks' time. Can teach any reader of this magazine how to get them. Write for particulars. W. A. Hadley, Stanstead, Quebec. (6-10)

WILD Rabbits. Ozark Cotton-tails are better. Live arrivals guaranteed. Five years' successful experience. Order now for winter delivery. J. S. Frost, Box 266, Cassville, Mo. (3-11)

PHEASANTS, Partridges, Quails, Grouse, Wild Turkeys, Peafowl, Wild Ducks, Wild Geese, Swans. Possum Hollow Gamefarm, R. 9-46, Springfield, Ohio. (4-12)

SALE—Wild mallards, four fifty a pair, also "Screw-Bugs," three fifty each, better than Ferrets. Stamp for particulars. Al Grabow, Byron, Ill. (3-10)

WILD MALLARDS, $4.50 pr. Blackie Mallards, $8 pr. English Calls, $8 pr. Wild Geese, $20 pr. Highland Park Wild Fowl Preserve, Washington, Iowa. (3-10)

FOR Sale—Pure Bred English Call Ducks, Good quackers, $5.00 a pair. Two hens and drake, $7.00. Wm. Buntenbach, Washington, Iowa. (3-11)

BEAUTIFUL Fox Squirrels; long bushy tails. Most beautiful pets. $7.00 a pair. Safe arrival guaranteed. I. B. Hazzard, Miller, Neb.

DUCKS—Wild Mallards, pr., $5.00. Trio, $7.00. Colored Muscovies, pr. $7.00. Trio, $10.00. O. Hendrickson, Richmondville, N. Y.

FERRETS for rats, mink and rabbits, all sizes, brown or white. P. C. Lundt, St. Paul Park, Minn.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

For additional classified advertisements, see pages 76 and 77.

Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

FOR Sale—Tame Mallard Ducks for breeding or decoy purposes. Large birds, $5.00 per pair. Ridgemoore Farm, Hinsdale, Illinois.

FANTAIL Pigeons. All colors. Ten dollars a pair and up. Roy Schmedel, Watertown, Wisc. (3-11)

FOR Sale—Wild Mallard Ducks for decoys or stocking, $2.00 each. Special price in quantities. Dr. Arthur, Covington, Ohio. (3-12)

FERRETS for killing rats and hunting rabbits. Stock guaranteed. C. E. Crow, New London, Ohio. (3-11)

FOR Sale—English call ducks, six dollars pair. Satisfaction guaranteed. G. C. Schuler, Orfordville, Wisc. (3-11)

MALLARD Decoys, $1.50 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent C. O. D. if preferred. C. G. Coffman, Carthage, Illinois, R. 6.

PHEASANTS—Amherst and Golden. Japanese Silkie Bantams. Choice breeding stock. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-11)

RELIABLE Rabbitry. Flemish Giants, New Zealands, Belgian Hares, Maikranz Rabbitry, New Bethlehem, Pa.

WHITE and Brown Ferrets. Prices free. Book "On the Care," 10c. Bert Ewell, Wellington, Ohio. (3-12)

A HERD of deer for sale. Henry T. Rainey, Carrollton, Illinois.

BANTAMS—Forty varieties. Catalog, 2c. F. C. Wilbert, Grand Rapids, Mich. (3-12)

FERRETS, hand trained, regular pets, $4.00. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (2-11)

FOR Sale—Silver, Patch and Red Foxes. T. R. Lyons, Waterville, N. S., Canada. (2-11)

FOR Sale—Wild Mallard ducks for decoys. C. Middleton, Modale, Iowa. (3-11)

LIVE Mallard decoys, four-fifty pair. Hugo Antl, Waterville, Minnesota. (3-12)

WILD Mallard Decoys, $3.00 per pair, $1.50 each. John Lee, Eureka, Ill. (3-11)

Help Wanted

MEN wanting forest ranger, railway mail clerk and other government positions, write for free particulars of exams. Mokane, Dept. B-37, Denver, Colo. (6-12)

DETECTIVES earn big money. Excellent opportunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, George Wagner, former Government Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y. (3-10)

Hunting Memberships for Sale

ONE share in the Pin Oak Ridge Gun Club. Clubhouse on Boujan Swale. 15 shareholders; eight years in existence; 487 acres paid for. No better fall Mallard shooting to be had. Price $2,000. Mrs. A. Friedley, 733 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.

Indian Goods

GENUINE Indian Relics. Bow and arrows, $1.50. Beaded watch fobs, $1.00. Moccasins, $4.50 pair. Dozen selected arrowheads, $1.50. War clubs, belts, necklaces, $3.75 each. Indian beaded rabbits' feet, good luck charms, $1.00. Beaded hatbands and headbands, $2.75 each. Everything in ancient and modern Indian handicraft. Birch Bark Canoe and Price Lists, 25c coin. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O, Harbor Springs, Michigan. (3X)

FOR Sale—Genuine Navajo Indian rugs. An exceptional gift from the far West. Suitable for any occasion. Hand woven from pure wool by the Navajo squaws. Price, $7.50 up. Delivery paid. As gifts these rugs have never failed to please as proven by the rush of orders at Christmas time. Satisfaction guaranteed. Illustrated folder upon request. Buel Canady, Winslow, Arizona. (10X)

INDIAN Bows. Three feet, $1.50. Four feet, $2.00. With arrows. Arthur Starr, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Miscellaneous

PERSONS Pronounced Incurable from Rheumatism, Neuritis, desiring quick relief and guaranteed recovery, order Complete Treatment, $1.50. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Address Prof. Guha, Huntington College Chemist, Box L-166, Huntington, Ind. (3-12)

WATERWEEDS removed easily and effectively from any lake, pond or river. Write for particulars. Aschert Bros., 309 East 36th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. (8X)

HIGH blood pressure inexpensively overcome, without drugs. Send address. Dr. L. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. (3-12)

TYPEWRITERS—$20 up. Easy payments, free trial. Payne Company, Rosedale, Kan. (9-5)

Outing Equipment

BEST Wool Blankets, Sleeping Bags, Wool Shirts, Stag Coats. Indian Handwoven Blankets. Theo. Langguth, Boise, Idaho. (3-12)

Photography

BEAUTIFUL solid oil painting from your snapshot from $2.50 up. Particulars, W. Taylor, 173 Spencer St., Vancouver, Canada. (3-10)

BETTER Photo Finishing. Send one roll film and 15c for trial offer. Moore's Photo Shop, Alstead, N. H. (3-10)

ENLARGEMENTS, 5x7, 25c; 8x10, 50c. Negatives sent safely returned. John Frey, 53 Walnut St., Newark, N. J. (3-12)

KODAK finishing on Velox samples and prices on request. Bairstow Studio, Warren, Pa. (5-10)

Printing and Typewriting

$3 DELIVERED, 500 Watermarked Bond Letterheads, 8½x11, and 250 envelopes, money with order. Job Printing Specialty. National Printing Company, Goshen, Ind. (7x)

WE print stationery, booklets, catalogs, circulars. Samples. Fancier's Press, Box 1, Batavia, Ohio. (3-11)

500 THREE line gummed labels, three dimes. Wasp Moore, Martinsville, Ind. (3-10)

QUALITY Printing. Lowest Prices. Samples free. Pits, Amana, Iowa.

Real Estate

SELL Your property quickly for cash, no matter where located. Particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., 530 Brownell, Lincoln, Nebr. (3-12)

$5 DOWN, $5 monthly; five acres fruit, poultry, fur farm; river front, Ozarks, $100, hunting, fishing, trapping. Harold Hubbard, 1973 North Fifth, Kansas City, Kans. (6-12)

FLORIDA. 20 acres, Wauchula Hardee County. Fine climate. Soil, high, dry, well drained. Peace river fishing. Easy terms. F. B. Spoor, Byron, Ill. (3-12)

FOR Sale—200 acres of land containing 30 acre lake and small timber. Located in Newago Co., Michigan. L. E. Dull, Maple Rapids, Mich.

GUARANTEED Groves. Monthly payments. Suburban Orchards, Dept. A, Biloxi, Mississippi. (3-12)

OREGON Homesteads—Recently opened, offer exceptional opportunities. Map and details, $1. F. G. Thompson, Sheridan, Oregon. (3-12)

Real Estate—Continued

POULTRY farm; eight acres on banks Tippicanoe River. Lawrence Yarman, No. 1, Warsaw, Indiana.

TEN ACRES wooded lake shore property, fine boating and bathing. Will subdivide if necessary. J. E. Sager, Coleman, Wis. (3-10)

FOR Sale—Four Lake Front Lots. Chain-O-Lakes, Michigan. Bert Timmons, Harvey, Ill.

Stamp Collecting

BUY stamps from Cole's approvals. Cole, 3019A Wallace Street, Chicago. (3-12)

Taxidermy

LET me mount your birds, animals, heads, fish, true to life; moth-proof. E. C. Shabilon, Artist Taxidermist, Orangeville, Ill. (3-11)

Wanted

WANTED: Old lithographs and prints of American sailing ships—views and buildings in large American cities—California, Baltimore and New York especially wanted, including Fifth Avenue Hotel and American Express Building. A. Stainforth, Winthrop, Mass. (3-11)

WANTED—Tame young birds and animals for School Park. Starlings, Motmots, Magpies, Crows, Ravens, Toucans, Parrots, Macaws, Parrakeets, Agoutis, Pacas, Squirrels, Raccoon foxes, Kinkajous, Foxes and other pets. Emerson School, Gary, Indiana. (12-6)

Wearing Apparel

KNEECAPS for cold knees, very nice wool hose and mittens knitted and repaired by Mary L. Church, 63 Pringle St., Kingston, Pa. (3-12)

REAL Harris Tweed, direct from the makers by post, $2 per yard, carriage paid; patterns free on request. S. A. Newall & Sons, 162 Stornaway, Scotland. (5-12)

FOR Sale. Woman's beautiful beaver coat, size 38, length 45 inches. Reasonable. J. C. Marshall, 520 Main, McCook, Neb.

Classified Results

For Sale or Exchange

POULTRY, Wild Geese, Ducks, Peafowls, Pigeons, Pheasants, Stocking Game, Dogs, Milk Goats. Exchange. Pauly's Pheasantry, Kahoka, Mo. (3-12)

PAULY'S PHEASANTRY
KAHOKA, MISSOURI

Sept. 1, 1925.

Outdoor America,
Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing balance for three months. Please advise me of expiration of ad and I will remit again, as I have lots of good inquiries.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Dr. W. F. Pauly.

Are you CHAINED *to a Desk?....*

Are you held down by routine? Crowded with work? Do you long to get away—to get into the open—visit far places, strange lands?

If you do, it's only natural.

Everyone needs a change, relaxation, entertainment. We are all of us better for it when we can "get out of ourselves" for a while.

That's the mission of Adventure—to divert, entertain—to freshen.

"What Adventure does for me," says one reader, "is to give me the use of other men's eyes and ears in places where I have never been and may not ever be." Another writes, "It is certainly pleasant to know there is one magazine that is absolutely clean and leaves a good taste in one's mouth after one lays it down. I have a multitude of things constantly on my mind and it is a great relief to have a magazine like Adventure upon which I can fall back when I wish to forget everything for a while."

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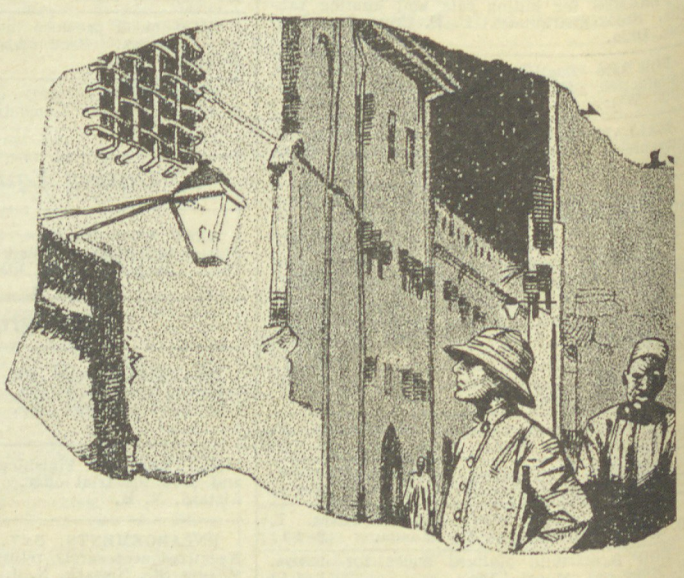

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Forget your cares and worries; get away from routine and enjoy yourself. Find out why Adventure is preferred by leading doctors, lawyers, professional men—by leaders in all walks and stations of life. Buy a copy today at any newsstand, or sign the coupon below and send it for a free sample copy. No obligation—but do it today!

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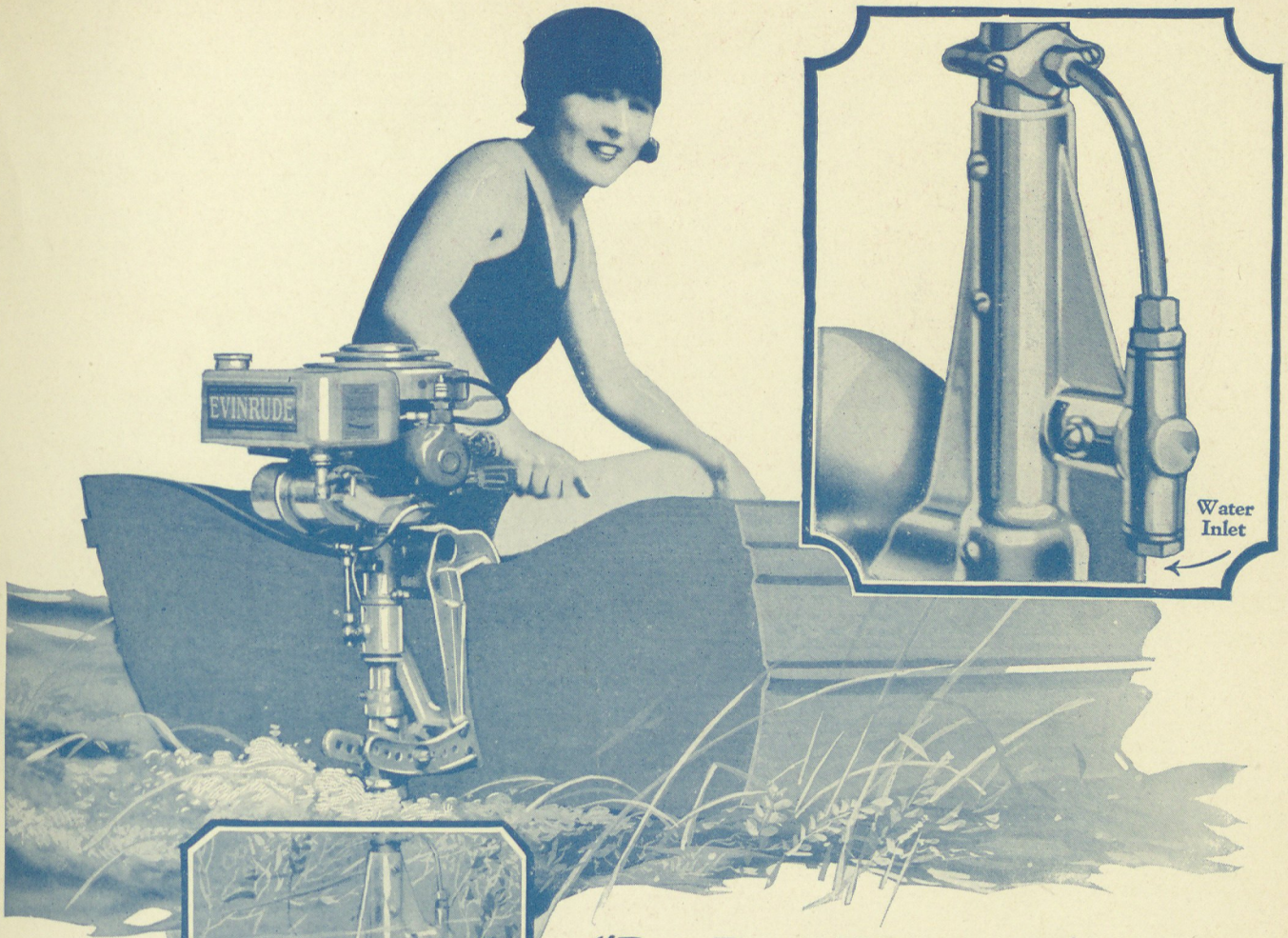

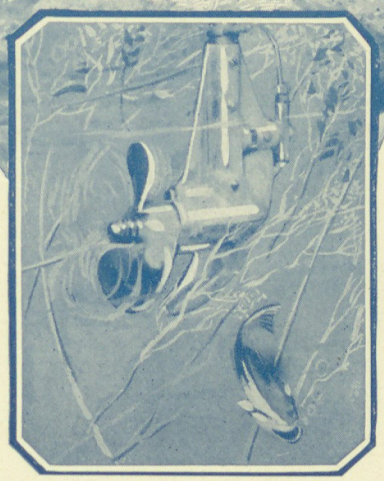

In this water-and-sand tight housing is the only ball-bearing transmission used in any outboard motor. Less friction, more power at the propeller from the same motor. Stream-line housing lessens water resistance and serves as a rudder when coasting in with power shut off. Bottom fin or "skeg" protects propeller and motor in running over sunken logs—entire motor tilts over the obstruction. Note ideally high location of pump at the extreme forward end of housing—far ahead of all propeller action and its backward thrusting of weeds, mud or moss.

"Dog-Day" Waters and the No-Clog Pump

"DOG-DAYS!" Wiry, vine-like weeds; mossy water-plants, ambushed in quiet waters; mucky bottoms. Drive your new 1925 Champion EVINRUDE Sport Twin through it all! The rudder-design gear housing cleaves through all under-water growth, giving cleanest possible entrance to the propeller. The EVINRUDE No-Clog Pump (1) insures positive force-feed of water to the motor just like the pump on a fine car; (2) does it at all speeds and both in forward and reverse; (3) is the only outboard motor pump working off the vertical drive shaft, permitting a location high up out of the way of mud and sand; (4) takes water from *bottom of pump-barrel only*, so inlet is free from any scooping, weed-collecting action.

Nine other notable features make this the greatest EVINRUDE ever built. And the combined advantages of all of them is making this the greatest year in EVINRUDE history.

Get the facts. Send for free copy of the new 1925 EVINRUDE Year Book, beautifully illustrated with pictures of all EVINRUDE models and with color plates showing EVINRUDES on the picturesque waters of ten foreign countries. Mention if interested in our popular, easy-payment plan.

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The New 1925 Champion EVINRUDE Sport Twin

The New Improved Remington Model 14
High-power, Six-shot Repeating Rifle. Hammerless, solid breech, take-down. Length, taken down, 27½ inches; barrel-length, 22 inches. Weight, 6¾ pounds.

Small-Bore Speed in a Big Game Rifle

THE smoothest, fastest mechanism ever devised for repeating firearms is the Remington slide action operated by the fore-end. The superiority of this type of operation is clearly proved by its wide adoption for repeating shotguns and small-bore rifles; but only Remington has developed it for a high-power rifle.

Imagine a repeater chambered for .25 Rem., .30 Rem., .32 Rem., or .35 Rem., Hi-Speed, Express, and Regular Cartridges with the same speedy pump action found on Remington .22s and repeating shotguns. Think how rapidly you could operate such a rifle and how steady you could hold it. It sounds too good to be true, but that's exactly what you'll get in the Model 14 Remington Repeater.

Go to your dealer's and see for yourself how easily it handles. Just feel how perfectly it is balanced and how it points itself when you throw it to your shoulder. Once get your hands on a Remington Model 14 and you'll know it's the big game rifle you've been looking for.

Remington Hi-Speed Cartridges are the fastest long-range mushrooming cartridges made. Recommended for fast-moving game and open shooting.

Remington Express Cartridges give more *speed* to the heaviest mushrooming bullets. Especially recommended for moose, grizzly and other large game.

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